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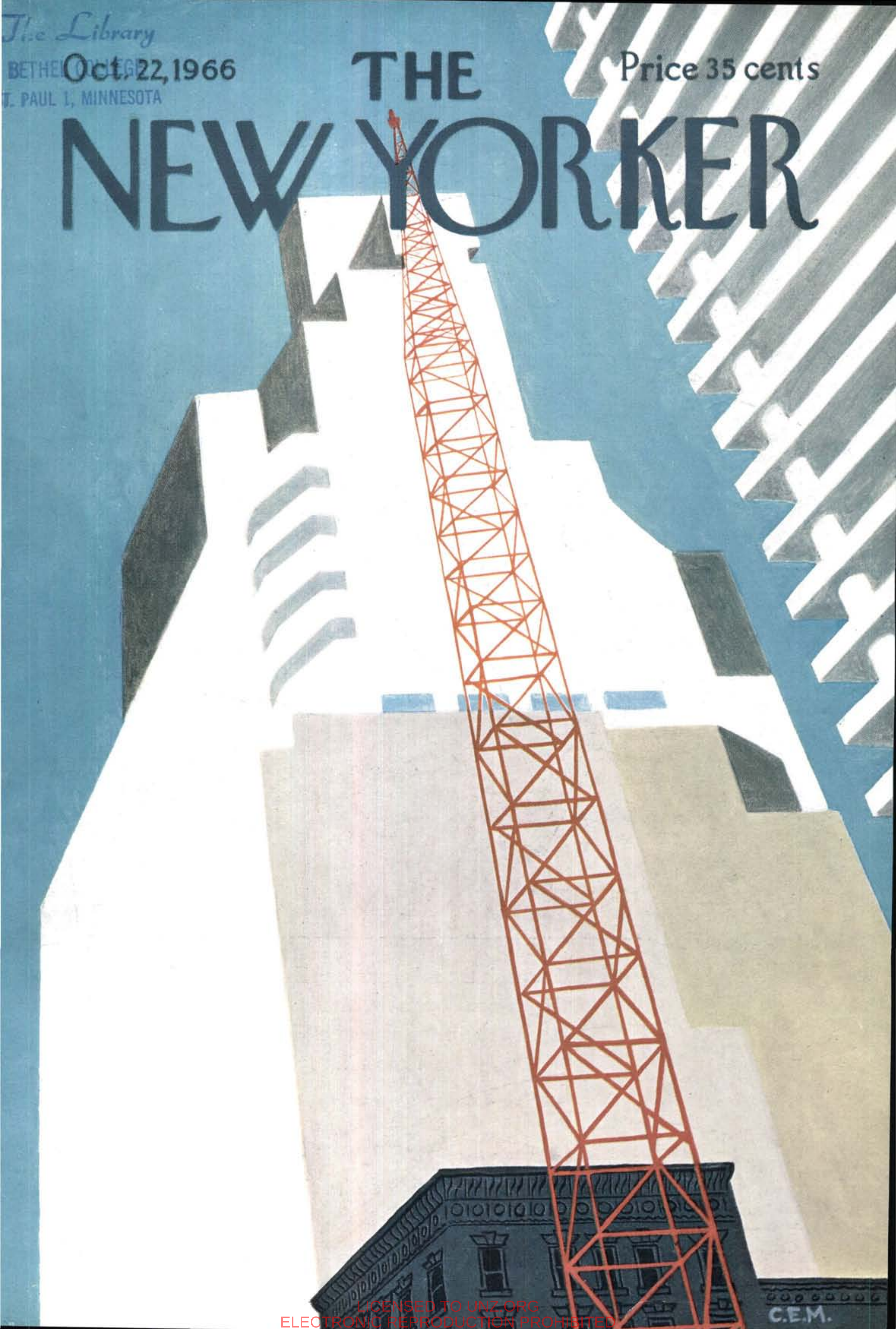

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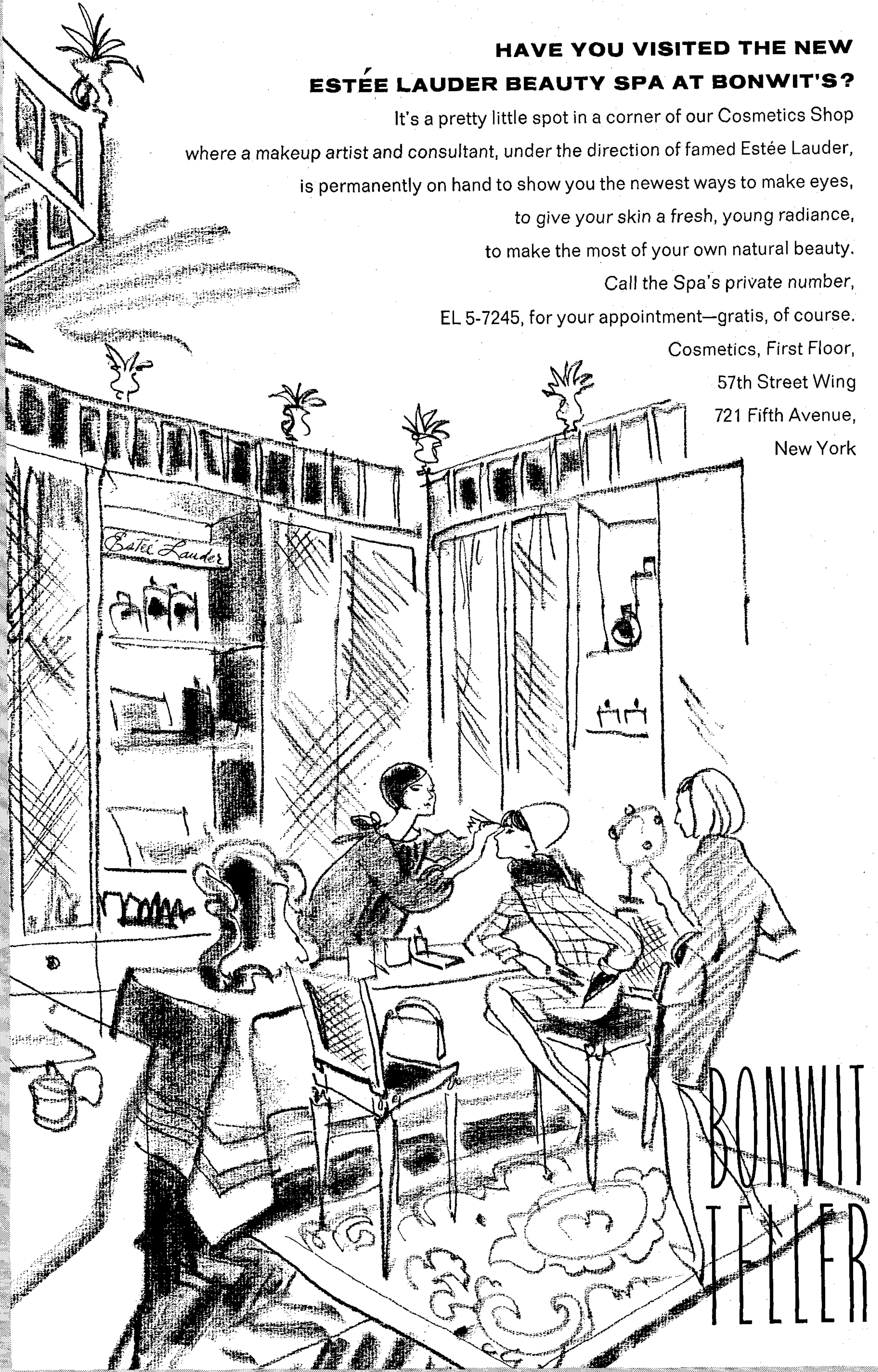

BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Delicate Balance—A rich suburban family living empty, loveless lives is suddenly saddled with a couple of neighbors who are too scared (of something nameless) to stay in their own house and want to take up permament residence with the family. This makes for a moral dilemma: shall the family let them stay or put them out? Edward Albee's play is uneven, but it is fortunate in having the likes of Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy in its cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—A fairly lavish production of the Kaufman-Ferber drama dealing with the depressed days of the early thirties. The play has become a bit weary with the passage of time. The large cast includes Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Investigation—Excerpts from the court records of the fairly recent trial of some of the personnel of the Auschwitz concentration camp. As prepared by Peter Weiss, the dossier is documentary rather than dramatic, but it is an interesting theatrical entity. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—There isn't much that is amusing in this play by Frank Marcus, which has to do with Lesbianism and soap-operatic activities at the B.B.C., but Beryl Reid is convincing as a profane and muscular old party. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Loves of Cass McGuire—A dishevelled play by Brian Friel that tells us of an Irishwoman, aged seventy, who returns to Eire after a fifty-two-year exile. With Ruth Gordon, Dennis King, Liam Redmond, Arthur O'Sullivan, Sylvia O'Brien, and Brenda Forbes. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 22.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's play of last season. Laden with rue and laughter, it describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** A comedy in which Sam Levene appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.). . . **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Moves on Monday, Oct. 24, to the Helen Hayes, 46th St., W., CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Apple Tree—Barbara Harris, Larry Blyden, and Alan Alda in a musical by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

We Have Always Lived in the Castle—A dramatization by Hugh Wheeler of Shirley Jackson's novel, with Shirley Knight, Alan Webb Phillip Clark, and Heather Menzies. Garso Kanin is the director. (Ethel Barrymor 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 an Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman in a ten week engagement of Irving Berlin's musica staged by Jack Sydow. (Broadway Theatr Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—This version of the Patrick Denni novel about an exuberant aunt and the orphaned nephew she is attempting to rear ha a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence an Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics b Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadwa at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 an Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true lov and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, i rather a bore, but the choreography by Bo Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are vivacious. Mis Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and s is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, excep Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays a 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet o lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorte strange instruments, and relaxing now an then with familiar folk songs from England Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40 Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays a 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Kitty O'Shea. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

How's the World Treating You?—A London comedy by Roger Milner, with Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss, and James Bolam. Directed by Philip Grout. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 24. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Weather—Shelley Winters and Harry Towb in a trio of plays by Saul Bellow. Arthur Storch is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 27. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**CITY CENTER DRAMA COMPANY:** Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of Tennessee Williams' **THE ROSE TATTOO.** The second in a series of three plays by American writers. Opens Thursday, Oct. 20, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-

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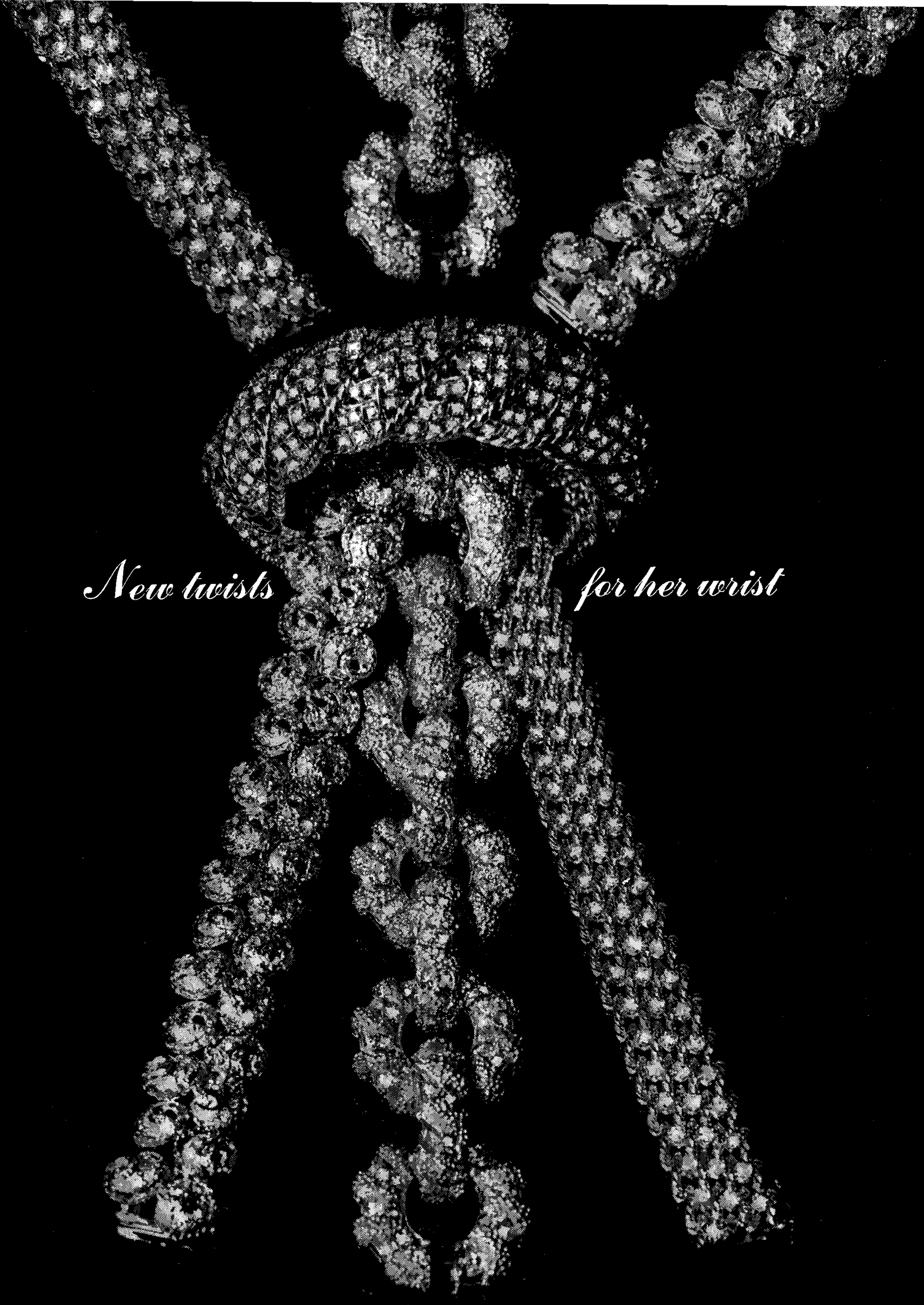
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Michael O'Sullivan, Robert Symonds, Nancy Marchand, Aline MacMahon, George Voskovec, and Philip Bosco in Ben Jonson's comedy THE ALCHEMIST. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of MANON. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Butter and Egg Man—Vicki Cummings and Philip Bruns in a revival of George S. Kaufman's 1925 comedy. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—A British comedy by Henry Livings, with Alexandra Berlin, Dustin Hoffman, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Israeli Mime Theatre—The company, appearing here for the first time, in a show called "Men and Dreams," starring Claude Kipnis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Final performances Sunday, Oct. 30.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

My Wife and I—A musical by Bill Mahoney, with Helon Blount, Edward Penn, and Robert R. Wait. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 245-9569. Thursday and Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Oct. 22.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 2.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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A Whitman Portrait—Paul Shyre's dramatization of selected works by Walt Whitman, including letters, poems ("Leaves of Grass" and others), conversations, and anecdotes. With Alexander Scourby, Carolyn Coates, Wayne Maxwell, and Alan Mixon. Mr. Shyre is also the director. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Who's Got His Own—A play by Ronald Milner, directed by Lloyd Richards. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Thornton Wilder Plays—Three early one-acters—"The Long Christmas Dinner," "Queens of France," and "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden"—all of them written years before "Our Town" and all of them containing hints of Mr. Wilder's great plays to come. The company does the first and second only fairly well and the last very well indeed. With John Beal, Susan Towers, and Bette Henritze. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 228-3836. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

The World of My America—Recitations by Paulene Myers, including poems of Negro life by Langston Hughes and Paul Laurence Dunbar. Weekends only. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Manuela Vargas—With her company of flamenco dancers. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. CI 6-6270. Thursday at 8:30; Friday at 6:30 and 9:30; and Saturday at 6 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 22.)

Murray Louis—With his company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 8:30.)

Paul Taylor—With his company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Dick Gregory—With the San Francisco Mime Troupe in a minstrel show. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Stockholm Marionette Theatre of Fantasy—The Brecht-Weill-Blitzstein version of THE THREEPENNY OPERA performed (in English) by a combination of men, marionettes, sculpted figures, wooden cutouts, and giant papier-mâché puppets. A two-week engagement that starts Thursday, Oct. 27 (preview Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8:30), and will run through Sunday, Nov. 6. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. WI 7-5510. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box at dinner and supper, there is animation by Hal and Barbara Loman (flinging each other through one dance step after another) and palaver by Jack Carter (all talk and no play sometimes makes Jack a dull boy). The orchestra of Lee Evans floats along on a silver-lined cloud of its own making. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The new wine in this celebrated old bottle is the transplanted décor of the late Little Club, not to mention the dance music (the small squadron run by Horace Diaz). The music goes on from nine to two during the week (Sundays, too) and from nine to three on Saturdays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Seven to one (eight to two on Saturdays) is the beat for Cliff Hall's little band, which lives in the restaurant. On Monday, Oct. 24, George Anaya's crew of Cubans will replace the Halls. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A landmarks-preservation committee has got at least the main hall of the barony in operation again, and a couple of orchestras urge on the guests from eight until three-thirty every night but Sunday.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's varsity crews has practice sessions in the Café Pierre night after night, and the team is in midseason form.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Gary, who comes to the Persian Room for dinner and supper, does not immerse his songs in boiling oil; he simply lets them walk brightly, briskly through the cool of the evening. Mark Monte's revellers and Burt Farber's orchestra roll along all night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits.

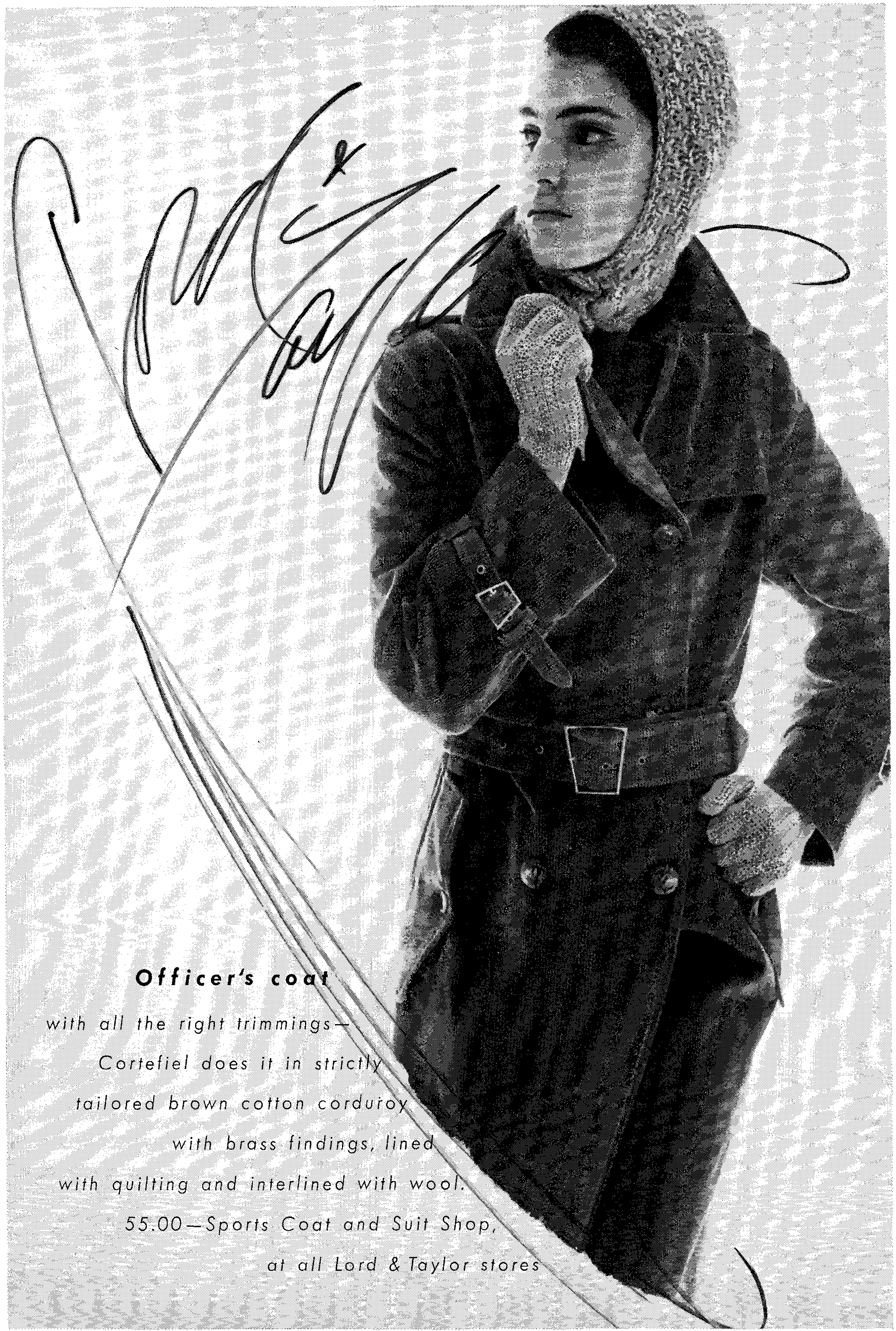
Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the timberline, behind windowpanes from which the world's largest smog can be viewed with impunity, a great occasion goes on—Bob Crosby and the Bob Cats (turning time backward in its flight). Among the Cats are such eminences as Bob Haggart, Yank Lawson, and Matty Matlock. The clamor runs from eight until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The orchestra of Sammy Kaye, a barnstormer who will not give up, is fooling around now on the boat deck, and on Monday, Oct. 24, the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra, directed by Lee Castle and involving Bob Eberly and Helen Forrest, will start carrying us back to old, familiar places. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Prime of life is what the Maisonette is enjoying. George Cort's four-wheel-drive band and Quintero's opulent Latins carouse without cease when Glenda Grainger, a soprano of no particular note (or notes), is not onstage. She is a dinner-and-supper event. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, drifts placidly through its dinner and supper menu with Jani Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He ticks and tocks from six to two. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At a late-dinner hour, Maurice Chevalier shows his guests in the Empire Room how to shed fourscore years in the twinkling of an eye—an easy trick, for Mr. Chevalier has *two* twinkling eyes, and a voice to match. Charles Turecamo's band is the dance master. No nights off. . . . ¶ In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays; just across the threshold, a trio plays for dancing from nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A perfect solution of the traffic problem—any number can dance on the city's largest mall, where the participants are always on their best behavior. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional danc-



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ers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. The dining is no more than snack. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

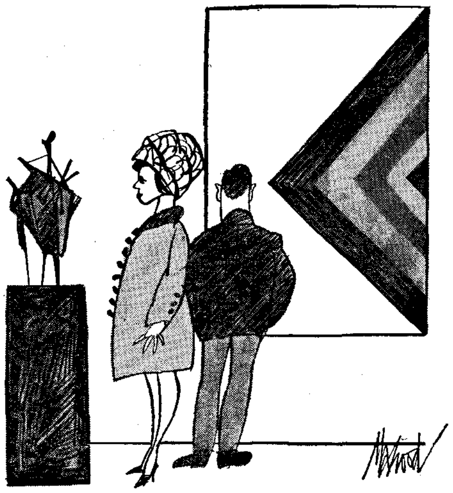
GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The crossroads general store of Louis Golson Hawkins, whose stage and pianoforte name is Goldie. Talk, big and small, and music from the fingers of Mr. H. and his confreres, Sam Hamilton and Wayne Sanders, provide continuous motion; the climax is vigorous double piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, pride of Danville, Illinois, now is a big-city boy, even a big-world boy, as witness the songs he sings and the piano he plays as the dawn comes up like his own thunder. As always, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidekicks. The Short shrift is offered every blooming night. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): There's a noticeable amount of jump in this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals. The jazz of Marian McPartland's threesome makes a good counterpoint. They are all absent Sundays. . . . **JANSSEN'S,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): Fanciers of Aldo Bruschi's *basso profundo/robusto* will find it operating (in conjunction with his piano, his woodwinds, his concertina, his sidemen, and a brace of young singers) from Wednesday through Saturday every week, commencing around half past eight. There is dancing those nights, too, in this medieval stronghold. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Chicken fortissimo, veal viva voce are served up by the energetically operatic staff until late at night. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week nights and at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways have not changed at all. Béla Babai's band plays for musing and dancing; the gallant tenor of Tibor Rakossy augments the ambience. Closed Mondays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced near enough to the flame, is currently best represented by these establishments: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. The Wild Ones provide the human part of this noise. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine and by certain Earth people, The Uncalled Four, who operate Tuesday through Friday every week. The hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Sunday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings (the Chambers Brothers) and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath the sidewalk café of the same name lies an airy underworld whose Orpheus is a young man with two turntables. His Eurydices are mostly lovely young things turned out in the height of the new simplistic fashion. Nourishment from the café; gentle music from nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, not too audible machine-knit music, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano is in action from six to one. Sundays, someone else gets to use the keyboard. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish, from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The residents of the walled garden love to sing about marriage Italian-style in the mood and manner of Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al., et tu, Brutus. In addition, on Tuesdays, after the theatre, Philip Huston's platform manner turns him momentarily into Shakespeare, Kipling, and a few more mythical characters, and Thursday through Saturday every week there are modest interludes of dance music by the trio of Leonard Metcalf, who is the operatic impresario the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do, and excellently well, with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who amble about from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The landscaping of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, there is piano from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo's guitar, which roams the elaborate bar-restaurant, comes alive at nine-thirty, and stays very much alive until one. He remains home Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner's well-considered piano occupies the noble Casino-on-the-Park from six-thirty until midnight, except on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place, and serendipity is the mood of George Feyer's piano. The music goes on from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgathered for conversational dining while self-propelled musicians—the knowing Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists—play on, play on. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. No musings Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-8398): The trappings lead one to suspect that he is in a private car on the Orient Express, but the view from the windows is Little Old New York. So is the six-to-one piano. Closed Sundays.



BIG AND BRASSY

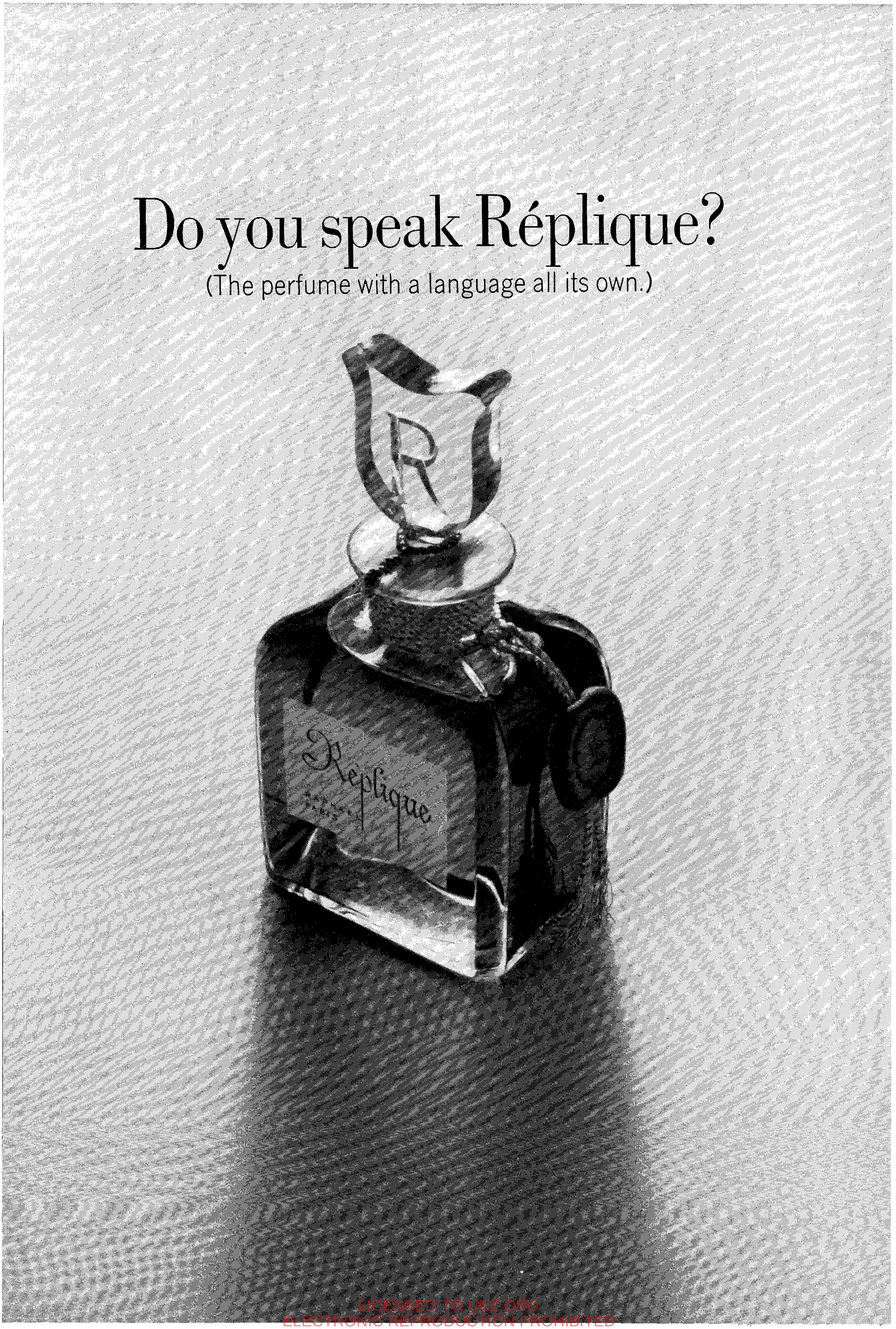
(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): It is unlikely that any girl this season will sound better than Petula Clark, a beamish pond lily straight from London, or that anything will sound better than the musical cushion that Tony Hatch, another Londoner, has made for her. The Dionne Warwick school of music is her oyster. Her compeer is Howard Storm, author of a prize-winning verbal biography. This pair will be succeeded, on Thursday, Oct. 27, by Peggy Lee, a soprano whose lily is tiger rather than pond. Also perennially on hand: the Copa ballerinas, each one a choreographer in her own right, and Bill Selby, the sort of song-and-prance man this town has long been looking for. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which has the air of being next door to Caesars Palace, there is onstage whooping and hollering from ten until dawn by the crew labelled the Personalities and other nocturnal beings. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Ooh la la Paree!" is the Corn Belt title of an extravaganza in which many, many girls in their gym suits are constructing a stairway to Paradise. Lili St. Cyr, whose strong suit is her birthday suit, leads the pack. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The hipbone disconnected from the thighbone, the thighbone disconnected from the anklebone. The young, doing dances their fathers never taught them in clothes their mothers never made them, submit to this seemingly painless operation from nine-thirty until four every night. The lighting effects and the music, both of which are live and voluminous, are contrived by Marat/Sade. No dining.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Hear now a bird rare in the machine age—a lark that truly sings at heaven's gate, and sassily swings on it, too. She is Nancy Dussault, returned from the musical stage to Julius Monk's peerless drawing room. With her are Cambridge University's Tony Hendra and Nick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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ullett, spokesmen with pockets full of wry. Mr. Monk, naturally, is *conférencier*. The background is double and dashing piano by Robert Colston and Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, a glowing mass of fanfare and fandango (Spanish, of course), are being (as always) musical and mobile. Dinner and supper is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados' guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," a new quart-sized revue, is in residence. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers is putting herself through a four-year course in self-analysis. The rough-and-ready results are in evidence twice a night during the week, thrice Fridays and Saturdays, but not before nine-thirty at the earliest. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Set My Cuba Free—the most stirring of the many stirring arias Olga Guillot launches seems to say. Her fits of tempest come to pass at dinner and supper every night, and later, too, on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Allan Sherman and his folk songs, which are real Bab balladry, arrive on Thursday, Oct. 20. He operates twice a night, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The current guess is that Ray Nance, that old Ellingtonian, and his foursome (it alternates with the trio of Bill Evans, whose piano moves in mysterious ways), will end up on Thursday, Oct. 20. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 21-23, the menu calls for the Evans contingent and Horace Silver's shivery quintet. Monday, as usual, the property reverts to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen able and willing acolytes. Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 25-27, Sonny Rollins' quartet and Pete La Roca's quartet should be in charge; Friday through Sunday, Oct. 28-30, Rollinses and Silverses will abound. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The situation is minor-key, minor-league right now, but on Friday, Oct. 21, Jimmy Witherspoon and his blues arrive. Monday, Oct. 24, is assigned in toto to Symphony Sid and his Latin musicians. On Thursday, Oct. 27, the grotto reopens to accommodate Jimmy Smith's trio. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, Gloria Lynne's battle cries will also be heard. . . . ¶ The ground-floor restaurant now has Teddy Wilson's those-were-the-days piano late every night but Monday. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Dorothy Donegan, whose piano is of the leap-and-bound school, has a loud-pedal trio in service a good part of the time. Discothèque music still occurs, but it is no longer top banana. The menu affords more than just banana. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The home of the free and the brave. Bobby Hackett and his horn of distinction and his foursome will be there through Sunday, Oct. 23; the happy, going, and lucky quartet of Zoot Sims will stay on. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Toshiko Akiyoshi, no Japanese sandwoman, turns out wide-awake solo piano in between the sets by Donald Byrd's fivesome. On Monday, Oct. 24, Walter Bishop's quartet will serve in their stead; on Tuesday, Oct. 25, Betty Carter (songs) and another band move in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): All joys and no tribulations in the period-piece music that happens here for both feet and ears. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Dave McKenna and Bob Wilber. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten Billy Taylor's threesome makes music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is his starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630) An at-ease brewery, a set of junior citizens an aggregation of clamorers (washboard tuba, banjo, and such). Music from nine until two or three all week, plus, on Sundays matinées by the Southampton Dixie, Racing and Clambake Society—four-thirty until nine. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737) In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently Grant Green, John Patton, and their quartet. On Tuesday Oct. 25, Curtis Fuller's quintet will inherit the job. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings and bronze reliefs by a young Spanish-American artist; through Nov. 5. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Interiors and beach scenes with figures, composed of dashes of color that give the final effect of a puzzle; through Nov. 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Watercolors of opera and theatre sets and costumes, plus miniature models of stages; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Early figurative drawings and late abstract brush drawings; through Friday, Oct. 28. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS BLAGDEN—Semi-abstract paintings of bullfights and seascapes of Ireland; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE BONTECOU—Abstract sculptures, along with several of her drawings; through Nov. 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Large abstractions; through Thursday, Oct. 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Seascapes, still-lifes, and scenes through windows—all done with a bold, colorful assurance; through Nov. 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JAMES GILL—Nudes; through Nov. 5. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Mostly abstract cityscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HUOT—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 5. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA—A benefit retrospective of paintings and watercolors by an artist now eighty; through Nov. 19. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Paintings from the twenties, the forties, and the sixties; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FRANK METZ—Semi-abstract landscapes; through

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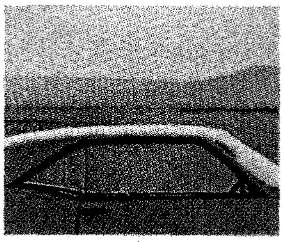

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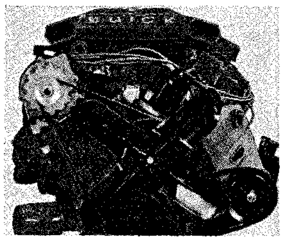

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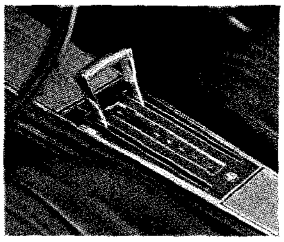

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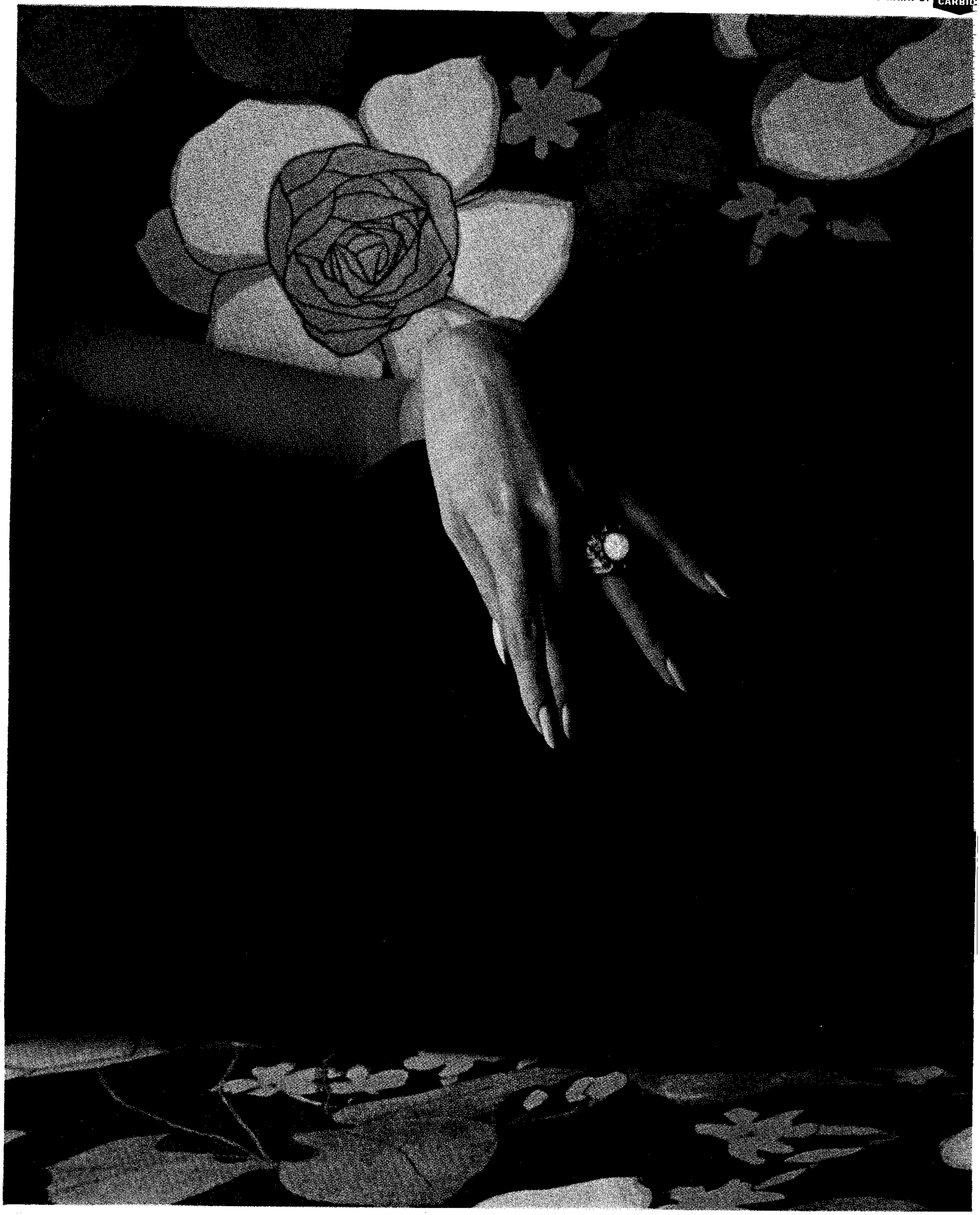

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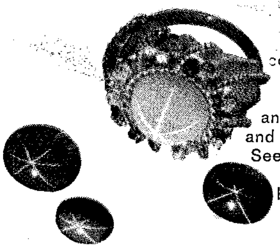

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 9. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID MILLSTONE—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Alonzo, 45 Christopher St., east of Seventh Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6 and 8 to 10; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

AMEDEO MODIGLIANI (1884-1920)—A benefit loan exhibition of nudes; through Nov. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Five monumental sculptures, as well as drawings and small bronzes; through Nov. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

JOE RAFFAELE—Representational paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL SAWYER—Clean-swept paintings of buildings and people, done in Tennessee; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHIRLEY PLAUT SCHAEFER—Post-Impressionist paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St.)

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK—Paintings. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. . . ¶ Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St. Through Nov. 2.)

J. ALDEN WEIR (1852-1919)—A pleasant showing of paintings and drawings by this New York artist; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL ZERBE—Paintings in acrylic collage; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St.)

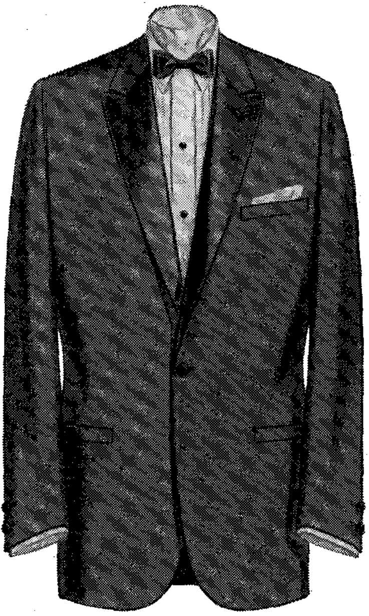
AFRICAN ART—Masks, statues, and utensils in wood, bronze, and ivory from European collections; through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A forty-first-anniversary exhibition of paintings and drawings by Stuart Davis, William Zorach, Morris Broderson, and others; through Nov. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: A painting apiece by Alfred Leslie, Hans Hofmann, Kenneth Noland, Ad Reinhardt, and Morris Louis; through Nov. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Saul Steinberg, Fernandez Arman, and Tom Wesselmann are three of the participants in a show called "Erotic Art '66;" through Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: "Contrasts," an exhibit of one early and one late work each by such artists as Louis Bouché, Robert Laurent, and Marguerite Zorach; through Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Waldo Peirce, and Hans Moller; through Saturday, Oct. 22.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 12 E. 57th St.: "Homage to Silence or Metaphysica," comprising paintings and sculptures (dating from 1913) by, among others, de Chirico, Morandi, and Morris Louis; through Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Eight instances of pattern art in paintings and structures by an equal number of artists; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI**, 50 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by Pissarro, Toulouse-Lautrec, Sisley, and the like; through Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Dubuffet, Herbin, Magritte, and other twentieth-century painters; through Friday, Oct. 21. . . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Impressionist paintings by Renoir, Degas, and Monet (to name a few); through Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by (for instance) Arp, Giacometti, and Manzù; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

CHINESE; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by contemporary Chinese artists; through Saturday,



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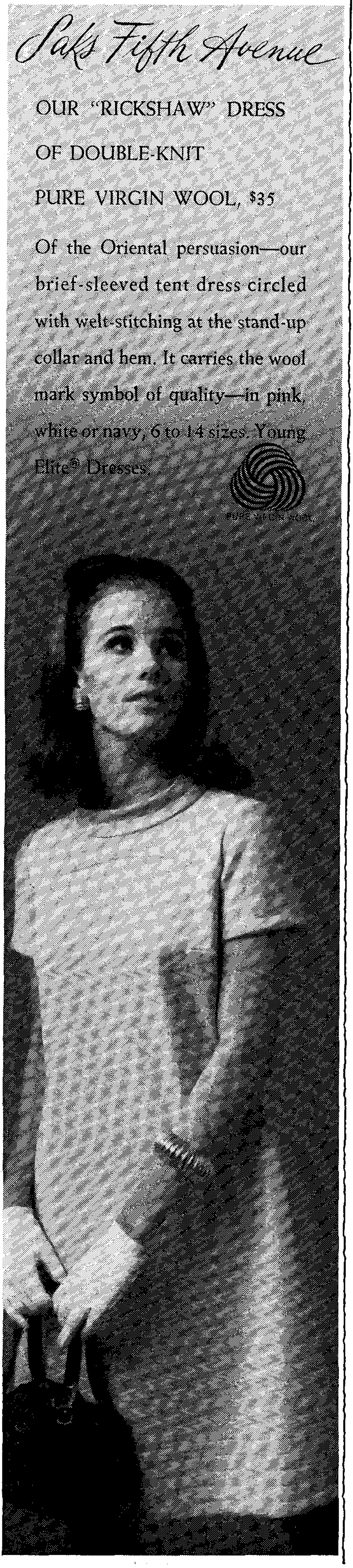

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Oct. 29. (Gallery of Chinese and American Art, 399 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit. . . . ¶ Guercino, Salvator Rosa, and the Tiepolos are among the artists represented in a showing of Italian drawings from the collection of Princeton University; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, and assemblages by contemporary Japanese artists; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Lithographs and serigraphs by twenty young painters and sculptors, among them David Hockney, Jim Dine, and James Rosenquist; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Sunday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Systemic paintings—by such systemists as Ellsworth Kelly and Al Held—the most immaculate and exact of them Robert Ryman's "Allied," which is one solid white canvas; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art of the United States: 1670-1966," the inaugural show at this new Cyclopean structure, reveals a great stock of paintings and sculptures that fills four floors and the sunken garden; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen watercolors by Cézanne, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of bronzes of India's gods and goddesses, created for three religious sects (Jains, Buddhists, and Hindus); through Dec. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings by the Polish Impressionist Jan Cybis; through Nov. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to mention a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish artistic and social history from 1870 to 1924; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Figure paintings and drawings by Howard Kanovitz; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, large painted stainless-steel sculptures by Kosso Eloul; through Nov. 13. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Old and New Testaments and other sixth- to sixteenth-century illuminated manuscripts; through Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"The Bed," a showing of various objects used for sleeping, ranging from a Queen Anne cradle to the more recent stacking plastic bed and a folding cardboard bed; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of past and promised gifts to the Museum collection, notably weathervanes, toys, samplers, and paintings; through Nov. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Techniques of Primitive Art," examples of weaving, carvings, ceramics, and metal works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas; through Sunday, Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirtieth annual of the American Abstract Artists, containing paintings and sculptures by about eighty members and guests, including Ibram Lassaw, Will Insley, and Richard Anuszkiewicz; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Gianni Raimondi, Sherrill Milnes, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, and Justino Díaz. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 24, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Ingrid Bjoner, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Gianni Raimondi, Sherrill Milnes, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 8: A new production of Richard Strauss's "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, Robert Nagy, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Gianni Raimondi, Sherrill Milnes, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.

New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Norma Newton, Joan Summers, Norman Treigle, Donald Gramm, William Dembaugh, Malcolm Smith, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Michele Molese, Sherrill Milnes, David Smith, Nico Castel, Herbert Beattie, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Anne Elgar, John Alexander, Herbert Beattie, and David Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Nadja Witkowska, Muriel Greenspon, Sherrill Milnes, William Dupree, Spiro Malas, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7:15: A new production of Verdi's "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, Nico Castel, William Beck, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Eileen Schauler, Michele Molese, William Ledbetter, William Beck, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Muriel Greenspon, Jerry LoMonaco, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Edna Mae George, Michele Molese, Norman Treigle, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2:15 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Noel Jan Tyl, Robert Rounseville, Michael Devlin, William Ledbetter, and Herbert Beattie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Sherrill Milnes, David Smith, and Herbert Beattie. (New York State Theatre,

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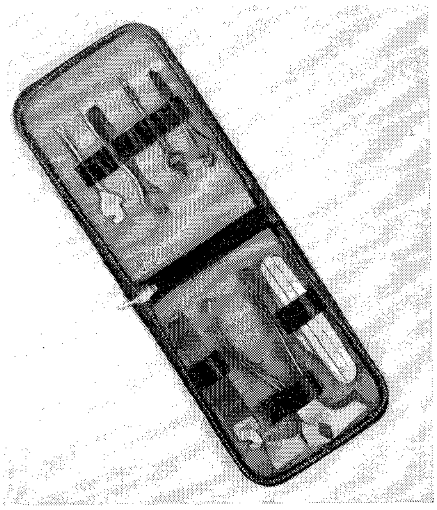
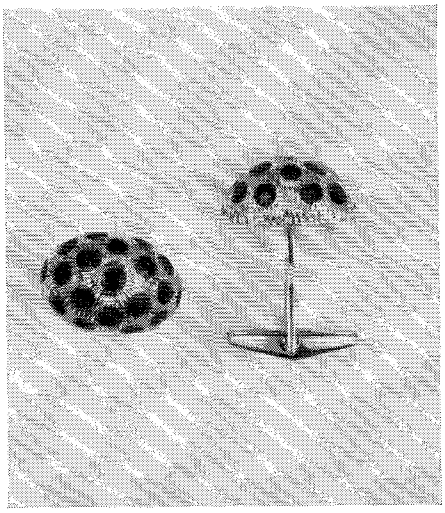


Tool kit—compactly holds seven repair utensils. Personalized with three gold initials on black leather. By Herz. 20.00



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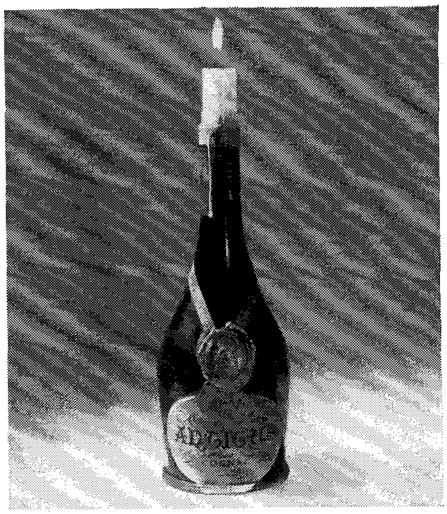

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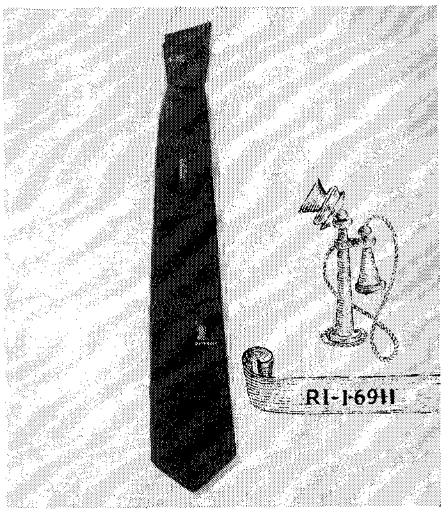

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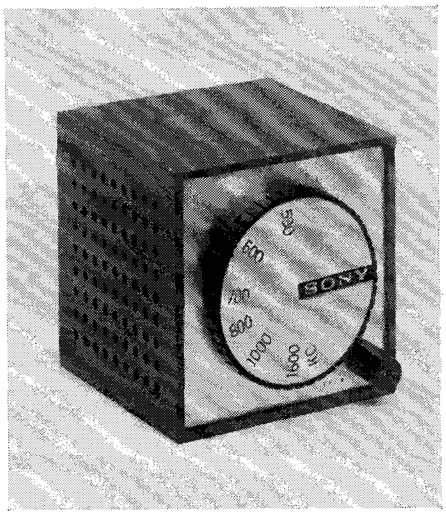

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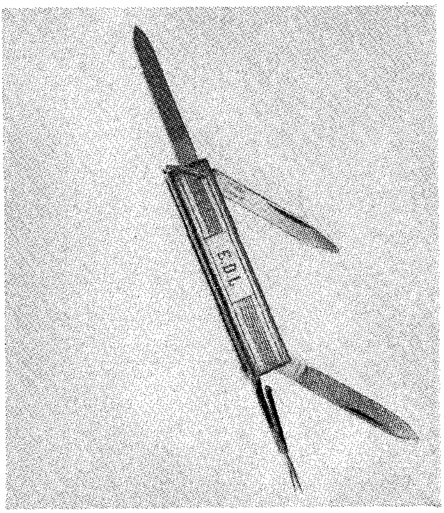

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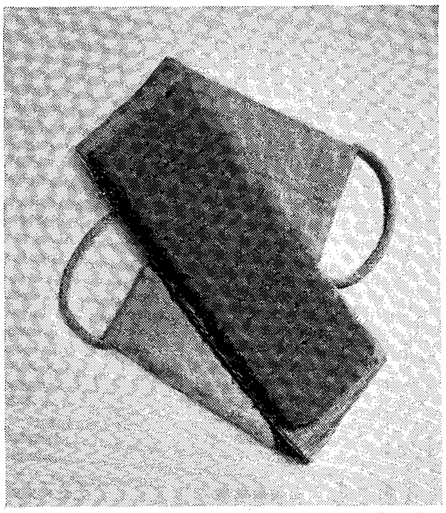

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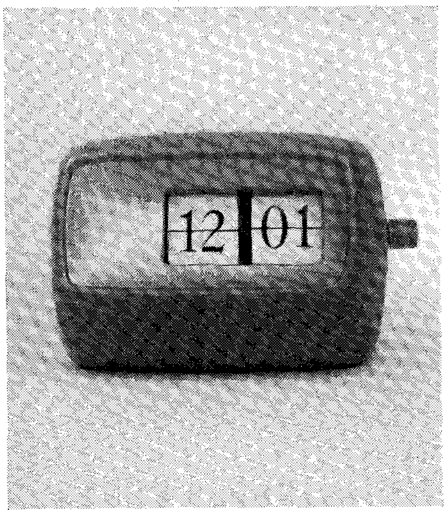

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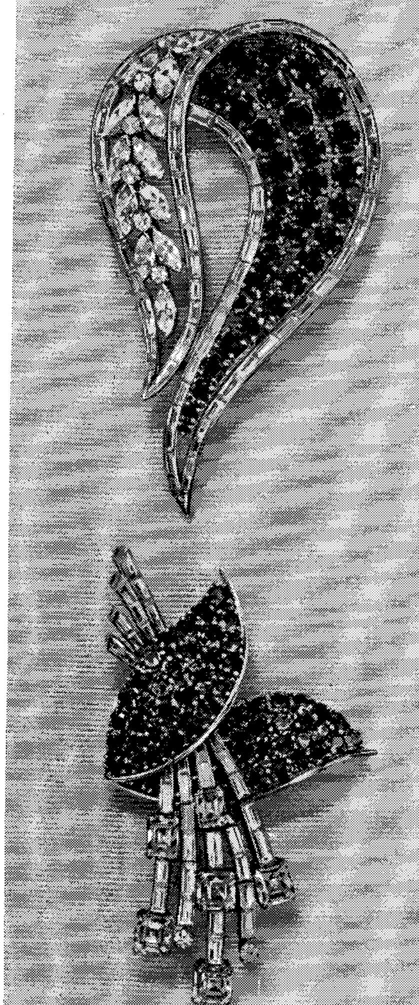

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Academy Opera Theatre Company—The first New York performance of Mozart's "Idomeneo," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Wilhelm Kempff, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 28, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 31, at 7:30.)

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting, with João Carlos Martins, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Leonid Kogan, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Vienna Johann Strauss Orchestra—Eduard Strauss II conducting, with Dagmar Koller, soprano, and Walter Kraeutler, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Rafael Puyana, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3, and Monday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—George Schick conducting an orchestra made up of members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra in a program of operatic excerpts, with Licia Albanese, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; Cornell MacNeil, baritone; and Justino Diaz, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7:30. For tickets, call MU 7-1383.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Natalie Hinderas, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Lamberto Gardelli directing a performance of Rossini's "Mosè" in concert form, with Rita Orlandi Malaspina, soprano; Ruza Pospinov, mezzo-soprano; Luigi Ottolini and Aldo Bertocci, tenors; Nicolai Ghiaurov and Amin Feres, basses; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Melvin Kaplan, oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 29-30, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Jan Smeterlin—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:40.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Juan Serrano—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Music from Marlboro, a program performed by Lilian Kallir, piano; Sylvia Rosenberg, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Mischa Schneider, cello; and Paula Sylvester, flute. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Early Music Quartet—Music of the Middle Ages played by this vocal and instrumental group from Munich, appearing here for the first time. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8:40.)

Lili Kraus—The second in a series of nine concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano concertos, with the Mozart Chamber Orchestra conducted by Stephen Simon. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Sidney Harth—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Elisabeth Carron—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

André Watts—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Il Sestetto di Bolzano—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Michael Davis—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Arthur Grumiaux and Mieczyslaw Horszowski—A recital of sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Ian and Sylvia—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Hungarian Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry—Mezzo-soprano and baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Theodore Bikel—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Herbie Mann, Cal Tjader, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 22: Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. N.Y.U., at Fordham, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 29 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. Manhattan, at Ohio Field (University Ave. and 181st St.). . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Oakland Raiders. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 1:05.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 1:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7.)

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 22.). . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesday, Oct. 25, through Tuesday, Nov. 1. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 22.). . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays. Through Saturday, Oct. 22, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 22, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 27-28, at 12:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 28. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 12. The Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 29, through Saturday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 22, at noon and 2:30.). . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA: A performance, primarily for children, of "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (New York

State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2:15.)

TAGE SHOWS—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK**: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . ¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1.). . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS**: "Sam Stiller, Private Eye." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Guffawhaw." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. *Children under five not admitted.*) . . **STORYLAND THEATRE**: "Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer" (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS**: "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Night the Stars Fell." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, *but only to those applying for them* in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ *Hour-long* tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Bernard Malamud reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.) . ¶ Adrienne Rich and W. S. Merwin reading from their own poetry. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 20, at 1:45: Georgian silver owned by C. P. Tyner and others . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: Thirty paintings by Morris Graves, together with other modern works by such artists as Chagall, Picasso, and Mary Cassatt; from the Charles Laughton-Elsa Lanchester collection and from other sources. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 1:45: Tiffany Favrile glass, belonging to James Coats and to the estate of Brian Connelly. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at about 2:45: English and French furniture, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 1:45: American furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8, and Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 1:45 and 8: Part I of the Thomas Winthrop Streeter collection of Americana, including books, manuscripts, and maps relating to the subjects "Discovery and Exploration," "New France and the Mississippi Valley," "The Spanish Southwest," "Mexico and the Mexican War," "Texas," "Indian Territory and Oklahoma," "New Mexico," and "Arizona."

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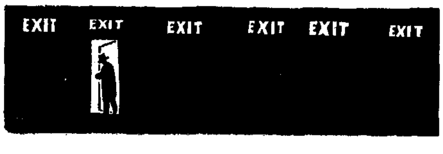

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Any Wednesday—An improvement on the original Broadway comedy. With Jane Fonda as the girl, Jason Robards as the tycoon who has tucked her away in his company's executive suite, Rosemary Murphy as the tycoon's wife, and Dean Jones as the girl's rescuer. The clever screenplay is by Julius J. Epstein. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Crazy Quilt—A disillusioned young man meets and marries a girl who lives off daydreams. The consequences are sometimes comic and sometimes sad. Written and directed by John Korty, and starring Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round—An intricate, sumptuously photographed melodrama about a successful bank robbery. Starring James Coburn, and written and directed by Bernard Girard. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Fantastic Voyage—In which we learn that a trip through the human bloodstream is as dangerous as going over Niagara in a barrel. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 26.)

A Fine Madness—Sean Connery plays a misunderstood poet whose brain is immune to corrective surgery. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 25.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A successful replica of the bawdy Broadway musical. With Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, Buster Keaton, and hundreds of pretty girls. Directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Group—The recent best-seller by Mary McCarthy about college girls in the dim thirties has been made into a big, splashy, but not very satisfactory costume drama. Directed by Sidney Lumet and starring, among others, Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, and Hal Holbrook. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 25.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With lots of pretty scenery and Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lady L—Nearly all good fun, thanks to Peter Ustinov's lively direction of his own witty, rather ramshackle screenplay. With Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 25.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Seconds—A suave and frightening sci-fi tale about a man who pretends to be dead and is "reborn" through plastic surgery. With Rock Hudson and Salome Jens; directed by John Frankenheimer. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Shameless Old Lady—An acting triumph by the octogenarian Sylvie, and a directorial triumph by a young Frenchman named René Allio. In French. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Under Mike Nichols' direction, the Albee play has retained all its savage vitality in the move from stage to screen, and the reduction of its length from three hours to two is all to the good. Ernest Lehman is responsible for the skillful adaptation. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal appear at their best. Mr. Burton's best is extraordinary. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Wrong Box—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

REVIVALS

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Oct. 25.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Oct. 26.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 22.)

A Cold Wind in August (1961)—The story concerns a tough stripper (Lola Albright) and a hitherto virtuous boy (Scott Marlowe) who fall in love. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 25.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 25.)

The Flight of the Phoenix (1966)—A band of brave men putting together a new plane out of the bits and pieces of the wrecked one. James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 26.)

Goldfinger (1964)—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 25.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Oct. 25.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Oct. 26.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 22.)

The Love Goddesses (1965)—A documentary displaying some sixty years of movie heroines. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 26.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Oct. 26.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 26.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 21-24.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 24.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 25.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 26.)

Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields on the loose as Professor Eustace McGargle. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Oct. 24.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 23-25.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 20.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about a silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. With Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 25.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—A picture demonstrating that to be a child in a Russian village is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. In Russian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Oct. 26.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—Fields again, this time involved with Alison Skipworth and a ferryboat swindle. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Oct. 24.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 25.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Oct. 21: "Last of the Line" (1914) and "The Coward" (1915). . . . ¶ Oct. 22-23: "Rumpelstiltskin" (1915). . . . ¶ Oct. 24-25: "The Deserter" (1916). . . . ¶ Oct. 26: "Berlin: Symphony of a City" (1927) and "Bronx Morning" (1937), both documentary films. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series of Laurel and Hardy films entitled "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Oct. 20: "Do Detectives Think?" (1927), "Bacon Grabbers" (1929), "Dirty Work" (1933), and "Helpmates" (1931). . . . ¶ Oct. 21-22: "Leave 'em Laughing" (1928), "From Soup to Nuts" (1928), "Busy Bodies" (1933), and "Hog Wild" (1930). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 25: "Early to Bed" (1928), "Double Whoopee" (1929), "Hoosegow" (1929), and "Twice Two" (1933). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

STOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Fortune Cookie," Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau.

APITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

RITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

EMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

ORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
SECONDS.

USIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
ANY WEDNESDAY.

EW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

IVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

TATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

ICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

VARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Mister Buddwing," James Garner, Jean Simmons.

EAST SIDE

RT, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE WRONG BOX.

INEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Oct. 26: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** and **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (both in Russian and both revivals).

RAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 25: **A FINE MADNESS**; and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.
From Oct. 26: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

IPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Fortune Cookie," Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau.

4TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 25: "The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)
From Oct. 26: "Loves of a Blonde," a Czechoslovakian film.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Fortune Cookie," Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
SECONDS.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Georgy Girl," Lynn Redgrave, James Mason.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hotel Paradiso," Alec Guinness, Gina Lollobrigida.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Oct. 23: "The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.
From Oct. 24: "10:30 P.M. Summer," Melina Mercouri, Peter Finch.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

CINEMA I (PL 3-6022) and **CINEMA II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Oct. 23: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
Oct. 24: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
Oct. 25: **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**, revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
Oct. 26: **THE LOVE GODDESSES**, revival; and **LOLITA**, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Mister Buddwing," James Garner, Jean Simmons.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 25: "Bolshoi Ballet 67."
From Oct. 26: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE WRONG BOX.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 25: "Chamber of Horrors," Cesare Danova, Wilfrid Hyde-White; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.
From Oct. 26: "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford; and "City of Fear," Paul Maxwell, Terry Moore.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 25: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.
From Oct. 26: "Way . . . Way Out," Jerry Lewis, Connie Stevens.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Oct. 24: "Zero in the Universe," Jock Livingston.
From Oct. 25: **THE TRIAL**, revival; **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Oct. 24: **TILLIE AND GUS**, revival; and **POPPY**, revival.
Oct. 25: "Captain Blood" and "Charge of the Light Brigade" (both revivals, with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland).
From Oct. 26: **LOLITA**, revival; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 22: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
Oct. 23-25: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "Mondo Cane," revival, an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
From Oct. 26: **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**; and **THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX**, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 25: **THE GROUP**; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
From Oct. 26: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Butterfield 8," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet," revival, a full-length Russian production.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 24: **DR. NO**, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.
Oct. 25: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival; and **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival.
From Oct. 26: "How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole; and "Devils of Darkness," William Sylvester.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 25: **LADY L**; and "A Patch of Blue," revival, Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From Oct. 26: "Caressed," Robert Howay; and "And So to Bed," revival, Hildegarde Neff, Lilli Palmer.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
SECONDS.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
DEAD HEAT ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE CRAZY QUILT.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 23: "Salto" (in Polish).
From Oct. 24: "Chushingura" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

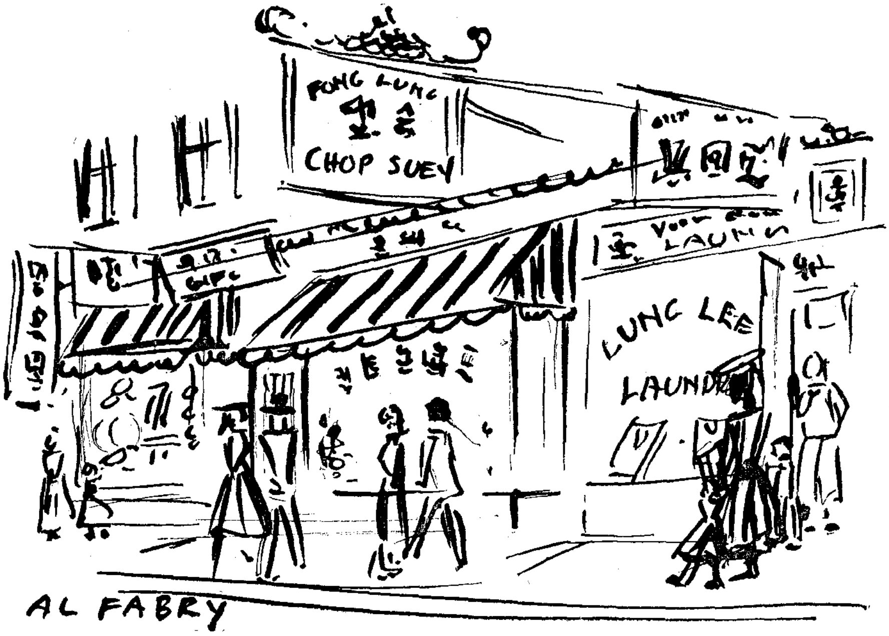
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

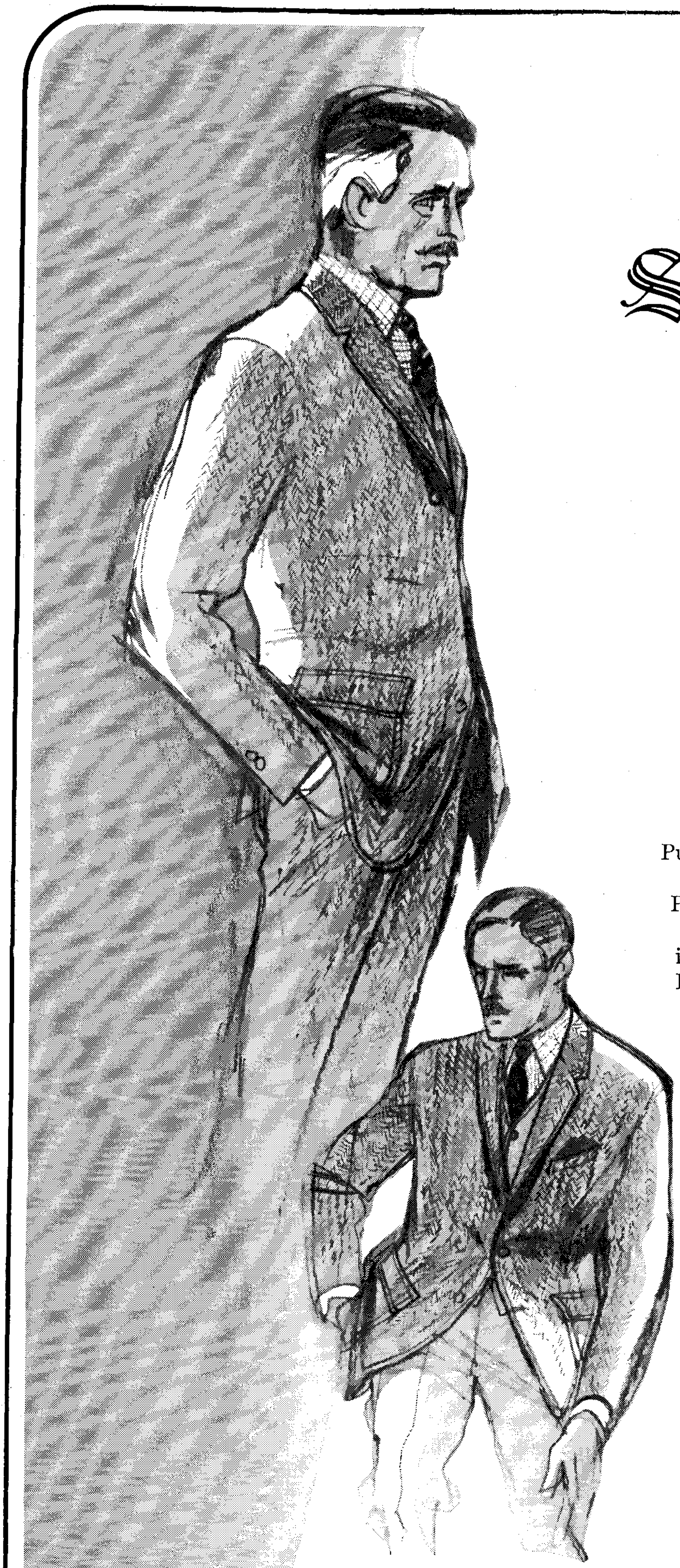
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 26: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French), revival; and "Band of Outsiders" (in French), Anna Karina, Sami Frey.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 25: **DR. NO**, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.
From Oct. 26: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival; and "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 20: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
Oct. 21-24: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
From Oct. 25: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE WRONG BOX.





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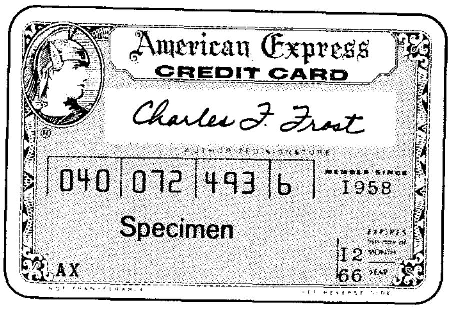
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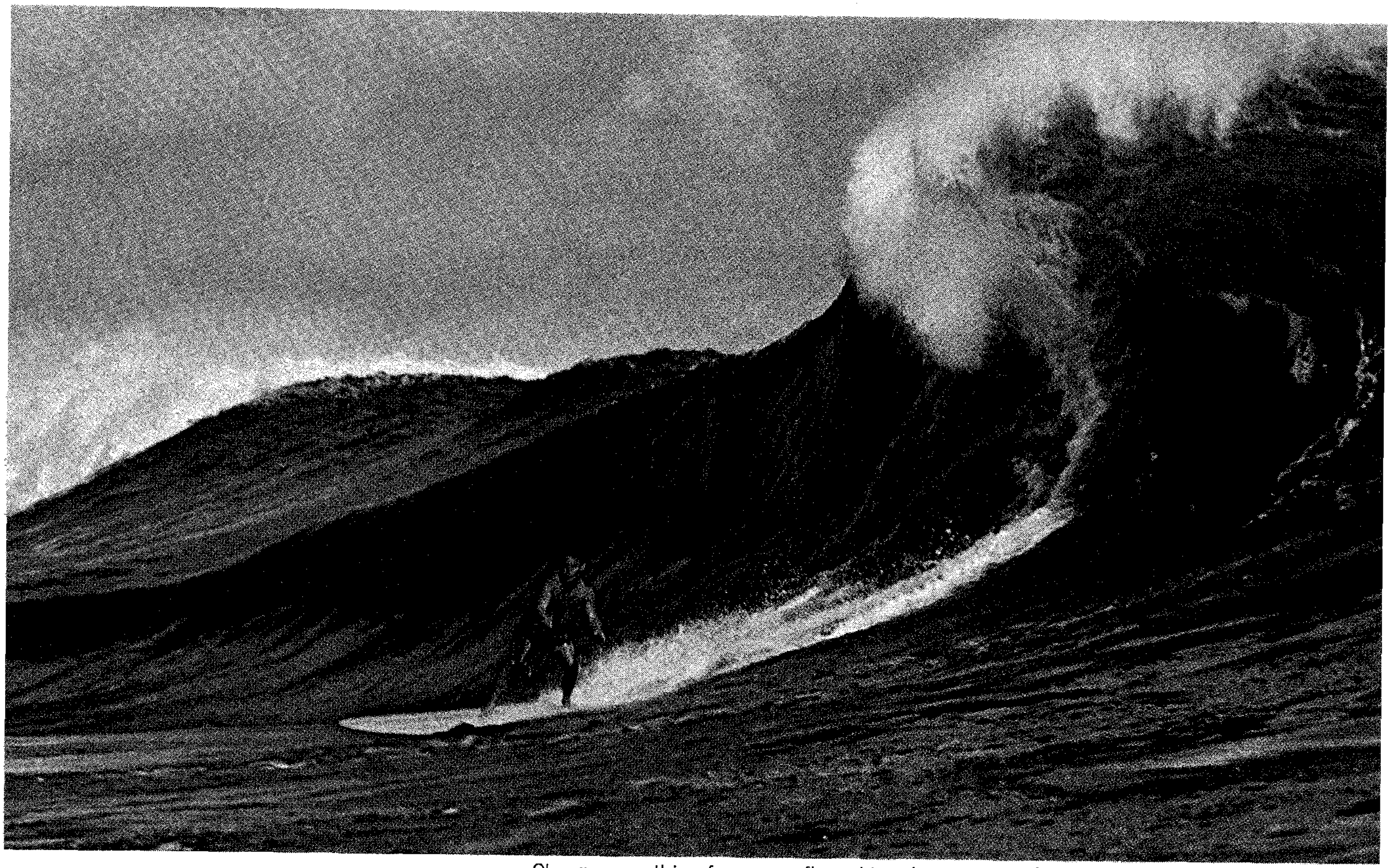

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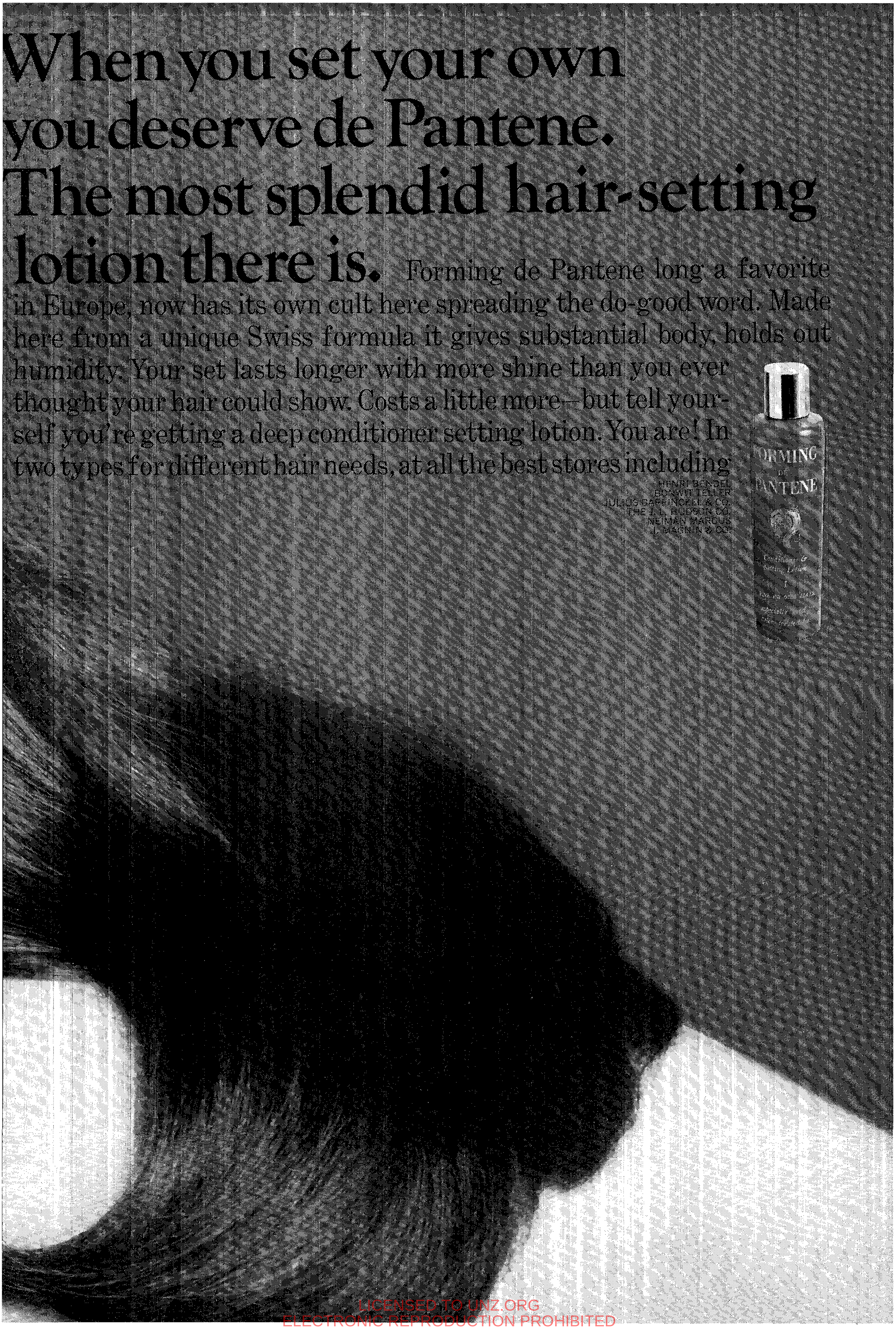

When you set your own you deserve de Pantene. The most splendid hair-setting lotion there is.

Forming de Pantene long a favorite in Europe, now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it gives substantial body, holds out humidity. Your set lasts longer with more shine than you ever thought your hair could show. Costs a little more—but tell yourself you're getting a deep conditioner setting lotion. You are! In two types for different hair needs, at all the best stores including

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BONWIT TELLER
JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.
THE J. L. HUDSON CO.
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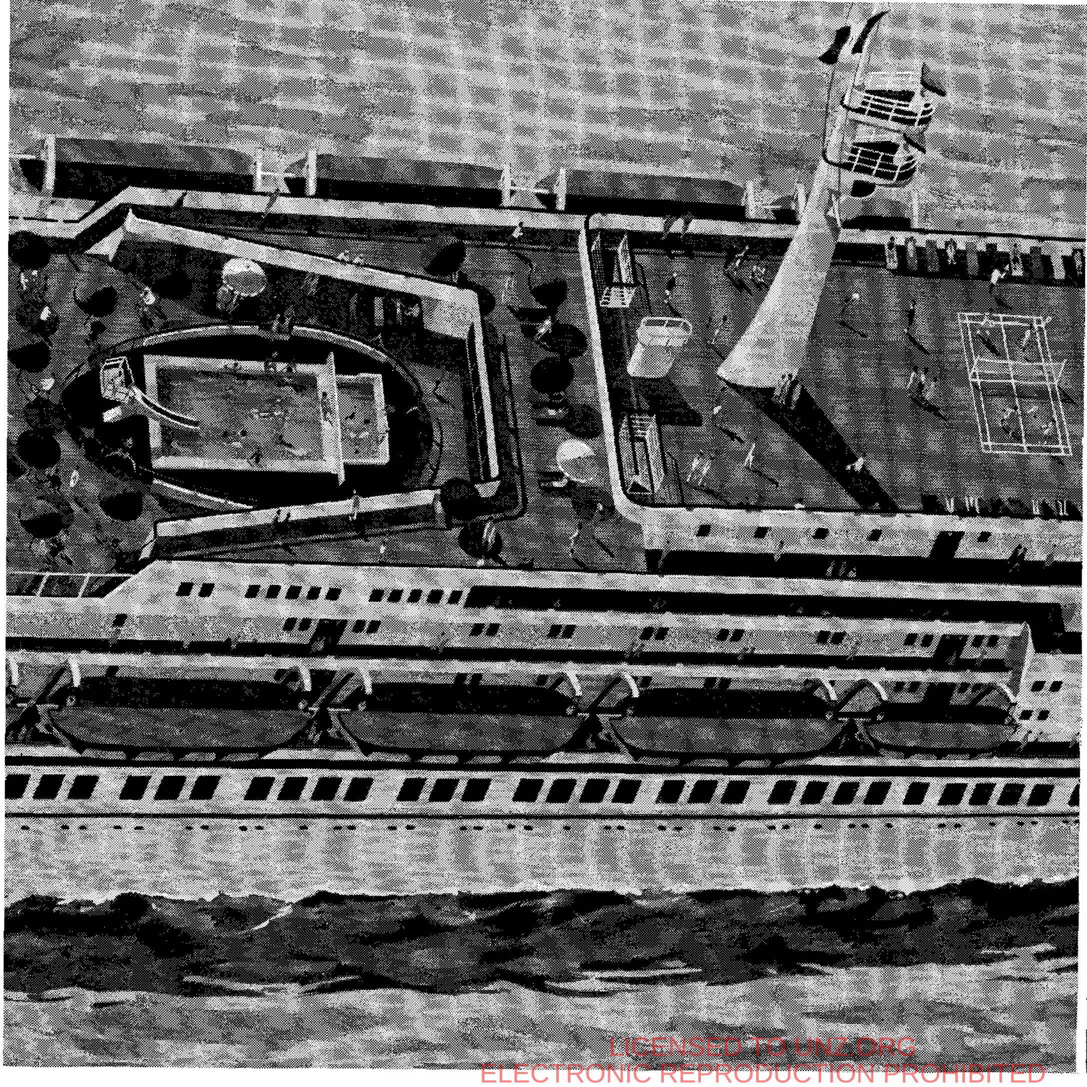
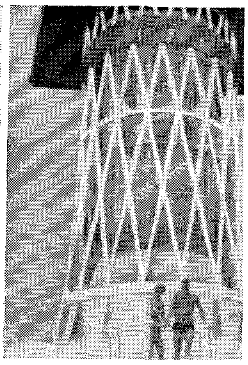
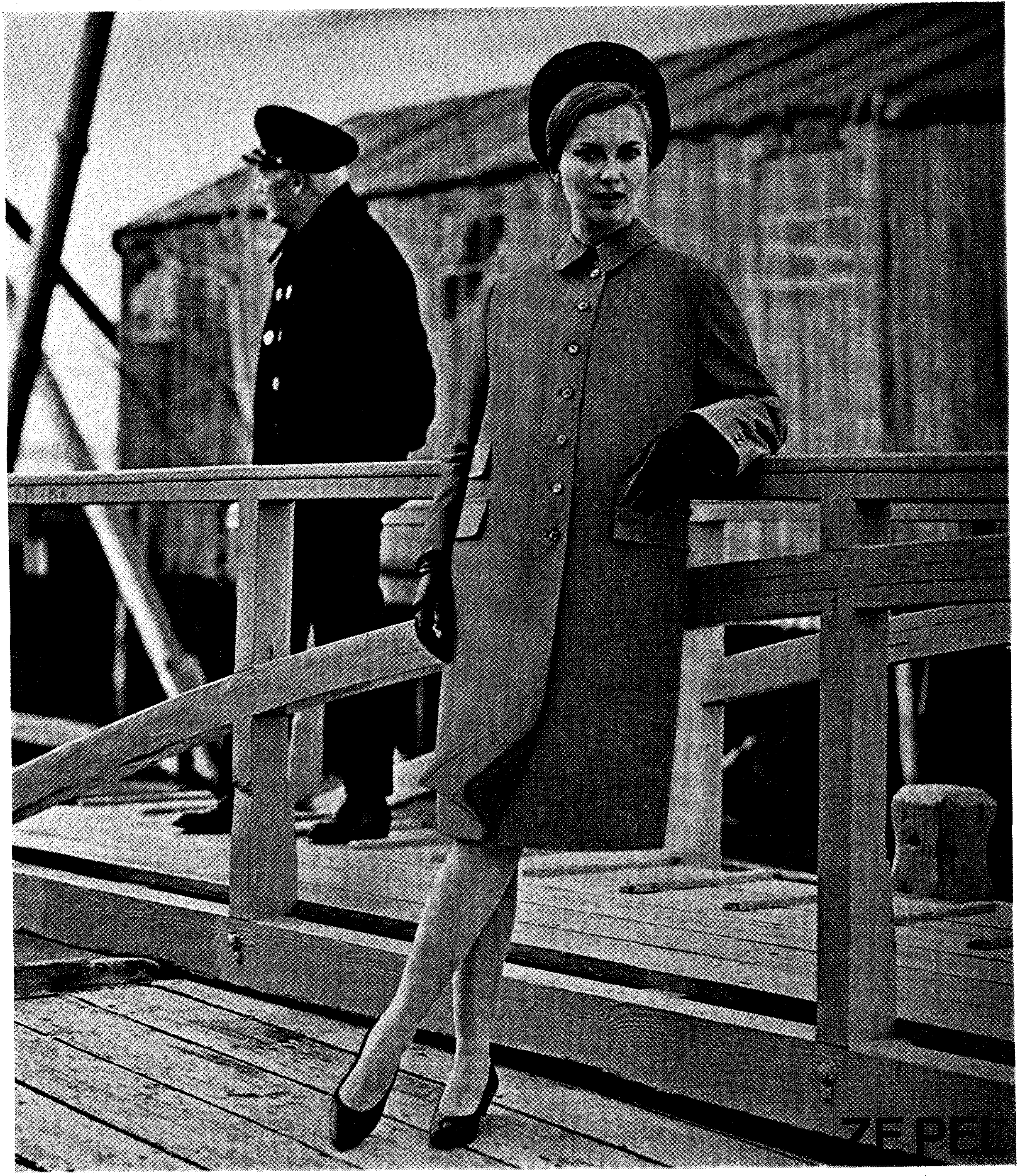
You wake to a day that hasn't a sharp edge or a jarring note in it anywhere. The sky is likely to be sunny, the air spring-like, because our Sunny Southern Route to Europe averages 300 miles closer to the equator. Your fare includes a complete resort vacation. Relax on our beach-size sundecks, swim in our outdoor pools (21 of them!). Scores of pleasant people devote themselves to your personal comfort. Wherever you look: rich furnishings, original works of art. You dine on gourmet triumphs—6 times a day. A voyage on Italian Line changes your outlook from "beat" to up-beat; you get far more out of your time in Europe. Sail the sumptuous new twin superliners MICHELANGELO or RAFFAELLO, the elegant LEONARDO DA VINCI or CRISTOFORO COLOMBO. These form the Gala Resort Fleet. The world's newest fleet...biggest and fastest to the Mediterranean. See your travel agent or Italian Line, Dept. B-16, One Whitehall St., New York, N.Y. 10004; or 696 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019. Telephone (212) 797-7000.

EXPRESS CROSSINGS and CRUISE-LIKE VOYAGES to the Mediterranean weekly from New York, monthly from Boston. CRUISES. Country of registry: Italy.





BORGANA, posh Sugar Daddy of all pile fabrics, goes under cover—chalk up another first for Misty Harbor! The **"Halifax",** all-season shirtwaist takes a lush ruby red zip in-or-out Borgana® 100% Orlon® acrylic pile liner...luxurious as all get out and warmer than central heating. Outer coat scrupulously tailored in our exclusive Fancy Check fabric of 65% **Dacron® polyester**-35% cotton, protected against rain and oily stains with **ZE PEL** fabric fluoridizer. Checks in black and white (shown here), or char and gray. Sizes: regular 6-20; petite 4-16; junior petite 3-15; talls 12-20. About $55. With matching Misty Tam, about $5.



At **LORD & TAYLOR,** New York; **BELK'S DEPT. STORE,** Charlotte; **YOUNKER BROS.,** Des Moines; **MAAS,** Flint; **CHERRY & WEBB,** Providence; **HAHNE & CO.,** Newark; **NEVIUS-VOORHEES,** Trenton, Princeton & Flemington; **P. J. YOUNG CO.,** New Brunswick; **JO-AN WALDEN,** Schenectady; **CROWLEY'S,** Detroit; **JORDAN MARSH,** Boston and branches; **GIMBELS,** Pittsburgh, Philadelphia & Milwaukee; **THE HIGBEE CO.,** Cleveland; **SAGE-ALLEN,** Hartford; **HAMBURGER'S,** Baltimore; **MILLER & RHOADS,** Richmond; and fine stores everywhere or write Misty Harbor Ltd., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

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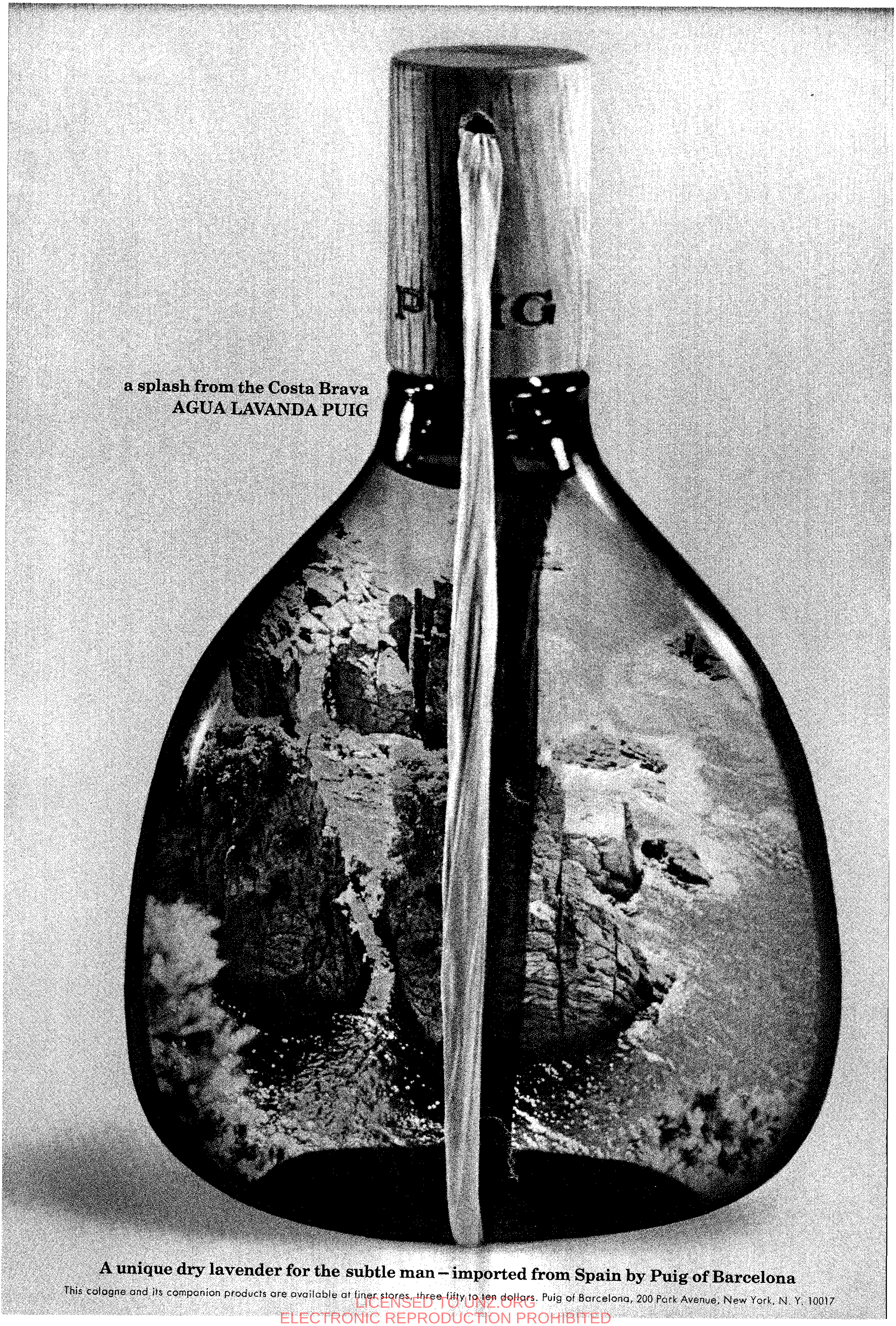
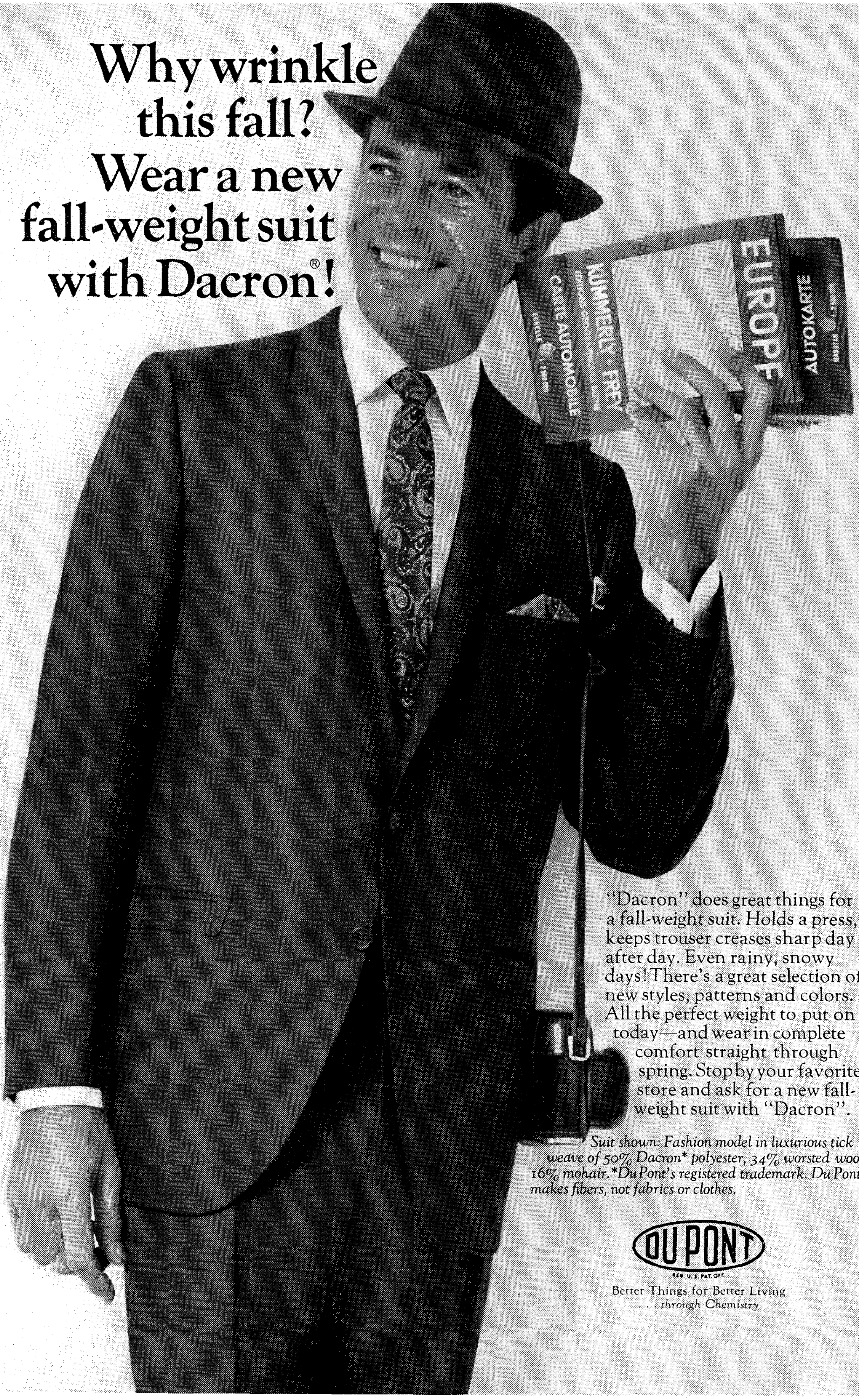

PUIG
a splash from the Costa Brava
AGUA LAVANDA PUIG

A unique dry lavender for the subtle man – imported from Spain by Puig of Barcelona

This cologne and its companion products are available at finer stores, three fifty to ten dollars. Puig of Barcelona, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017



Why wrinkle this fall? Wear a new fall-weight suit with Dacron®!

"Dacron" does great things for a fall-weight suit. Holds a press, keeps trouser creases sharp day after day. Even rainy, snowy days! There's a great selection of new styles, patterns and colors. All the perfect weight to put on today—and wear in complete comfort straight through spring. Stop by your favorite store and ask for a new fall-weight suit with "Dacron".

Suit shown: Fashion model in luxurious tick weave of 50% Dacron polyester, 34% worsted wool, 16% mohair. *Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.*

DU PONT
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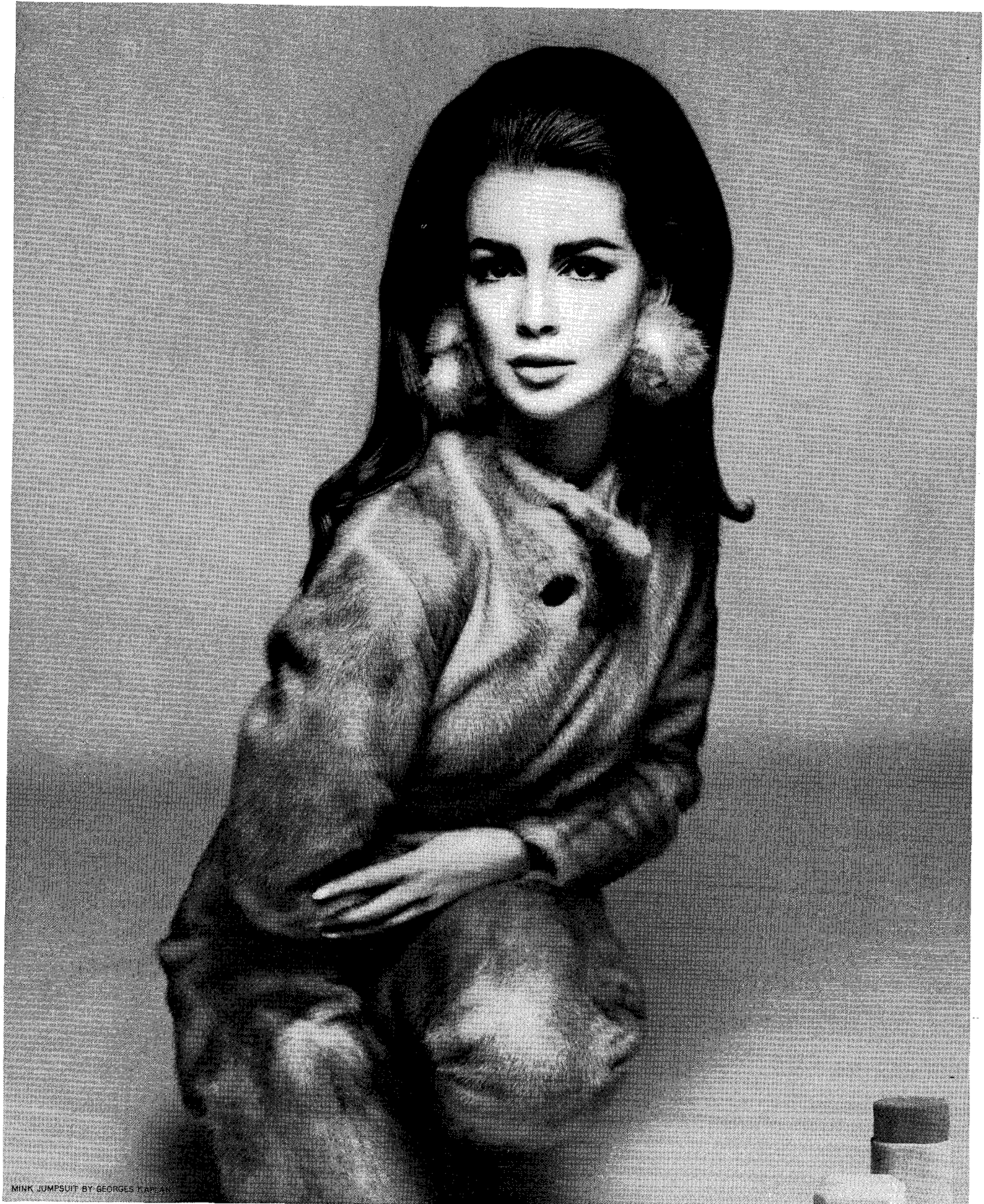
Better Things for Better Living
. . . through Chemistry

The most luxurious cover-up in the world isn't mink, darling...

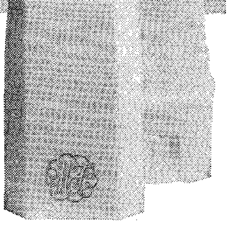


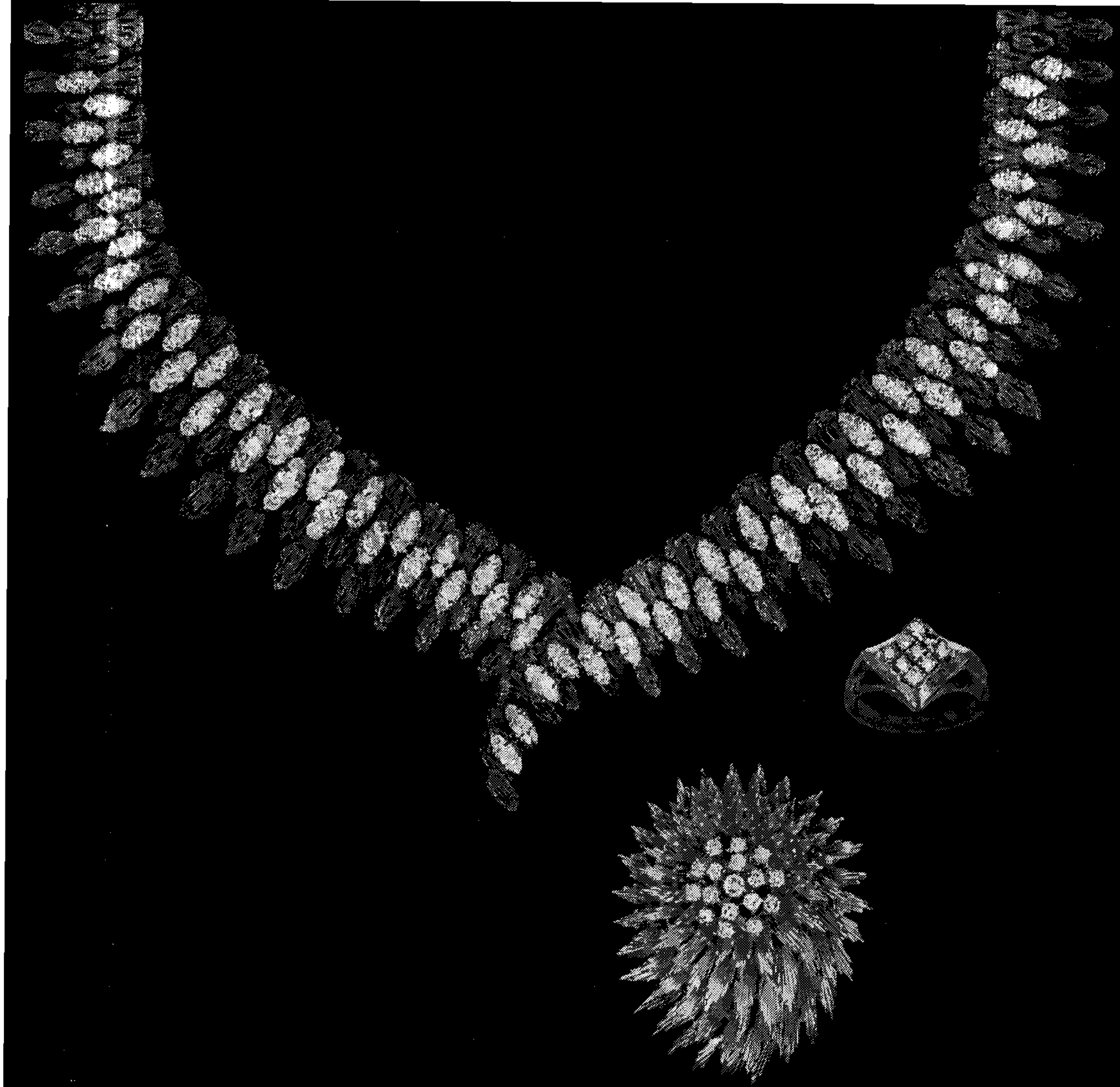
MINK JUMPSUIT BY GEORGES KAPLAN

AVAILABLE IN CANADA © 1966, MAX FACTOR & CO.

it's Pan-Stik Make-up by Max Factor.

This is the rich one. The sleek one. Max Factor's famed Pan-Stik® slips on with the sleek softness of mink ... covers flaws, covers freckles, covers everything but the beauty of you. No wonder Pan-Stik is known as the make-up that great beauties are made of.





Time cannot diminish the joy of diamonds

For you, the diamond jewel may be a badge of gaiety, or chic, or deepest sentiment—or all three. But ultimately it is the diamond's imperishable beauty that makes it treasured so. A beauty that never goes out of fashion, a beauty that seems to grow with time.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Necklace, about $5000; ring, about $350; brooch, about $790; earrings, about $1320. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

Here's what's been cooking in Norway

When you think of Scandinavian design, it's probably Denmark and Sweden that you have in mind. Now we'd like you to begin to think of Norway.

We are, after all, country cousins of the Danes and Swedes. That means we do things somewhat differently, but, we like to think, no less stylishly. In fact, beautiful things are particularly important to our way of life. Consider that there are only 3.9 million of us and we live in a land 2.5 times the size of New York State. While we have some large cities with restaurants and nite clubs, for the most part we make "our own fun" at home.

As a result, Norwegian women become wonderfully creative homemakers. They all have their own secret recipes and there is considerable friendly competition between them to be known as the best cook in town.

You therefore don't sell these women casseroles by making pretty ones. You make good ones. You use sheet iron which cooks like cast iron except that it's one-third the weight of cast iron. You fire on three thin coats of enamel instead of one thick one so you retard chipping. You put on a continuous handle ring that stays cool. You make your casserole so it can go directly from freezer to oven, or vice-versa. *Then* you make it pretty.

Our reward for doing all of this is the satisfaction of knowing that our casserole is in more Norwegian homes than anyone else's casserole.

Now that we've accomplished this on our home grounds we've come to sell our wares in America. While we don't expect to become the biggest casserole company here, we believe that there are enough American women who care about their cooking to appreciate a fine Scandinavian casserole.

Danish, Swedish or Norwegian.

Cathrineholm casseroles come in Avocado, Butterscotch, Teal, Orange and Red. 1.5 qt. size $12.50, 2.5 qt. $14.00, 4.5 qt. $16.50, including covers.

Available at these and other fine stores. B. Altman, N.Y.; Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D.C.; R. H. Stearns, Boston; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Bullock's, Southern California.

For our complete catalog and store nearest you write to
Cathrineholm Ltd.,
Thornwood, N.Y.

Cathrineholm of Norway

The Le Mans hardtop coupe.

Pontiac Motor Division

For people who love cars—a car that loves people.

If there's one thing we're good at, it's winning friends and influencing people. And our new 1967 Pontiac Le Mans is one of the winningest influencers we've ever come up with.

Could it be its standard 165-hp Overhead Cam Six? Or its luxurious all Morrokide interior? Or the list of options you can order that includes wonderful things like that hood-mounted tach up there? Or the 215-hp OHC 6 with or without the Sprint option? Or the 250- and 285-hp V-8s? Or the standard safety items that include the energy absorbing steering column developed by General Motors, passenger-guard door locks on all doors and folding front seat back latches?

We're not sure. But we have a sneaking suspicion it's all these things. See your Pontiac dealer and find out.

67 Pontiac Le Mans/Ride the Wide-Track Winning Streak

A little rest goes a long way in a Boeing jet.

While you lean back and relax for an hour, a Boeing jet can take you 600 miles.

In a few hours more, a Boeing jet can take you anywhere in the country, or the world. It can whisk you from winter to summer, or to the climate and vacation fun you most enjoy.

Boeing jets serve 313 cities in 124 countries. Every 13 seconds, around the clock, a Boeing jet arrives or departs, somewhere in the world.

Boeing jets have carried far more passengers — 153 million, plus — than any other jetliner. And they've spent far more time in the air: over 7¾ million hours (896 years).

Next trip, wherever you're headed, let a wonderful rest in a Boeing jet get you there.

BOEING

1916 ✣ 50th Anniversary Year ✣ 1966

Now flying Boeing jets: *Air Congo, Air France, Air-India, Air Jamaica, Air Madagascar, All Nippon, American, Ansett-ANA, Avianca, BOAC, BWIA, Braniff, Continental, Eastern, El Al, Ethiopian, Flying Tiger, Frontier, Iran Air, Irish, JAL, Lufthansa, MEA, National, Northeast, Northwest, Olympic, PIA, PSA, Pacific, Pacific Northern, Pan American, Qantas, Sabena, Saudi Arabian, South African, Southern Air Transport, TAA, TAP, TWA, United, Varig, Wardair Canada, Western, World.* Later: *Aerolineas Argentinas, Air Asia, Alaska, American Flyers, Braathens, Britannia, Caledonian, Icelandair, Lake Central, Mexicana, Northern Consolidated, Piedmont, United Arab, Wien Air Alaska.*

Ambush
Dana
Ambush
perfume by
Dana

Will the Frenchman who said: "Life is too short to drink a bad wine" please step forward and identify himself?

Mark Cross wants to hire him.

He wasn't a *famous* Frenchman, as far as we know. We just met him at a cocktail party and he dropped this pearl. We didn't have all our wits about us, and he slipped through our grasp before we could get his name.

Pity. He summed up the whole *raison d'être* for Mark Cross.

We believe life is too short to carry a shoddy wallet. Or wear an ill-fitting jacket. Or travel with a suitcase that looks like *anybody's* suitcase.

We say life should be filled with desk diaries that have the sensuous feel of soft calfskin. That address books should have gilt-edged pages that crackle when you turn them. That every woman rates an alligator bag in her arsenal—preferably the high-born Javanese breed that makes all other alligators seem proletarian.

We say raincoats are for cute, scarves are for purring, jewel boxes are for gloating, good little suits are for getting big bad glances. (And salespeople are for making a quiet fuss over you, no matter how indecisive you are.)

In short, we believe in beautiful nonsense.

Frankly now, don't you?

Fifth Avenue at 55th Street,
and the Waldorf-Astoria.
Phone 421-3000.

ESTABLISHED 1845
MARK
CROSS
TRADE MARK
ENGLAND

A French clutch of softest Indian cobra skin is for charming (everyone). Red, black, cobalt blue or green. $14. Matching spectacle and cigarette cases, $6.50. To order, phone (212) 899-8900.

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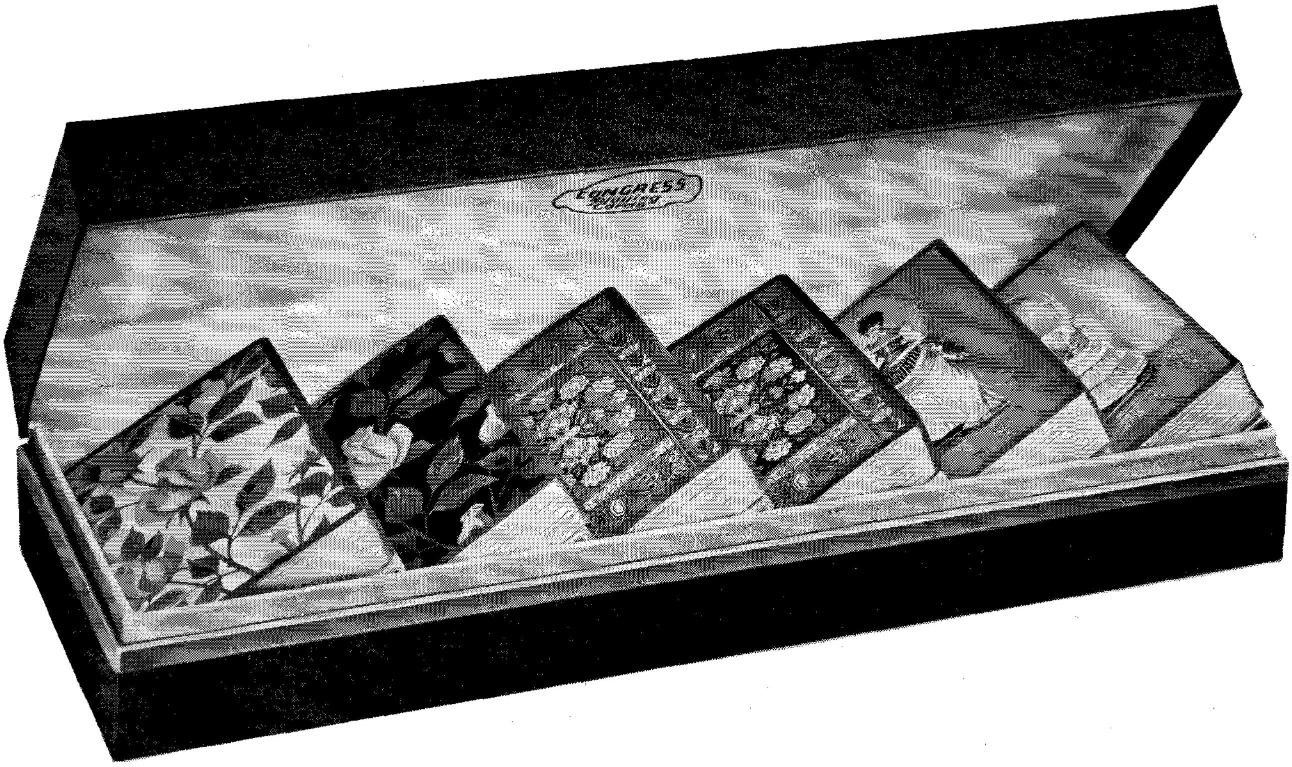
CRYSTAL

Shown: "Ballet"
Write for illustrated booklet. U.S.A. Representative: FISHER, BRUCE & CO., 221 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19106

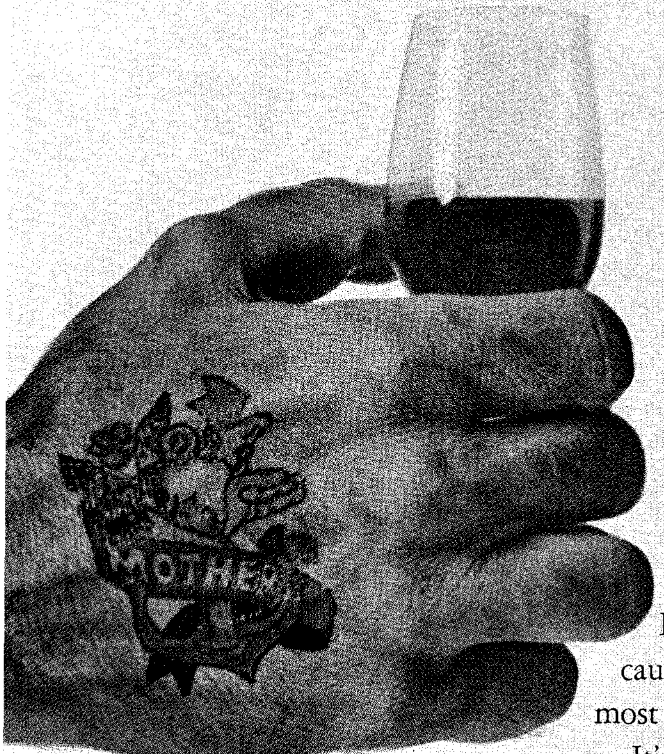
♣ ♥ New Congress gift ideas ♦ ♠



Now – beautiful Congress Leathertex re-usable six, four and two-pack gift sets join the familiar Congress velour and clear plastic cases. Famous Congress playing cards have the traditional white faces, a wide choice of designs, and the exclusive CEL-U-TONE finish for long life and ease of handling.

PRODUCTS OF THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY

All those nice, sweet things you've heard about Cherry Heering are untrue.



"It has a delicious, sweet taste... a wonderful thick cherry flavor... the best fruity liqueur in the world."

We suspect the people who are spreading these rumors about Cherry Heering have never really tasted it. Because Cherry Heering is different from most after-dinner liqueurs.

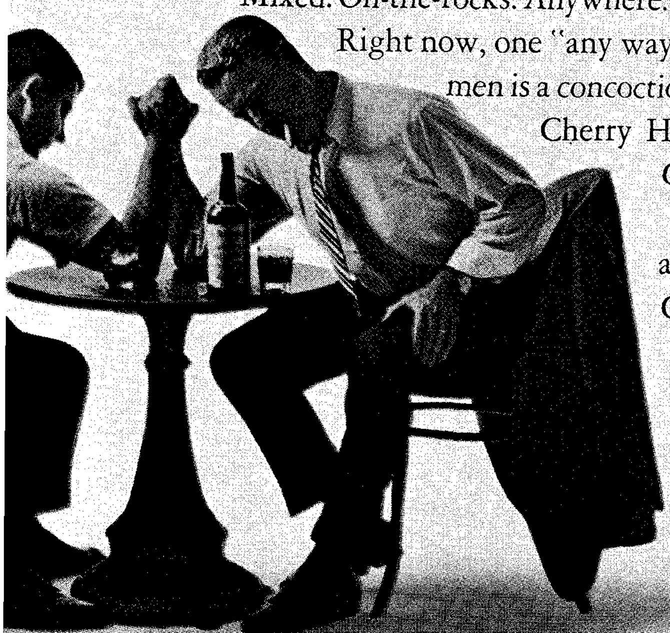
It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish.

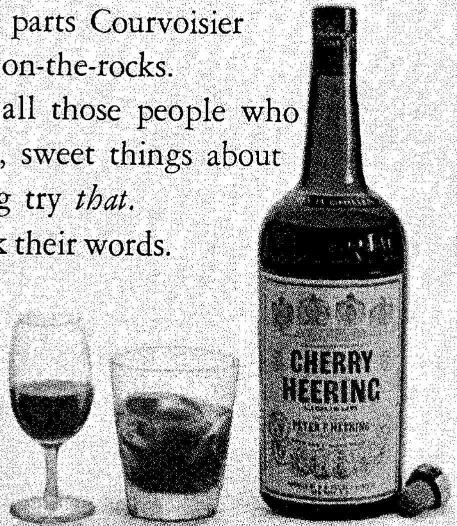
Cherry Heering is light and almost dry. In fact, it's one of the few liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.

Right now, one "any way" that's becoming popular with some men is a concoction called a *Redhead,* which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

Just wait'll all those people who are saying nice, sweet things about Cherry Heering try *that.*

They'll drink their words.





The most misunderstood drink in the world

CHERRY HEERING. 49 PROOF. COURVOISIER COGNAC. 80 PROOF.
BOTH IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

We know a lady who has used this wine cooler a dozen different ways (and she hasn't scratched the surface).

It's
great for Christmas holly
great for tennis balls
great for trick or treat candy
great for martinis served like punch
great for last year's Christmas cards
great for irises (two dozen)
great for lilacs (two bunches)
great for a giant sugar bowl
great for Piper Heidsieck (two bottles)
great for summer bouquets (see above)
great for fruit
great for a picnic
great for Christmas balls
great for fireplace matches
great for cold vichyssoise/gazpacho
great for green stamps
great for holding magazines
great for one geranium
great for chilled beer at pool
great for knitting
great for cactus
great for baby Christmas tree
great for celery
great for hair curlers
great for apples in the fall

and as far as scratching the surface,
you'll never even have to polish
this wine cooler. 23.00 at fine stores.

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STAINLESS

SEND 1.00 FOR CATALOG TO FRASER'S, INC., 236 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 WMF (CANADA) LTD., 56 ESPLANADE, TORONTO 1

From Drexel's Esperanto grouping—a Motorola exclusive in solid state stereo

Will this be the most imitated look in solid state stereo?

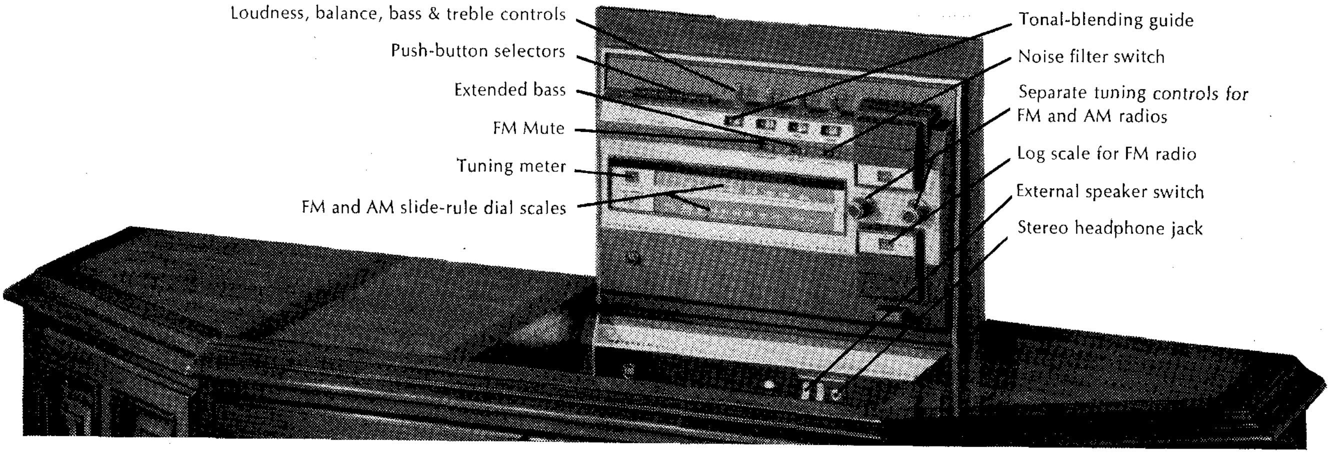
It could be. Motorola has taken full advantage of solid state miniaturized components by putting all tuning controls *inside the lid.* Where they're up high. Easy to get at. Then, we've carefully matched these solid state components with others, throughout the system, for remarkably clear audio response. And, engineered in other great Motorola ideas—like a solid state cartridge with a "see-thru" head; solid state drivers for the exponential horns, sealed sound chambers; and solid state amplifiers with 300 watts of instantaneous peak power output, 150 watts EIA music power. We've created extras, too, like a separate, solid state cartridge, for playing those priceless old 78s. And topped it off with this full year guarantee. All parts are guaranteed for one full year from defects in materials and workmanship. Motorola Inc.'s guarantee covers free exchange or repair of any component proven defective in normal usage. Arranged through selling dealer. Labor extra. See X300 Stereo, at your Motorola Dealer's now.

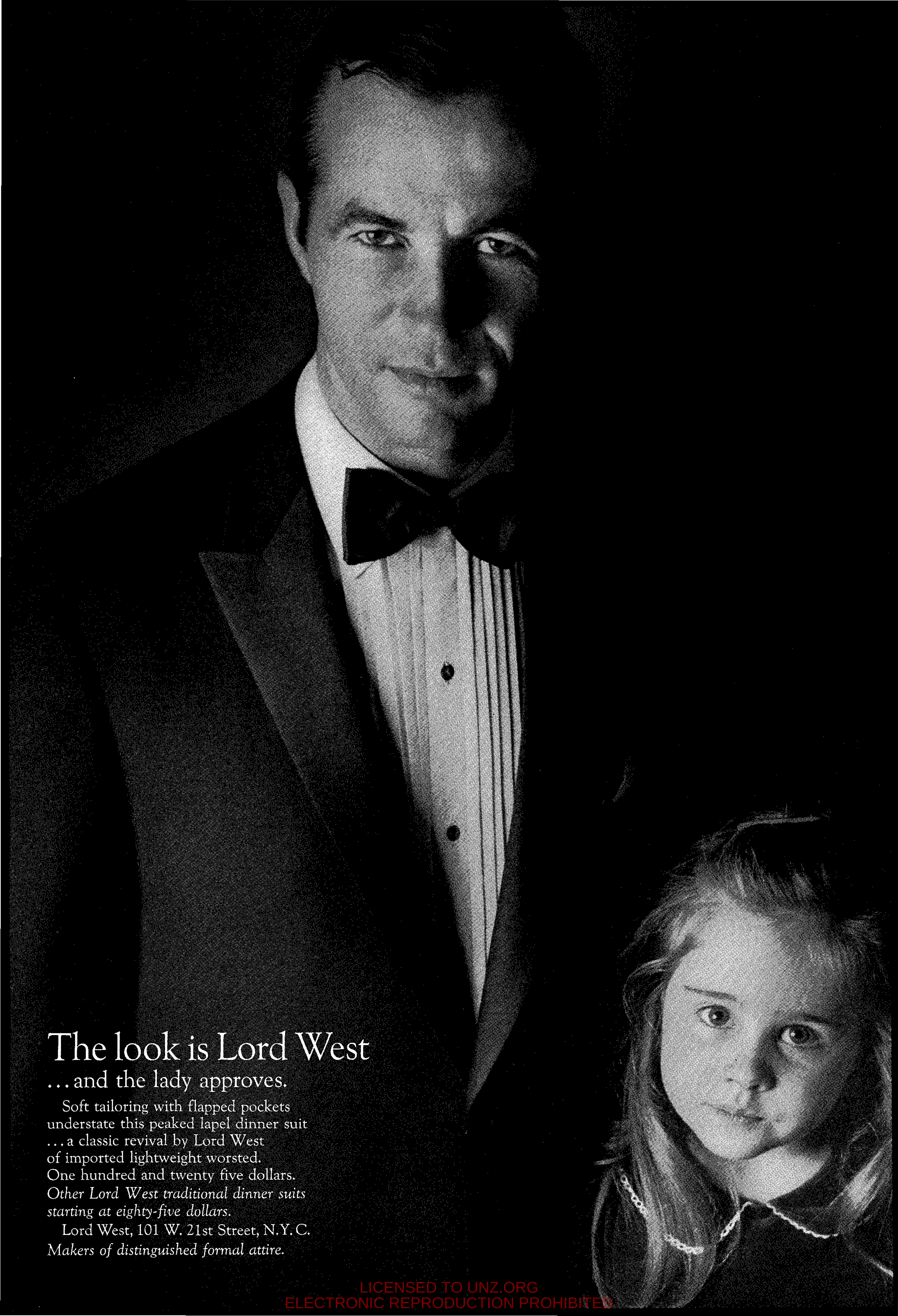
MOTOROLA®

Moving ahead through excellence in electronics

Award of Excellence

From the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce for the design of this Audio Master Control Center


Loudness, balance, bass & treble controls
Push-button selectors
Extended bass
FM Mute
Tuning meter
FM and AM slide-rule dial scales
Tonal-blending guide
Noise filter switch
Separate tuning controls for FM and AM radios
Log scale for FM radio
External speaker switch
Stereo headphone jack



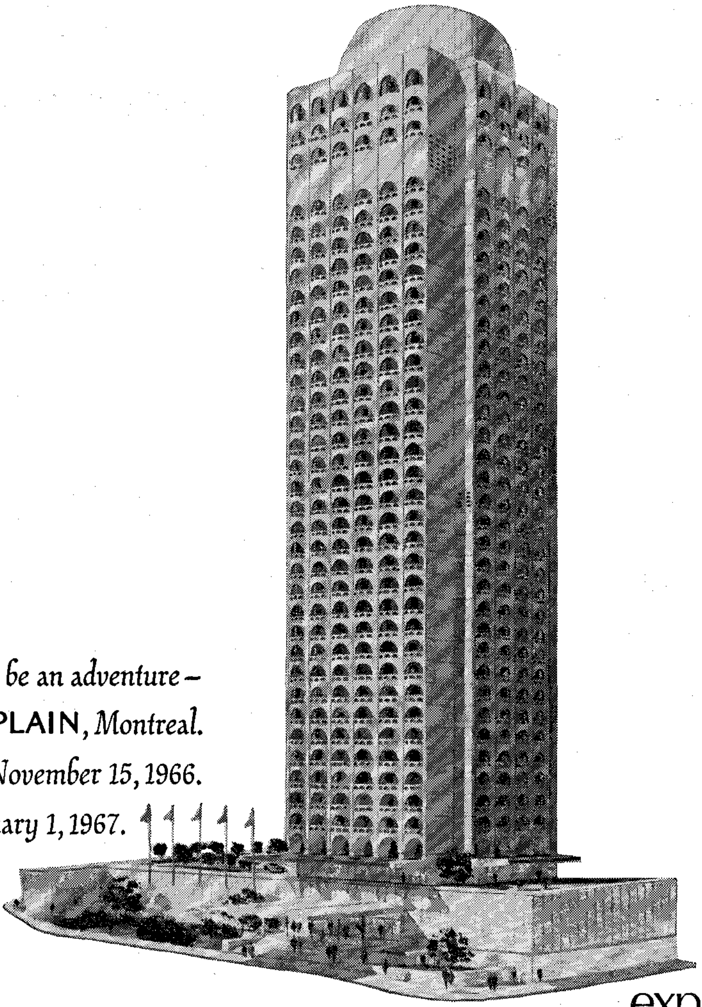
The look is Lord West

…and the lady approves.

Soft tailoring with flapped pockets
understate this peaked lapel dinner suit
…a classic revival by Lord West
of imported lightweight worsted.
One hundred and twenty five dollars.
Other Lord West traditional dinner suits
starting at eighty-five dollars.

Lord West, 101 W. 21st Street, N.Y.C.
Makers of distinguished formal attire.

Le Château Champlain . . . destined to be one of the world's finest hotels with cosmopolitan atmosphere, serving Montreal's international clientele. Reservations are being taken now.



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a raincoat
like anybody
else's
it just fits
better

Ever mistake somebody else's raincoat for yours? They all look alike... do you only know it's yours because of the ink spot on the cuff, or the loose collar button? That's the way it is 'til you wear Rainfair. For the first time, you really know your own raincoat. Rainfair makes it, so it gets to look like yours, feel like yours, fit like yours. Because we put the finest styling, the best fabric blends, and only quality craftsmanship into each Rainfair. From $27.95 to $55.00. At fine stores everywhere.

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RACINE, WISCONSIN

The fresh-cut fragrance of East Indian Grass
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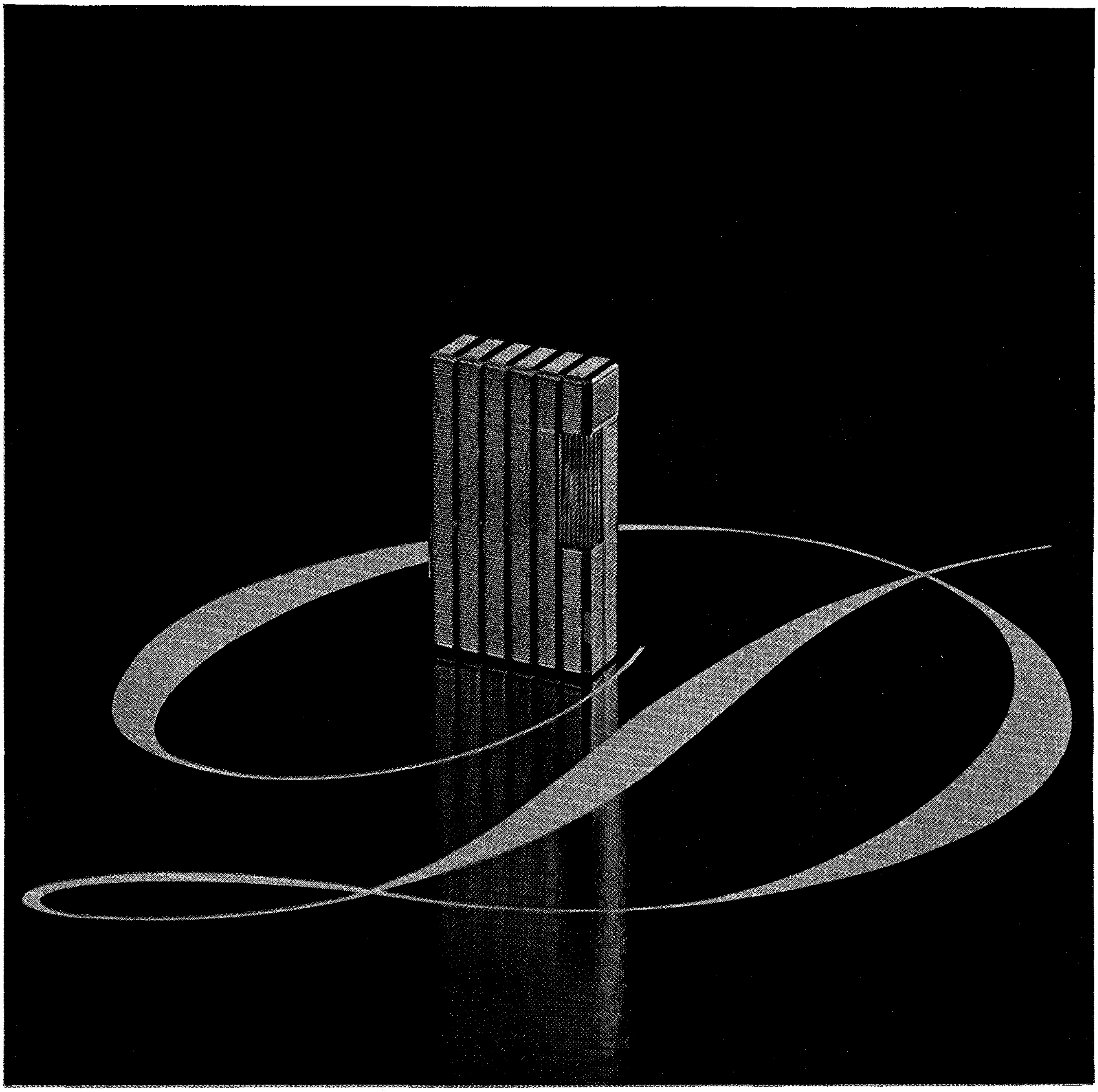
AFTER SHAVE, SOAP, EAU DE VETIVER, COLOGNE MIST, VETIVER EXTRAIT.



From the Dupont Collection of Fine Jewellery Butane Lighters — reflecting an almost century-old tradition of superb craftsmanship. The ultimate accessory for men and women... exemplifying an apotheosis of elegance, supreme quality, and highest precision. In 18 carat solid gold, black lacquer, 20 micron gold, and 30 micron silver plate.

...that it lights cigarettes is almost incidental.

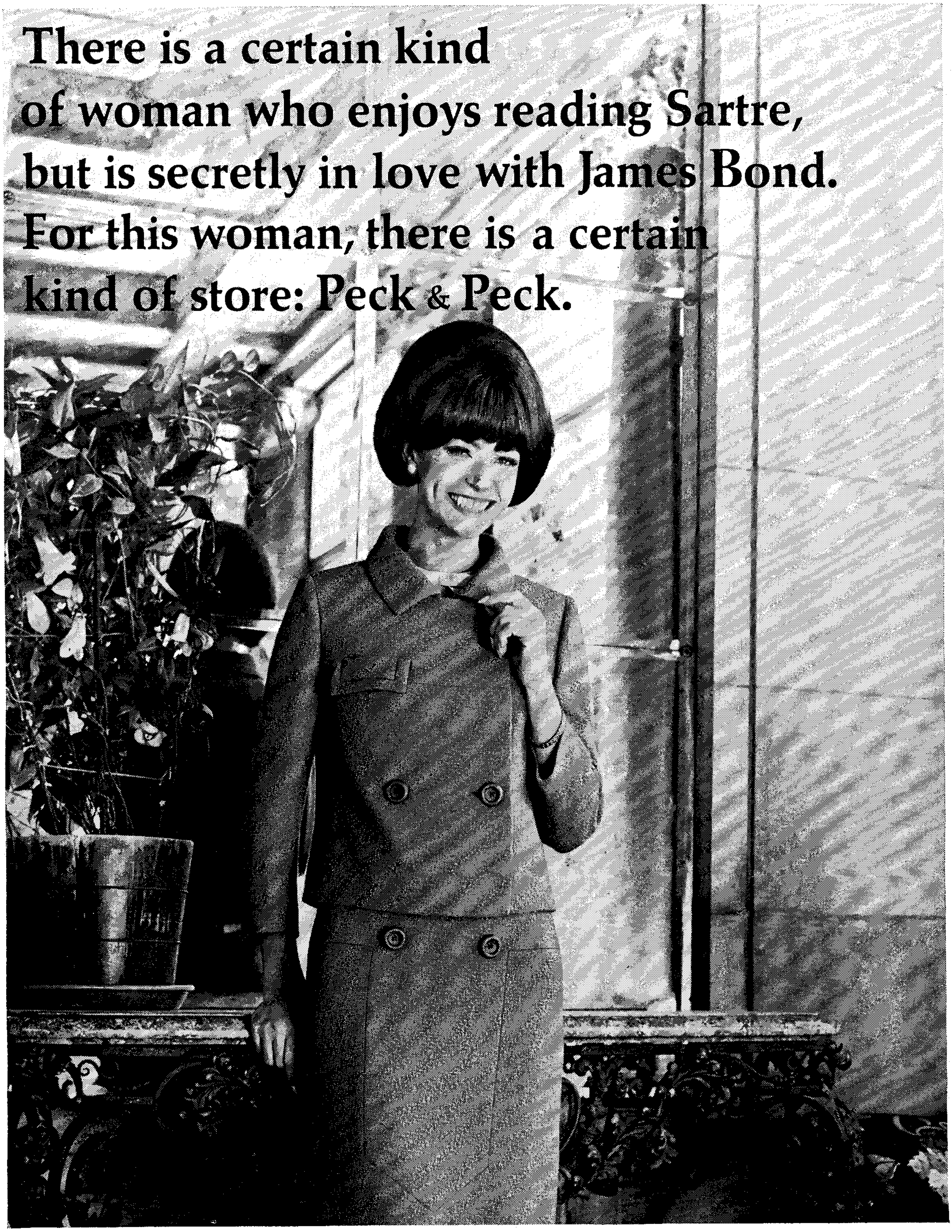
Lighters from $800 to $40

At fine jewellers, department stores, and tobacconists in 80 countries around the world: NEW YORK: Abercrombie & Fitch, Bloomingdale's, Alfred Dunhill, all stores, Lydia Kessler Ltd., Mark Cross, BOSTON, MASS.: David P. Ehrlich, Filene's, Shreve, Crump & Lowe, WASHINGTON, D.C.: National Pipe Shop, Chas. Schwartz & Son, PHILADELPHIA, PA.: J. E. Caldwell, Alfred Dunhill, BALTIMORE, MD.: A. H. Fetting Co., E. ORANGE, N.J.: Brick Church Pipe Shop, ROCHESTER, N.Y.: Hershberger's, SYRACUSE, N.Y.: H. J. Howe, ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.: Homberger's.
For the store nearest you write to Rogers, Inc., 445 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

S.T. Dupont
OF PARIS

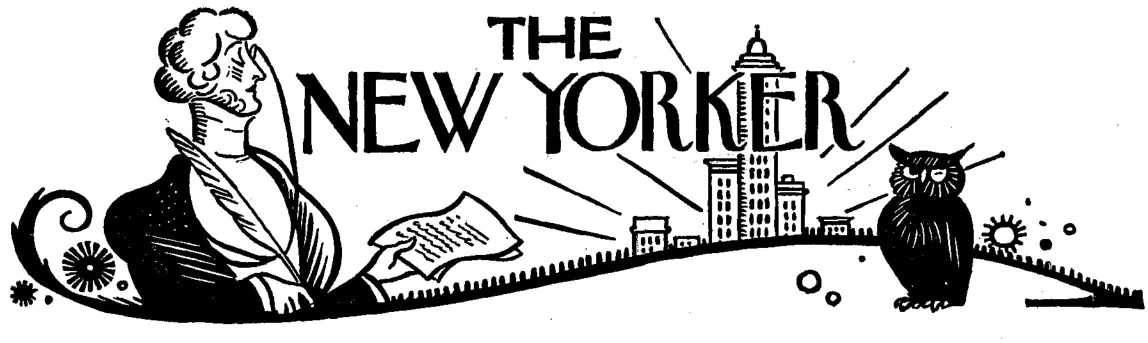
Our fluttering heroine
tiptoes back from the nineteenth century in a veritable snowstorm of lace. (It's inches deep, and artfully pleated to *ripple with every breath you take.*) All innocent as a baby—and pretty devastating, as granny well knew. Opaque nylon tricot in Heaven Blue or Red Paint with white lace. 32 to 38. $13. • Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York.

VANITY FAIR


There is a certain kind
of woman who enjoys reading Sartre,
but is secretly in love with James Bond.
For this woman, there is a certain
kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Found on a Frenchman's drawing board: the three-piece suit that's *ours alone*. The double-breasted jacket features a club collar and flap pocket; skirt and jacket are coordinated by button detail. The underblouse (that's an overblouse) is a sleeveless shell. All wool by Towntree. Navy, red or green. 8 to 16, 100.00

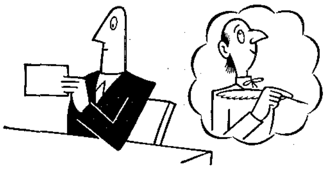
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D. C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE/PALM BEACH



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR eye has been caught by the city's new pink Certificate of Nonresidence and Allocation of Withholding Tax on Earnings. The reverse side of the certificate is given over to definitions—what a resident is and what a nonresident is. The definition of a resident was obviously penned by a resident member of the Ancient Order of Tax Prose, for it is a plum pudding of "domicile"s, "abode"s, and "aggregate"s. The definition of a nonresident is another matter. We suspect there is a poet loose somewhere in the Department of Finance—a lone, anonymous non-obfuscator, a man obviously doomed to finish his days in some other line of work. His definition of a nonresident reads, "A nonresident individual means an individual who is not a resident."



The Way It Was

FOR sixty-four years, Public School 31, an old favorite of ours, occupied a dingy, fortresslike stone building at Monroe and Gouverneur Streets, on the lower East Side. In the nineteen-forties, friends of the school began working for a new building. At regular intervals, committees were named, petitions got up, delegations dispatched, and all the ritual actions taken that are necessary to get something done in a big city. An appropriation for a new school was in and then out of the Board of Education budget three times in the past ten years. Finally, however, it held its place, and a couple of weeks ago a shiny new glazed-brick-and-stainless-steel school at Montgomery and Cherry Streets—two blocks from the old one—was ready to be moved into. There was such jubilation over this happy ending that it was decided that instead of a routine transfer, with the children dismissed Friday in one building and called to order Monday in the other, all nine hundred and sixty-five pupils, from pre-kindergarteners through sixth-graders, should on Monday parade through the streets from the old school to the new behind their own marching band. When we heard about this, we made arrangements to join the cheering section.

At nine o'clock that Monday morning, attendance was still being taken in the upstairs classrooms of the old P.S. 31. The ground-floor area—a dark, dank, poorly ventilated place that had served as a combined lunchroom, auditorium, and gymnasium, and was known as the Yard—was empty except for two dozen six-year-olds standing with their teacher. She was describing the new school to them. "Everything is new there," she said. "It has great big windows. From the windows you'll be able to see the river."

"Can I have my old desk?" asked a small, dark-eyed boy who was all dressed up for the parade in a red jacket and a bow tie.

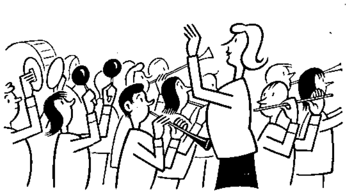
"Oh, no, Carlos, you'll have a *new* desk," said his teacher. "A lovely new desk that you can move around—that won't be bolted to the floor."

A moment later, the bell rang, and the rest of the children began to thunder down the narrow, enclosed staircases, double file, and spill into the big room. Like a well-disciplined army ready for orders, they lined up by classes beside their teachers and turned their faces toward their principal, Mr. Hyman Terner, a brisk, cheerful-looking man in dark-rimmed glasses who was standing at one end of the Yard.

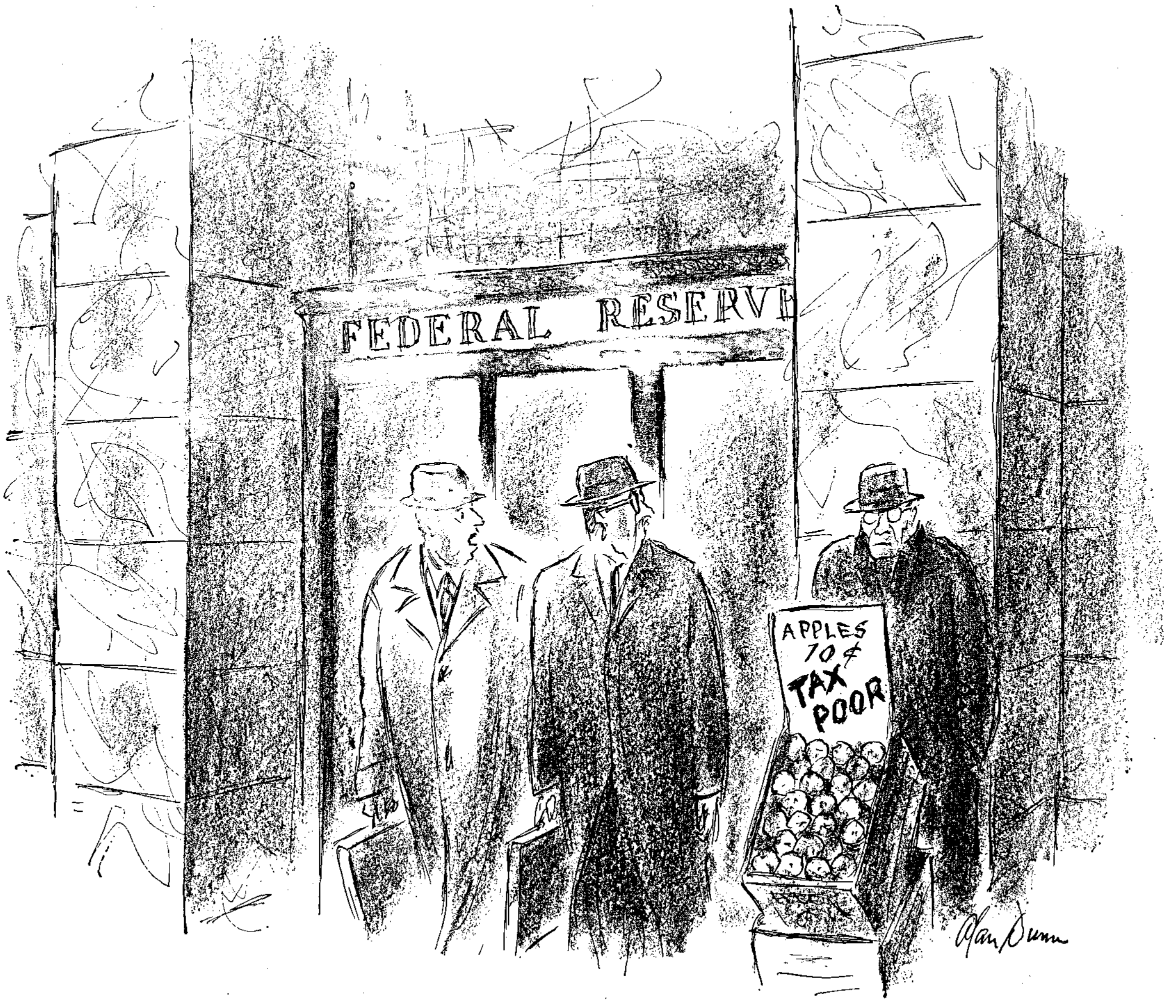
"And now, for the last time in this building," said Mr. Terner. "Good *morn*ing, children."

"Good *morn*ing, Mr. *Tern*er," said nine hundred and sixty-five voices.

"All your lives, people will be asking you about this day when you moved to your new school," he told them. "I want you to remember it all very carefully, so you can tell them that was the way it was." He added that he especially wanted to thank "our marvellous Miss White and her wonderful Class 5-2," who would constitute the marching band. Miss Marion Ross White, a tall, blond, sweet-faced young woman, who was standing near us, told us she was so excited about the move that she hadn't been able to sleep at all the night before. Grouped around her were the members of Class 5-2, looking proud; singlehanded, she had taught them all how to play one instrument or another. They were holding clarinets, flutes, cymbals, maracas, a tuba, and three drums, including a bass drum, which was slung over the back of one girl while another, in a red coat, stood with her arms already curved around it, poised for the first note. As Mr. Terner gave the signal for the recessional, Miss White lifted her hand and brought it down, and Class 5-2 broke into the rousing, thumping rhythm of the "Easy Steps March." Three boys carrying American flags led the way out the door, and Class 5-2 followed, with the rest of the classes falling in, one after another, behind.



It was a crisp, sunny day, perfect for a parade, and on all the plots of grass in front of the housing developments that bordered the line of march along Montgomery Street women stood beside baby carriages waving and cheering and taking pictures. Others applauded from upstairs windows. The children



"I say, don't you think we've cooled the boom off enough?"

stepped smartly along, carrying their books, lunchboxes, crayons, and pastepots. One boy had his arms around a small aquarium. Another bore two turtles in a basin. When the marchers got to the new school, they found two members of the custodial staff holding the doors wide for them. Everybody followed 5-2 and the flag-bearers into a cream-colored first-floor lunchroom with pastel trimmings and brilliant fluorescent lighting.

"For the first time in this building," said Mr. Terner. "Good *morn*ing, children."

"Good *morn*ing, Mr. *Tern*er," they said.

The principal pointed out that their new school had not only a new number—P.S. 137—but a name, the John L. Bernstein School. He then introduced John L. Bernstein's daughter Dr. Florence Freedman, professor of education at Hunter College. She told the children how her father had come to this country from a little town near Kiev and, after many struggles, had got an education and become a lawyer. Eventually, he had founded the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, whose first office had been a few blocks from the school. That was at the beginning of the twentieth century, when the whole area was a Jewish neighborhood. Neighborhoods change, of course, Dr. Freedman said, smiling down at the nine hundred faces—Negro, Caucasian, Puerto Rican, Chinese—but she hoped that, like her father, the pupils at the John L. Bernstein School would always be ready to learn and to help others. Next, the head of the Parents Association, Mrs. Luz Ortiz, welcomed the children, first in English and then in Spanish, and then, to a final reprise of the "Easy Steps March," the children and their teachers marched upstairs to their new classrooms.

Half an hour later, we stopped by the third-floor room of Miss Mary Cappello's Class 3-1. The pupils had got pretty well unpacked and were about to do their number work. Outside the windows, the East River sparkled in the sun.

"Do you like your new school, children?" Miss Cappello, a pleasant, round-faced brunette, asked.

"Yes, Miss Cappello," said 3-1 in unison.

"All except these bright lights that make you blink your eyes," said Alex, in the second row.

"I miss that old Yard," said Enid, the class president. "You weren't afraid you'd get it dirty."

"They got the ceilings right on top of you in this place," said Robert, the vice-president.

"All this furniture slips around too much," Lillian, in the first row, said. "I miss my old nailed-down desk."

"I miss the whole school," Enrique, in the back of the room, said. "Because that's where I started."

Message

A NEIGHBOR of ours showed us a note he discovered in his mailbox, from the tenant underneath him. It read, "Sir, unless you can restrain your compulsive tendency to pace the floor and so disturb my rest, I shall be forced, in retaliation, to walk on my ceiling, in order to disturb yours." Our neighbor's feet are still on the ground, but he confesses to stopping his pacing and cocking an ear every now and again, just out of curiosity.

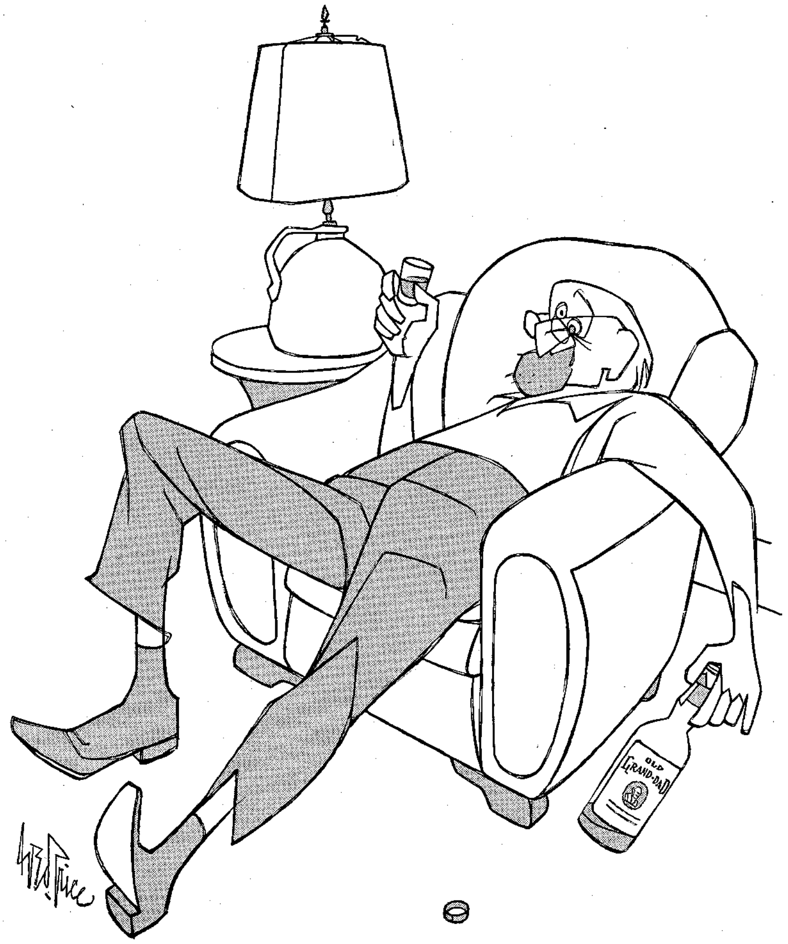
Metropolitan Machinery

THE Metropolitan Opera, having installed three million dollars' worth of "sophisticated" stage equipment in its new home at Lincoln Center, is now struggling with the Sisyphean task of getting everything to work properly. In recent weeks, mechanical difficulties have forced the postponement of two successive performances, and the constant testing of unfamiliar equipment under battle conditions continues to make every night an adventure for the backstage crew. (Although the Metropolitan took over the building in May, the regular stagehands did not start to check out their new push-button equipment until the end of August—three weeks before opening night.) We dropped by the Opera House last week for a chat with Mr. Herman E. Krawitz, assistant manager and technical administrator, and discovered that although the season is off to a promising start, the building is still something of a disaster area.

"We've been plagued by problems since we moved in," said Mr. Krawitz, a tall, unflappable executive type who has black hair, glasses, and a permanent cheerful smile. "But this is only normal for a complicated new theatre. What people don't seem to realize is that the four new productions we presented during the first two weeks equalled about half of an entire Broadway season. There is simply no precedent for this kind of operation; we have to make our rules and our compromises as we go along." Mr. Krawitz led us through a maze of newly painted corridors to the main stage, a vast expanse of Idaho pine, which, he told us, is about the same size as the stage of the old Metropolitan. "However," he added, "we have surrounded it with three additional stages, which gives us six times the working space we had on Thirty-ninth Street. The side and rear stages have motorized wagons—enormous platforms that slide onto the main stage on tracks, carrying complete sets. The trouble is that sometimes you pull a lever to move a wagon and nothing happens—the platform is overloaded, and the motors heat up and refuse to work. Or else the leading edge encounters some obstacle on the tracks that brings it to a sudden stop. We have learned to keep a man on duty with a vacuum cleaner to prevent such accidents."

Mr. Krawitz pointed to the wagon at the back of the main stage and told us that the turntable on top of it had been the Metropolitan's first major casualty. "When Franco Zeffirelli, the stage director, piled three hundred and thirty people, two sheep, and a camel on that turntable during an 'Antony and Cleopatra' rehearsal, the steel frame bent," he said. "It cannot be repaired until next summer, so we have made other arrangements for turning large pieces of scenery. For 'Antony' we put nine men inside the Sphinx to push it around; for 'Die Frau Ohne Schatten' we stationed a man with a hand winch behind a pillar to control the staircase that revolves in Act Three. Another problem is the unbalance of the air pressure that occurs as we open the main curtain; a sudden draft from the auditorium can blow a drop out of position and cause it to collide with another drop or a piece of scenery. To prevent this, we station two men with long hooked poles up in the galleries on either side of the stage; if they spot a potential foulup during a performance, they simply reach out and untangle it. We have had trap covers that didn't close, light bridges that hung out of plumb, leaks that dripped onstage during the bad rainstorm in September, and bugs in the communications system, but these are minor difficulties compared to the breakdown of the stage elevators."

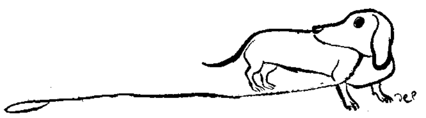
Mr. Krawitz then led us up a winding staircase to a push-button console ten feet above stage right and explained that the buttons controlled seven movable lifts in the center of the main stage. "Each lift is a strip of floor sixty feet wide and eight feet from front to back, which can be raised or lowered by a hydraulic elevator," he said. "When we use the lifts in groups, they are locked to one another by a series of bars; when we set them in position for a scene, they are locked to the structure of the building by additional bars. Six of the lifts are double-decked, which means that we can put scenery on the top deck of a lift, level with the stage, and then move it up, out of sight, for the next scene, during which the scenery on the lower deck is in sight of the audience. Or do it all in reverse. Lifts One, Two, and Three, upstage, go up twenty-eight feet, and down one foot to accommodate the wagons that slide in on top of them; Lifts Four through Seven, at the back, can travel ten to fourteen feet in either direction. This arrangement produces a great deal of flexibility and a lot of headaches." As we walked through the glowing red-and-gold auditorium, Mr. Krawitz told us that the most harrowing week in Metropolitan Opera history started on Wednesday, September 28th—twelve days after the opening. "Six lifts that were tied together for an afternoon rehearsal of 'Die Frau Ohne Schatten' refused to lock into the building at stage level, and suddenly the entire stage began to pulsate up and down, moving about two inches in each direction," he said. "We're still not quite sure what happened—it may have been a faulty electrical relay or it may have been the uneven distribution of weight on the lifts—but we do know that half the stage was fighting the other half. The three front lifts, which contained most of the scenery, were pulling down while the three back lifts, which were almost empty, were pulling up. The result was a yo-yo effect that lasted for ten minutes—until Rudolf Kuntner, our chief electrician, ran downstairs and shut off the power in the pump room. Using manual switches, Rudy and his staff managed to get all the lifts locked in at stage level by four o'clock, just as the technicians from Burlington Elevators, Inc., arrived to make repairs. The Burlington people discovered that the pulsating had bent the steel tie bars between Lifts Two and Three, and they promised to try and replace them overnight. We realized immediately that the 'Traviata' scheduled for that evening would



have to be presented at stage level, without any of the elaborate scenery that had been designed for the lifts—if we touched any of that machinery, we could put ourselves out of business for a week or more. The staff worked out a stage plan for putting on Act Three of 'Traviata' using the Act One set, and Mr. Bing—after nearly throwing me out of his office when I first suggested it—finally approved the idea. Mr. Bing and Robert Herman, assistant manager and artistic administrator, and I also discussed the problems posed by two other operas: a 'Gioconda' on Friday and the première of 'Die Frau Ohne Schatten'—the first production that was specifically designed to use the full range of our non-functioning equipment—scheduled for the following Sunday. 'Frau,' with its elaborate set changes in full view of the audience, was the more serious problem, and we agreed that if the elevators were not working on Thursday morning we would have to postpone it a second time. The original première of 'Frau' had been cancelled after the turntable broke down, to give 'Antony' more rehearsal time. Well, the Burlington people worked all through Wednesday night, cutting out the bars with torches and replacing them with new ones, and by eleven the following morning they had the lifts back in operation. At this point, we decided to cancel the Friday 'Gioconda' and replace it with the postponed dress rehearsal of 'Frau.' A dress rehearsal has to be held at least two days before a performance, so that the singers can save their voices. On Friday night, the first act, which started at seven, went so well that Mr. Bing, Bob Herman, and I went up to the Top of the Met for dinner. About eight-thirty, as we were finishing our first course, we all suddenly realized that the chimes had not rung for the second act. We rushed downstairs and found that Lifts Two and Three were stuck a few inches above the floor. Mr. Bing turned pale, and Francis Robinson, assistant manager and press director, began to work out a cancellation announcement on the back of an envelope. We stood there nervously for several minutes while two electricians went downstairs and pulled the levelling relays by hand. Miraculously, the new bars shot into their sockets, the lifts settled into place, and the rehearsal continued smoothly right up to midnight. Although the lifts worked beautifully on Saturday, I don't think any member of the company really trusted them. Nathaniel Merrill and Robert O'Hearn, the stage director and the designer of 'Frau,' sat up most of Saturday night working out an emergency plan for presenting the opera on the flat in case the machinery failed at the very last moment. On Sunday, they were still rehearsing some of the Act Three set changes an hour before curtain time. Sunday night, much to everyone's surprise and relief, the entire performance went very well. The lifts worked on cue, and there were no visible signs of strain. I found out later that our flyman and our master carpenter were both so worried about the set changes that they had put on black capes and stationed themselves during the performance with walkie-talkies behind some of the scenery. There were only two really bad moments, neither of which was noticeable from out front. A great golden door that is supposed to fly open in full view of the audience during Act Three stuck briefly when the drive mechanism controlling it failed, but an alert electrician plugged it into another drive in a matter of seconds. Then, in the final moments of the opera, there was a backstage drama that none of us knew about at the time. An enormous staircase, which is supposed to move all the way back to Amsterdam Avenue on a musical cue, almost didn't make the trip, because the wagon motors were terribly overheated. It faltered and stopped a few yards short of the back wall, but the crew managed to hide that mishap with an upstage drop. It was a memorable evening, and when Mr. Bing personally rounded up the stage crew and made them take a bow with the singers, he wasn't being gracious—he was being honest. They saved the show."

Genteel

A LOVELY Smith College graduate of our acquaintance recently received an urgent request from her college alumnae quarterly that she send "class news" on a pre-stamped return postcard. After listing the names of her two children, she decided that honesty was the best policy, and boldly announced that she had been divorced and was now married to "Malachy McCourt, pub owner in New York." (Her husband had suggested "saloonkeeper," but she felt that in this case a certain gentility was the better part of honesty.) The next issue of the quarterly arrived with the information that our correspondent was now married to "Malachy McCourt, publication owner." She says she is sure that everyone is happier this way.



Rockefeller

OCTOBER 10, 2:15 P.M. A young-looking Rockefeller aide was pacing nervously in front of the West Fifty-third Street side of the Hilton when his coat—in the vicinity of the breast pocket—suddenly began to sputter. He reached in, pulled out a walkie-talkie, and yanked up the aerial. "Stand by!" said an urgent, staticky voice. "The Governor's on his way!" The youth darted into a white sedan at the curb, where a second aide, with a second walkie-talkie, was sitting, and a moment later a large black limousine, containing Governor Nelson Rockefeller, drove by. The white sedan, followed by two station wagons marked "PRESS," pulled out in pursuit, heading west. Fifteen minutes later, at 181 Hudson Street, Rockefeller jumped out of the limousine, crying "*Qué tal?*" and shaking hands, and, continuing to speak Spanish, he made his way into the offices of the Spanish-language newspaper *El Diario*. Luisa Quintero, a short, peppy lady reporter, acted as general guide.

"Hey, Luisa!" someone called. "Where's O'Connor?"

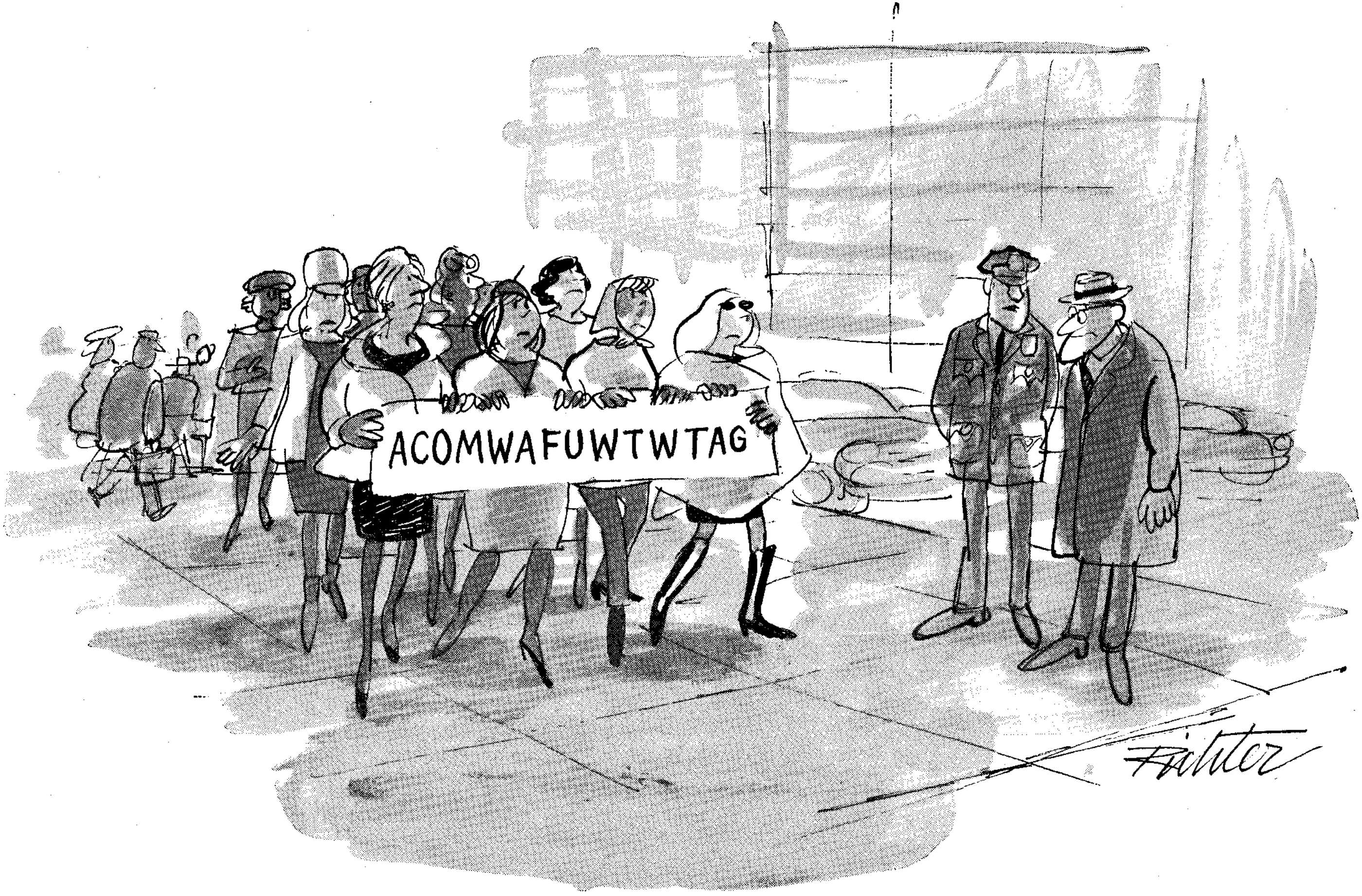
"You want him?" said Mrs. Quintero. "I'll call him! He'll be right down!"

Rockefeller, in a gray suit, a white shirt with thin blue and black stripes, and a spotted purplish tie, stood next to O. Roy Chalk, the publisher of *El Diario*, in a small auditorium and answered questions on education, the civilian police review board, narcotics, and black power. In reply to one question, Rockefeller began, "When I was coördinator of Inter-American Affairs—"

Mrs. Quintero popped up and inquired, "Who appointed you?"

Rockefeller did a slow, amused take and replied, "President Roosevelt." There was a burst of applause. "When you're working in the interests of the people, party affiliation has no meaning," he added.

During a tour of the building ("*Venga!*" cried Mrs. Quintero, forging ahead), Rockefeller sat down at a linotype machine where a U.P.I. dispatch ("BOGOTA: LOS ASTRONAUTAS NORTEAMERICANOS . . .") was being copied, and ran his fingers over the keys like a pianist ("He just lost the linotypers' vote," murmured a reporter)



"It stands for 'A Committee of Mothers Who Are Fed Up with the Way Things Are Going'!"

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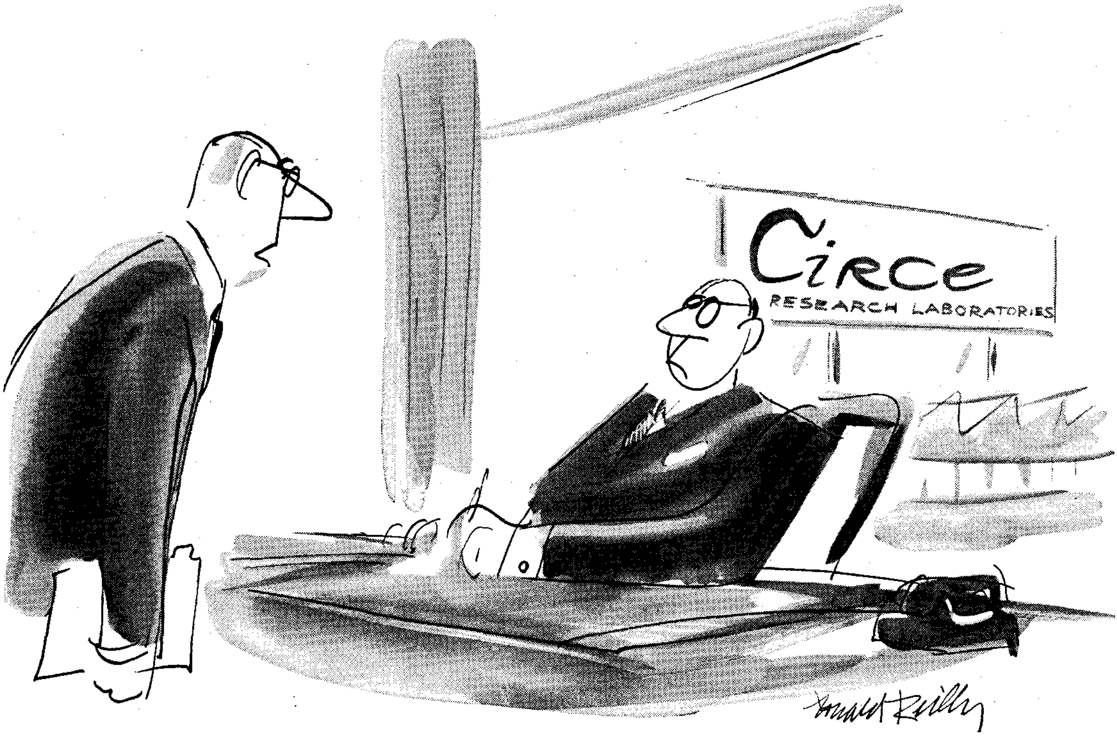
while photographers stood on beds of type taking pictures. "The press is so good it might as well be a Republican operation," he murmured in Spanish to Mrs. Quintero, who squealed with delight.

After a stop at the Human Relations Department, where Mr. Chalk explained, "We have murderers come here. They're afraid to go to the police, and they come to confess to us," Rockefeller headed into the street ("Thanks loads. It's been a pleasure") and got into a tan station wagon that had big blue "Governor Rockefeller for Governor" signs on the roof. Down Lafayette Street, with press cars trailing, past City Hall, and over Brooklyn Bridge. Far below, the water in front of the Fulton Fish Market gleamed like fish scales, then turned dark under heavy clouds; the Statue of Liberty was a gray silhouette in the distance. At St. Francis College, in Brooklyn, Rockefeller made a short speech to four hundred students, answered questions from several of them (three of them young men wearing orange-and-black Conservative Party buttons), and gave autographs. (A Rockefeller autograph consists simply of "Rocky," with a very large "R," written with a felt-tip pen on any proffered surface, including people's hands.) Having answered a final question, as to why he had vetoed a certain bill ("I veto over three hundred bills a year. I looked into this one very carefully, and I found . . ."), he got back in the station wagon and drove through Brooklyn, leaning out the window, smiling, and waving and calling enthusiastically to people at bus stops.

"*Nelson Rockefeller Para Gobernador*," said a big sign on a truck at the corner of Hoyt and Bergen Streets, where perhaps four hundred children were milling about. A Latin-American band playing on top of the truck was barely audible over the screams of the children. Rockefeller joined the crowd, wrote "Rocky" on a wild tangle of small hands, had his cheek patted by an old woman in black, and then climbed onto the truck, joining Charles Lanigan, the Republican candidate for Comptroller, and various local aspirants. Rockefeller made a speech in brisk Spanish, but he had difficulty with certain phrases. "*Cómo se dice* 'scholarships'?" he asked a nearby politician, and, a moment later, "*Cómo se dice* 'their choice'?" Someone in the crowd called up to him. "Oh!" said Rockefeller. "You want to talk English?" Cheers. "Well, let's talk English. That'll be easier for all of us. What I was saying was every young man and woman will have a chance to go to college—three times as many scholarships as any other state." Children climbed over the front of the truck, chattering to each other, as he spoke about housing and narcotics. A bare, tattooed old arm emerged above the crowd, and its owner—a toothless, wrinkled man—demanded to know when there would be a return to ten-cent beer and the free lunch. Rockefeller seemed pleased by the question but set no date. The band started up again presently, and an aged lady leaning out of a window kept time to the music by banging a broom against the wall of the building. Rockefeller went up the steps of the building, between two rows of girls wearing red jerseys and Rockefeller boaters, to visit a volunteer headquarters on the second floor. The toothless man, meanwhile, roamed the street proudly showing the back of his hand, where there was now a "Rocky" scrawl, and telling everyone, "That was a good question! I stuck him on that one!"

Back in the car and driving through Brooklyn, Rockefeller waved and called whenever there were people in sight, and when there weren't, he kept his eye on the scenery, commenting on the neighborhood, or a sticker on a car bumper, or a sign. He shook hands



"This Dr. Steinkraus we've got working on the biochemical key to immortality has reached mandatory-retirement age. Do we keep him on or give him the heave-ho?"

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with two big, healthy-looking teen-agers at a stop light, and as the car moved ahead, he said, "*That's* the age to be." He seemed to like the extrovert activity of campaigning, but he also appeared to welcome a brief moment of peace.

7:15 P.M. Rockefeller emerged from a staff conference in the Towers Hotel, in Brooklyn Heights, greeted six waiting children, wrote "Rocky" on a baseball bat, a belt, a hat, a book of Second World War stories, a football, and a soccer ball, and then climbed into his station wagon and went to Chinatown. BLAM! BAM-BAM, *crackety-bam*, BAM! Firecrackers were exploding at the corner of Mott and Canal Streets; drums were pounding, bells jangling, cymbals clashing, gongs clanging, and huge dragon heads bobbing over the crowd. BAM-METY-BAM BAM! Rockefeller plunged heartily into the chaos of Mott Street, passing under a streetwide banner that read, "New York Chinese Community Celebrates the 55th Anniversary of the Founding of the Republic of China," and greeting black-costumed musicians, children with lighted paper lanterns, children with flags, and a number of local officials, who were wearing red-white-and-blue ribbons across their chests. He moved past Long Life Enterprises, past the Hong Fat Restaurant, and turned down Bayard Street; suddenly a short round of firecrackers burst a few feet over his head, scattering nervous dignitaries, deafening everyone, and leaving a fine detritus of white paper on everyone's dark suit. Rockefeller paid no attention. He crossed the street to shake the hand of a chef in the kitchen doorway of the Ting Yat Sak Restaurant, and, after a turn through Little Italy, on Mulberry Street, he circled back to Mott Street. There, appearing on the second-floor balcony of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association with a red-white-and-blue ribbon across his chest, he said a few words in Chinese (to wild applause) and a few in English ("I am greatly impressed by the record you have made as Americans"), and then reviewed the official parade as it forced its way through the jammed street below. Directly across Mott Street, at eye level, a couple of boys stood on a fire escape watching *him*. After the parade, which included drums, flags, Cub Scouts, swords, lanterns, dragons, children in American Revolution uniforms, and a series of open convertibles filled with pretty girls, Rockefeller went downstairs and found a squad of police trying to clear a path for him through the solid wall of people on Mott Street. "No, no," he said to the police. "Just let me walk through the crowd." And he waited until the police, shrugging, had moved back into the building. Then he emerged, shaking every hand within reach; in the heave of bodies, it seemed likely that the small and the aged would be crushed, but there were no mishaps. A couple of rockets went up half a block away, their glare blending with the neon signs.

9:50 P.M. Still wearing his red-white-and-blue ribbon, Rockefeller posed for pictures in his volunteer headquarters, at 604 Fifth Avenue, with a burly man who had been chairman of a minority-group committee for Frank O'Connor but had defected to the Republicans that afternoon.

"Believe me, you've got courage," Rockefeller said, putting his arm around the man's shoulder.

"I don't give a damn," the man said.

A girl reporter asked the defector why he had defected.

"Bossism," the man said. "Bossism."

The girl asked for particulars.

"Well, we gave the Party our support, and they didn't give us any patronage," the man said slowly.

There was a moment's silence, and Rockefeller's arm dropped away from the man's shoulder. "What I need right now is a drink of water," Rockefeller said, and in an instant he was out of the room.

A few minutes later, he stood on top of a desk in a crowded, windowless room at the back of the building and answered questions from his volunteers. Having thanked them for their help, he went down to his car, said good night to several aides, and got into the back seat—alone (except for the driver) for the first time. The window was closed. As the car started to pull away down Fifth Avenue, Rockefeller sat looking straight ahead, and it appeared that, for once, he wouldn't have to wave to anybody. At the last minute, though, he glanced around, smiled, and gave a final wave, and then the car was gone.

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CONVERSATION overheard on a District of Columbia Transit System bus, between a potential passenger and the driver:

PASSENGER: Do you go to Woodley Road?

DRIVER: I don't know.

PASSENGER (*taking a seat*): Oh.

TOO MANY UNDIES SPOIL THE CRIX

MY little gray home on West Forty-fifth Street, all six depressing floors of it, looked as tawdry as ever when the cab rolled up in front, but from halfway across the sidewalk a new appendage caught my eye. Bulging out of the fake-marble trim around the entrance was a stylish bronze plaque that read "Jampolski Arms" in low-relief script. Guzek, the super, had just finished buffing it with a chamois and was squinting at the result, a cigar stub clamped in his teeth.

"Say, what gives?" I asked. "Don't tell me the building changed hands while I was in Boston."

Guzek shrugged. "The owner's idea," he said. "He felt the joint needed more class."

"But who's Jampolski?" I said. "*His* name's Sigmund Rhomboid."

"It's his common-law wife," he said. "He picked it on account of she's got these lovely white arms."

The thought of the spongecake beneath Gotham's callous exterior, without a troubadour like Nick Kenny or Odd McIntyre around any longer to extoll it, brought a momentary lump to my throat, but I choked it back and went into the foyer. The usual accumulation of trash mail welcomed me—mournful appeals from atomic spies for a new trial, threats from Internal Revenue—along with the standard weekly bleat from Roxanne. Los Angeles was a cultural desert, our divorce had left her with migraine and permanent insomnia, and enclosed was a bill I had overlooked from I. Magnin's. To top everything off, the cleaning woman had neglected to dust my flat, owing, she explained in a note written in Linear B, to her brother's sudden demise in Richmond. Poor thing—that made the twelfth relative she had buried since Christmas. If her necrology was accurate, it surpassed anything outside Defoe's "The Journal of the Plague Year."

I was hardly out of the shower before Ned Bluestone called. His voice was in the key of C, so anxiety-ridden that my receiver shook. Why hadn't I phoned him after the first Boston performance, wired him, contacted him on arrival? What kind of a press agent was it who disappeared for days on end? In all his experience as a producer—

With a sharp cry, I cut short the familiar narrative of how he had risen from booking Bluestone's Merry Maids on the Poli circuit to Broadway eminence.

"What's wrong? What happened there?" he demanded.

"It's Mrs. Jampolski," I said breathlessly. "She just ran down the fire escape stark naked, followed by a man with goat's feet. I'll dig you later."

By the time I reached the office, Bluestone had worked off some of his adrenalin on subordinates, an agent or two, and a few overseas calls, but he still twitched uncontrollably, and, with his greenish complexion, he could have doubled for a grasshopper in a Karel Čapek fantasy. "Well, spill it, can't you?" he snapped. "What's the verdict? Have we got a show?"

"Ned," I said, "now that you're *bar mitzvah*, the gold watch you wear symbolizes a man's responsibilities. Gird yourself—it's a bomb."

"You didn't buy it," he said, with a true showman's instinct.

"I'll spell it out," I said. "There are some soporifics, like 'The Sound of Music,' that lull the theatregoer. 'Let's Skip Dinner' goes beyond that—it maddens. I don't want to alarm you, but the Broadway première of this play will be another Night of the Long Knives. They'll eviscerate you—hunt you down with dogs."

To my surprise, he nodded sombrely. "I knew it the minute I read the script. I hated it, but when that Mrs. Ample Hindquarters and her society jeweller, Sterling Flatware, offered to put up the scratch, I lost my judgment. Maybe if we sent for Abe Burrows—"

"Not a prayer," I said. "Believe me, no digitalis in his satchel or anybody else's can save this one. Close it, I beseech you."

"What, and sacrifice the parties I lined up?" He recoiled from the unclean thought. "Don't be an ignatz. We still got an out, and it's a blockbuster—a bold stroke of genius." He fumbled a clipping out of his desk. "Read that."

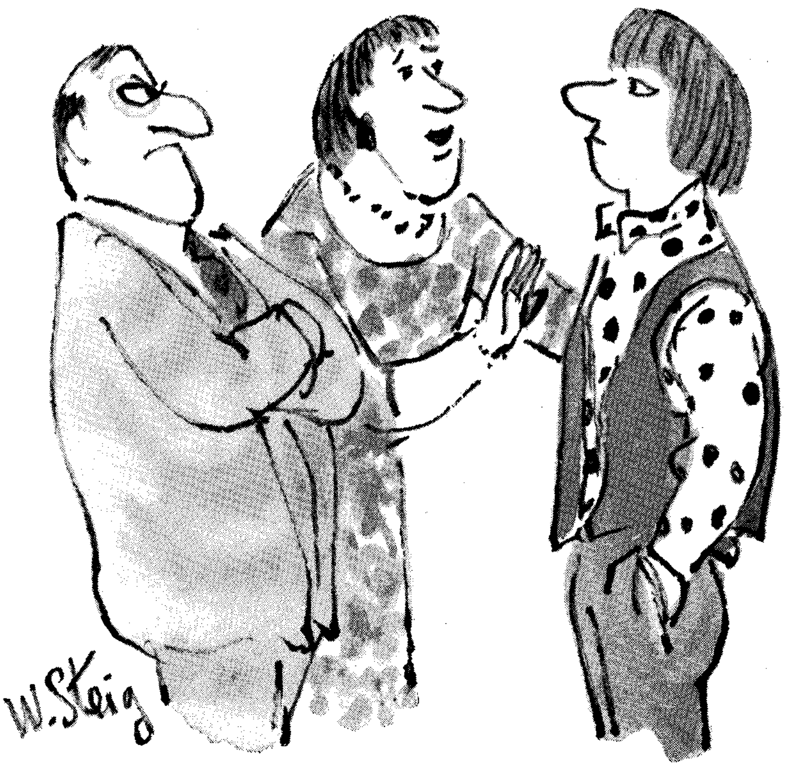
Headlined "Not So Tough," the item had been culled from a column of theatre miscellany in the *News* under the byline of James Davis. It ran, "The Broadway critics who leave overcoats behind and spend intermissions outside the theatre in comfort while others shiver aren't as rugged as they seem. One critic's valet told us they *all* wear two or three sets of underwear under their pants and jacket."

"Well, I've dealt with some devious minds in my time, but yours is the original Hampton Maze," I said perplexedly. "What's the point?"

"Schlemiel! Idiot! Don't you get it?" Bluestone crowed. "We bribe the respective valets to forget the extra underwear a few days before we open, and the critics all come down with colds and flu. So we draw the second-string reviewers, which they're good-natured, kindly exponents of live and let live, not like these other vultures."

"Ned, it pains me to say this," I said. "You've swum away from the float. The strain of this production—"

"I figured it from every angle, and it can't miss," he said, his juggernaut careering over me. "The *Farm-*



"Don't listen to him, Son. Your hair is beautiful."

er's Almanac predicts sub-zero temperatures the rest of the month. The shows preceding us, I'll get the managers to seat the critics near the doors, in a good strong draft. If necessary, we plant someone behind to sneeze on them. I guarantee the whole kit and caboodle's in bed with fever opening night."

Inured to show-biz hysteroids by long association, I realized the futility of argument. "Well, the whole thing sounds wacky to me," I said. "How the hell can Umlaut, on the *Times*, and Jack Chopnick, of the *News*, afford a valet on their salaries?"

"Precisely!" said Bluestone joyously. "That's why they're vulnerable. Their manservants probably work for peanuts, and if you slip 'em a fin or so to overlook the extra union suits, why, it's pennies from heaven. Now, here's the names my girl wheedled out by pretending to be a *Time* researcher. Get busy, and walk on eggshells, for Crisake. This could be dynamite if it leaked."

Had Eric Ambler and Graham Greene linked arms with E. Phillips Oppenheim, they would have been stumped to invent the machinations I engaged in the following week. Under the guise of Sigmund Jampolski, proprietor of the Fragrant Hand Laundry, I called on the retainers in question—all of them English, as it developed—and earnestly solicited the household business. The prestige of handling such distinguished wash, I explained, was so great that I was prepared to do it for nothing—in fact, I offered them a bonus of twenty dollars apiece for the privilege. The alacrity they responded with convinced me that I could safely proceed to the second, and more delicate, stage of my plan. I invited each in turn, beginning with Yelverton, Umlaut's man, to have a drink. Our first encounter was purely social; I rhapsodized about Britain, feigned deep interest in their careers and problems, and did my utmost to cultivate rapport. At our next meeting, I casually led the conversation around to their employers. I ventured that anyone who wore two or three suits of underwear, as the *News* had disclosed, must be a bit of a hypochondriac.

Yelverton's reaction, typical of the rest, was heartwarming. "A *bit*?" he echoed. "Why, Mr. Umlaut's absolutely bonkers on the subject of his health! Ah, Jampolski, nobody knows what I endure—the poultices, the croup kettles, the endless complaints about his aches and pains. Sheer imagination, of course."

"Arising from insecurity and his humble birth, doubtless," I said. "This may seem odd coming from a laundryman, Yelverton, but I majored in psychology at Loyola U., and there's only one way to cope with people like that. They must be deprived of their crutch—in this case, excess underwear. Why not restrict him to a single suit some evening?"

"Good Lord, I wouldn't dare," he said, taken aback. "What if he caught a chill on the liver?"

"Balderdash," I said forcefully. "The sudden knowledge that he was liberated from his neurosis would make him eternally grateful—he'd idolize you."

"We-ll-l-l, maybe." He looked dubious. "No valet is a hero to his man, you know."

"Unless he earns it," I said. "Tell you what, Yelverton. I'm so certain my theory's sound that I'll back it up with hard cash. Would a hundred dollars tempt you to try it?"

His face registered such bewilderment, tinged with suspicion, that I decided not to press him; I wanted the poison to circulate in his veins. Shortly afterward, he phoned me with a counter-proposal, which he found some hesitation in wording. A lady friend of his—his fiancée, really—had taken a fancy to a small diamond brooch in Lambert's priced at four hundred and thirty-five dollars. Did I regard it as a wise investment? You know more about psychology than I do, you muzzler, I thought, and asked him for time to consider.

When I called Bluestone to O.K. the expenditure, he screamed bloody murder. "What are we running—a

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THE TRAVELLING OUT

I wonder, since we are both travelling out,
If we may go together? Thank you.

You may be sure you will be alone
And private as though I were no one.
God knows, I do not wish to increase your burden.
Naturally, these airports, blinding cities,
And foundry lights confuse you, make you
More solitary than the sight of one lost lamp
Across a bare land promising life there—
Someone over that field alone and perhaps
Waiting for you. That used to be the way.

Feel perfectly free to choose how
You will be alone, since we are going together.
Of course, I never move, I merely hold you
In my mind like a prayer. You are my way
Of praying, and I have chosen you out of hordes
Of travellers to speak to silently, on my own.
I will be with you, with your baffled anger
Among fuming cities, with your grief
At having lost dark fields and lamplight.
It is my way of moving, of praying—

Oh, not to give you someone like me,
That's all over, impossible, I go nowhere;
And besides, nothing is given, absolutely
Nothing and no one, only white sermons among
The white of a billion bulbs. No,
Sitting here behind my shutters at twilight,
I am stretching over the blazing lanes,
The dazed crowds jostled and razed
By light, only to join your mind and guide you
Gently, leading you, not, alas, to my own lamp
Across the fields of the world, or to a cozy last
Prayer of lamplight blessing the fields of the air,
But out into hordes of stars that move away
As we move, and for which your travelling
Prepares you to go out a little more boldly,
All alone as I am alone.

—LUCILE ADLER

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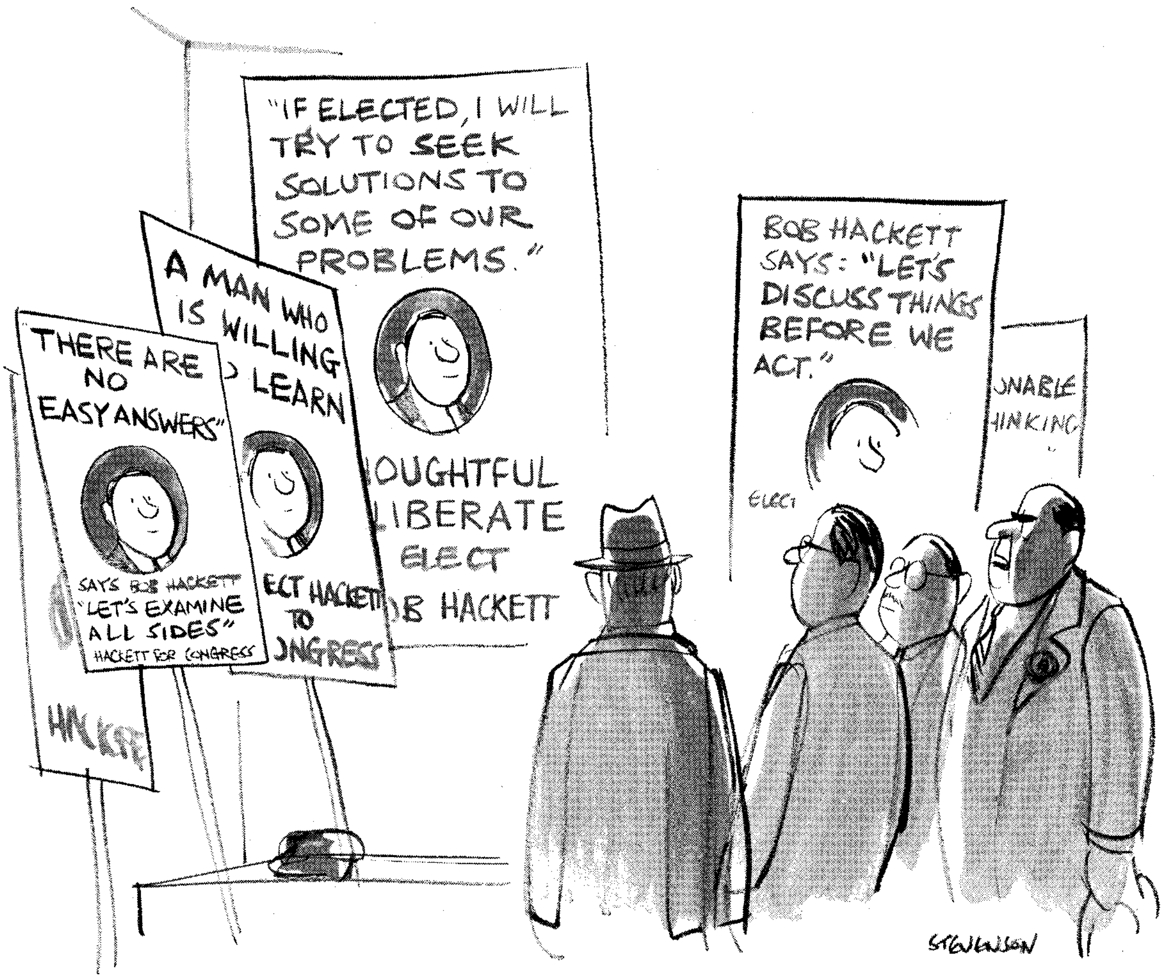

"IF ELECTED, I WILL TRY TO SEEK SOLUTIONS TO SOME OF OUR PROBLEMS."
A MAN WHO IS WILLING O LEARN
THERE ARE NO EASY ANSWERS"
SAYS BOB HACKETT "LET'S EXAMINE ALL SIDES"
HACKETT FOR CONGRESS
HACKE
ECT HACKETT TO ONGRESS
OUGHTFUL LIBERATE ELECT B HACKETT
BOB HACKETT SAYS: "LET'S DISCUSS THINGS BEFORE WE ACT."
ELEC
ONABLE HINKING
STEVENSON

"The first thing we've got to do is hire a new image-maker."

• •

soup kitchen?" he cried. "Offer him a cheap Swiss watch or something! My cousin in the jewelry center can get me a rakeoff."

"I'm having the same headache with Copestone, the bird who works for Wasservogel, on the *Post*," I said. "He's holding out for a vicuña coat. And Rowntree, who looks after Zemel, on *Women's Wear*, gave me a song and dance about a sports car."

In the tirade that ensued, I gathered Bluestone was about to call the D.A.'s office and lodge charges of extortion, but when I succeeded in interjecting the word "boomerang," he subsided. I was empowered to go to two hundred dollars; anything more would be downright vampirism and deductible from my own stipend. As for the task of persuading the valets to synchronize their mischief on the same night, Bluestone took a magnanimous line. "Now, let's not try to butcher the whole gang," he counselled. "I don't want every single critic in bed with pneumonia—just enough so's we get a fair shake from the small fry. Immobilize the key people, but remember, don't offend anybody."

In the end, and after a prodigal outlay of flattery, liquor, and the minimum of cash, I managed to win over Yelverton, Copestone, and Clunes—the last, Chopnick's batman on the *News*. The role of Jampolski, meanwhile, was proving arduous; I was at my wit's end directing a corps of messengers to collect and deliver the critics' laundry. They were a carping lot, these gentlemen of the press, as quick to pounce on flaws in my work—the wrinkled cuff, the missing button—as those in the plays they appraised. Nevertheless, the fuse I had laid was ignited on schedule. The thermometer had dropped, my trio of cat's-paws had cut back on their employers' insulation, and "Let's Skip Dinner" was closing in Boston preparatory to the Broadway première when Fate hurled a thunderbolt. Irving Cubbins, our male lead, inadvertently set fire to his toupee while smoking in bed at the Hotel Touraine, sufficiently fricasseeing his scalp so that another zombie had to be flown in from the Coast. To allow the replacement time to get up in the part, Bluestone switched the production into Philadelphia for a week. The next morning, he phoned me from the box office in a state bordering on delirium. The show had drawn rave notices, the most ecstatic in memory, and the ticket line was impeding traffic as far west as Valley Forge. All previous plans, consequently, were scrubbed; New York was to be a glittering first night, covered by strictly topflight critics capable of assaying a theatrical gem.

It was infanticide to puncture his balloon, but I had to tell him the truth. "The damage is done, Ned," I said. "It's too late. Umlaut's at Lenox Hill with laryngitis, Wasservogel was carried out of the Alvin last night with his eyes streaming, and Chopnick has either quinsy or whooping cough—his physician won't say."

"They can have cholera for all I care!" he bellowed. "You get those three to their chairs Tuesday night even if you have to use a stretcher. Tell the nurse to feed 'em orange juice, vitamins—call Michael De Bakey in Texas for a free opinion!"

"You have but to command, *mon général*," I said dutifully, and hung up. I cleaned out my desk, took a cab to "21," and had a four-hour lunch with the prettiest girl I knew—a doll reminiscent of Aileen Pringle—at the end of which I somewhat expunged Bluestone's indignities by signing his name to a ninety-dollar check.

"Let's Skip Dinner," sadly, didn't quite justify its producer's forecast as the hit of the century. The invective that greeted it in New York, in fact, would have dumfounded even a connoisseur like Hugh Kingsmill. The second-string critics attended, clad in only one suit of underclothes, and voted it the most aptly initialled hallucinogen of the year, the deadliest blight to befall entertainment since "The Ladder." Bluestone instantly vanished into television, where he was soon entrusted with the guidance of an entire network. When, six months later, I applied through an intermediary for a job in its press department, he turned to stone. "Don't mention that bastard's name to me," he groaned. "He was associated with one of my worst disasters."

—S. J. Perelman

NIGHTS AWAY FROM HOME

As I walked across the George Washington Bridge toward New Jersey, the sun broke from behind the clouds. Bright rays caught the highest cables and slipped down along the long, sweeping curves like molten silver. Far below, the water was dark. A stiff breeze kept whipping my hair over my eyes, but I paid no attention. I was seeing a new world. Everything seemed special—a police call box, the surface of the walkway, the cables, the cars rushing by. All of it was super-real, each image sharply defined in space. The air itself was triple strength and seemed to clean out my lungs as I marched along.

Descending into New Jersey, I looked around at the public world—the sidewalks, empty lots, signs, diners, phone booths—conscious that these things were now the furniture of my life, that until I got to Florida they were all I had. I stood for a moment in front of a coin-operated milk machine, transfixed by its significance. Put a quarter in the slot and the milk would come out. No questions, no ramifications, just the milk. One could live without words and without people.

Route 1 wasn't far away. I slipped across the traffic and turned south, walking steadily for a couple of miles before I found a long, open stretch of road where cars could stop easily. Then I turned (for some reason I remember this precisely), put my left hand in my pocket and my right thumb in the air. I didn't make the familiar long, sweeping gesture as the cars went by; I just held out my thumb. I was wearing khaki trousers, a light-blue shirt, and a leather jacket.

My first ride was a brand-new '51 Dodge. Running down the road to where it waited, I glanced at the license plates, only mildly disappointed to see they were New Jersey issue. (I'd been daydreaming of a single ride all the way to Florida as the cars went by.) I pulled open the door and jumped in quickly. "Thanks," I said, breathing hard. The driver, a man of about thirty, pulled back into the traffic. A briefcase lay on the seat beside him, and in the back I could see what looked like folded cardboard boxes, stacked flat and tied with string. A few loose papers lay beside the briefcase.

"How far are you going?" he asked.

"To Florida. Fort Lauderdale, Florida."

"Well, I can take you about thirty miles before I turn off."

"That's fine. Thanks a lot."

We rode in silence for some time. Now that I was on my way, I felt almost lighthearted. Inside the comfortable car, mile after mile falling behind me, I grew expansive. I glanced down at the papers and read a letterhead.

"How's the cardboard-box business?" I asked, pleased at my own cleverness.

"Not bad," he said. "It's a living. Gets a little dull sometimes."

"Do you make them?"

"No, I just sell them. Go around to factories and manufacturers and take their orders."

"I had a job working in a drugstore, but I got fired for sleeping in the stockroom."

He laughed. "Aren't you a little young to be going off to Florida?"

I watched the road, not turning my head. "No. I don't think so."

"Well, maybe not," he said slowly. "Maybe not."

"I'm fifteen."

"You don't look fifteen. I can tell you that."

"I know, but it's the truth."

"Well, I believe you. No reason why you should lie to me." He drove for a while without saying anything. "Florida's a long way. I guess you're going to hitch all the way down?"

"That's right. I'm hoping for long rides—maybe even someone going to Miami."

"You figure on coming back?"

"No."

"Not ever, uh?"

"Nope. Not ever."

"Well, there you are," he said, and gazed out through the windshield.

The flat, green Jersey Meadows slipped by outside, wiped every few seconds by the dark blur of a telephone pole.

"I ran away when I was seventeen," he said suddenly after miles of silence. "I never went back."

My head whipped around. "You did?" It seemed an incredible coincidence, but I believed him.

"My old man was a bastard." A faint smile appeared on his face. "He beat us up all the time. Best thing I ever did was leave."

"Where'd you go?"

"One morning he came at me in the barn, and before I knew it I laid him out with a pitchfork. Wham! Right on the ear." The smile was broader now. "He went down like a tree. I thought sure he was dead, but of course he wasn't. Just out cold." He laughed. "I didn't wait for him to come around. No, sir. I left immediately."

I laughed with him. "Where'd you go?"

"Well, I had a little money. Enough to eat for a while, anyway. I skipped the state on a freight train and moved around the country picking up work here and there. I was a big kid, so I didn't have much trouble. Then I got a job on a farm up in Iowa, and the people were really nice—best people I'd ever met—so I stayed on there. Every winter I thought about coming East, but somehow I'd wind up staying. Finally did leave when their boy came back from the Marines."

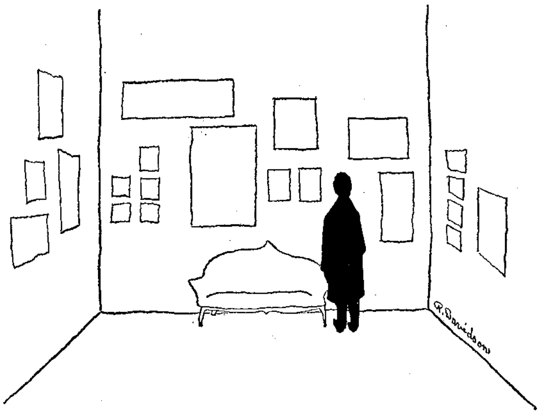
I sat silently for a while, absorbing the story. "When you got here you found a job and just"—I hesitated, unsure of how to phrase it—"just went on?"

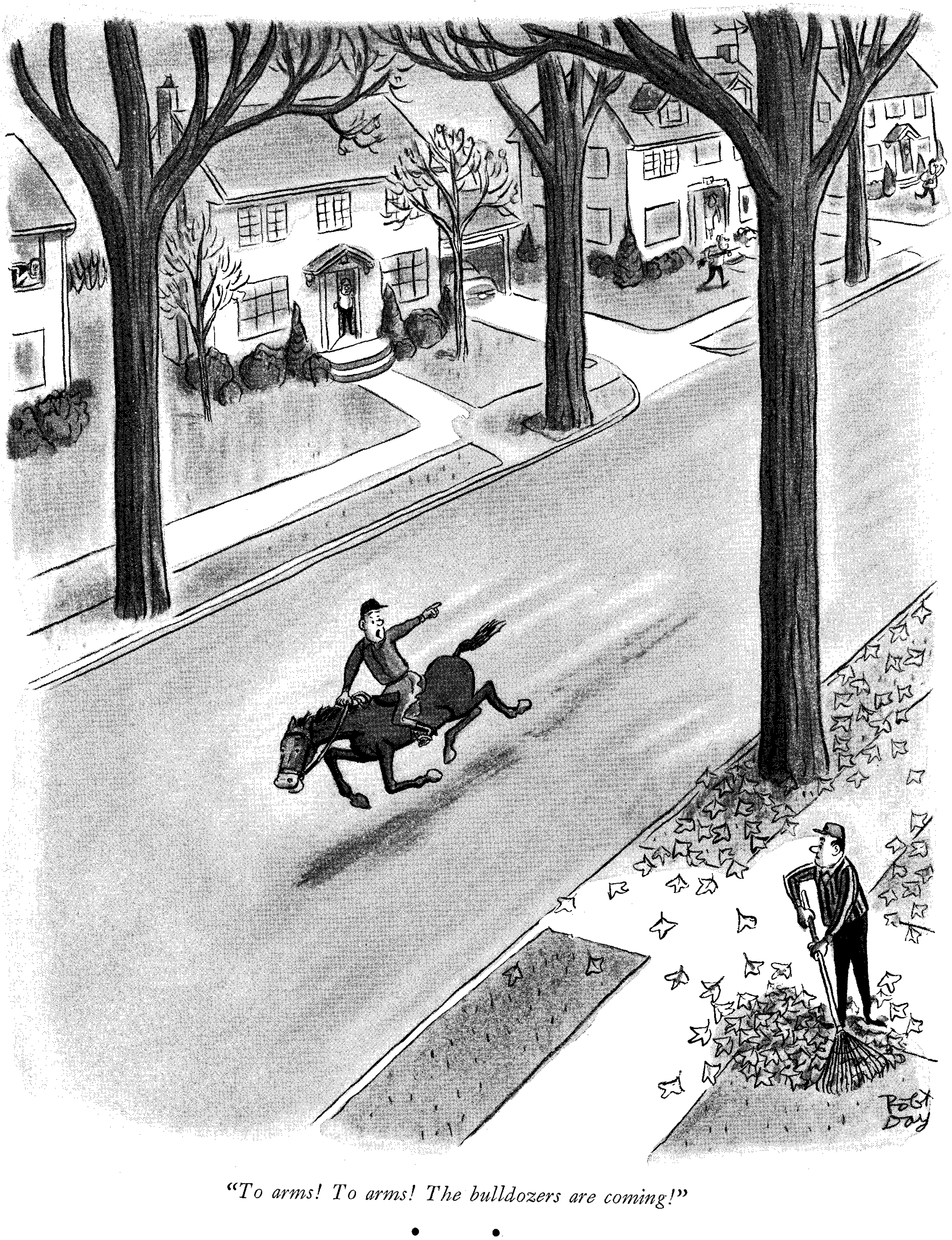
"That's right," he said. "This same company, matter of fact. I started in the shop as a cutter."

His words were momentous. I drank them in and stored them away, hoping they would somehow protect me from the dangers ahead. He'd run away, he'd started from nothing as I was starting, and there he was, looking like everyone else in his suit and tie, driving a car, holding down a decent job—living proof that one could bring it off. Perhaps I wouldn't have to live in the woods. Maybe I could get a job and begin a new life. I might even learn to laugh at the old days, as the man beside me had learned to laugh at the thought of his unconscious father. I began to see possibilities I hadn't considered in the heat of my escape. I could even get married in a few years and start a family of my own!

The car was slowing down.

"I have to turn off here," he said. "It's a good spot, though. They'll be able to see you from pretty far back."





"To arms! To arms! The bulldozers are coming!"

• •

I felt a faint twinge at the sight of the deserted intersection. Somehow I'd forgotten that I'd ever have to get out. But I was ready as we came to a stop.

"Now, son," he said, turning to me. "If I were *you*, I'd stay away from trains and railroad yards. Just keep hitching, and don't get in with anybody who looks funny."

"All right." I nodded. "Why do you say that about trains?"

"Well, the bums and the winos. They get rough sometimes."

"Thanks for telling me. I'll be careful." I pulled back the handle and opened the door. As I looked back I could see him hesitate, and then speak. "Do you know about queers?"

For a moment I thought he meant something specific rather than just whether I knew they existed. "Yes," I finally answered.

"Because they don't always look like

queers. That's what I meant about the yards. Some of those bums will do anything. Don't let them catch you."

I nodded and started out of the car.

"If you do get caught, tell them you're a very religious boy and you couldn't do anything like that. Tell them Jesus would punish you for the rest of your life. That got me out of a tight spot in Kansas once."

"O.K. I'll remember that." I stepped out into the sunshine. "Good-bye, and thanks a lot."

"So long," he yelled through the window. "Good luck!"

I watched the car pull away and head west, its rear end sinking slightly as the driver accelerated. There was a flash of brake lights as the car approached a curve and then the road was empty. A blast of air struck my ankles and neck as a big semi roared by behind me.

I WAS in the cab of an old Studebaker truck. The driver, an immensely fat man whose belly cleared the steering wheel by no more than an inch, had told me he was carrying a load of dental floss from a wholesaler in Jersey City to a warehouse south of Camden. "I've carried everything in my time," he said. He drove with his shoulders, his pudgy hands holding the wheel as if the palms were grafted on. "Pineapples, live chickens, paper clips, bathtubs—you name it. Even a little booze in the old days, but my wife made me stop. Yes, sir, nothing surprises me anymore. I just drive along and work on the old voice." He threw back his head and began to sing. "When that red red robin comes bob bob bobbin' along, a-LONG!" His voice rang out clearly over the whine of the engine. "How about that, kid? Pretty good, eh? Someday I'll go on the Ted Mack Amateur Hour. I'll win in a breeze. Did you see that movie where Mario Lanza is a truck driver and he delivers this piano, you know, and he thinks he's alone and sits down and plays a little and makes with the old voice? Boy, what a terrific movie. It turns out the piano is for some knockout opera star and she hears him from the other room and he winds up a star too, you know, going around in those monkey suits and drinking champagne all the time. Dee-eep river, my home is O-ver Jordan! That guy can really sing. You gotta give it to him." He beeped the horn as we passed a car.

We rumbled on through town after town. I watched the sun sinking in the sky and realized I should have stolen some money at home. I had a dollar-fifty in my pocket, and the trip was going to be longer than I'd planned. It was afternoon already and I was still in New Jersey.

The truck slowed down and we pulled up in front of a roadside stand. "Come on, kid, let's eat."

I was hungry, but I hesitated.

"Come on," he said, descending from the cab. "It's on me."

"Thank you. I have some money, though." I opened my door and jumped to the ground.

"Don't be silly, kid," he said as we walked through the dust. "Keep it for later. You'll need it." He spoke softly, as if not to embarrass me. At the stand he slapped both hands on the counter. "Hiya, gorgeous! How ya been keeping since I saw you last?"

"What'll it be?" the waitress asked, smiling.

"Five hot dogs, coffee, and a big glass of milk for the kid here."

As she went off to prepare the food, he turned and leaned back against the counter, balancing his weight on his elbows. He winked at me, gave his belly a slap, and very delicately crossed one leg over the other. I could hear the hot dogs sizzle as they hit the griddle.

"Some enchanted evening," he sang in full voice, "you will see a strange-ahh! You will see a strange-ahh, across a crowded room. . . ."

NIGHT. I walk along the side of a road, my way lighted by the headlights of cars whipping past. I've been walking for a long time, not bothering to hitch since the sun went down. The rhythm of my body takes up my entire attention. I'm drunk with movement. Ahead I see the lights of a town. Suddenly there's a sidewalk under my feet. Houses, most of them dark, are set back behind hedges and lawns. A dog barks a block or two behind me.

Moving through the center of town, I am only dimly aware of my surroundings. The shops are closed and the streets nearly empty. I watch for the route signs. The state is Delaware. I don't know the town. I pass under the darkened marquee of a movie theatre. The street widens. More houses behind lawns. Tall trees above. My breath makes smoke in the damp air.

On the far side of town, I approach the intersection of two gigantic highways. There are lights everywhere—gas stations, restaurants, liquor stores. I stop in front of an all-night diner. A couple neck in a car in the shadows. I go in the diner. Sitting on a stool near the end of the counter, my legs

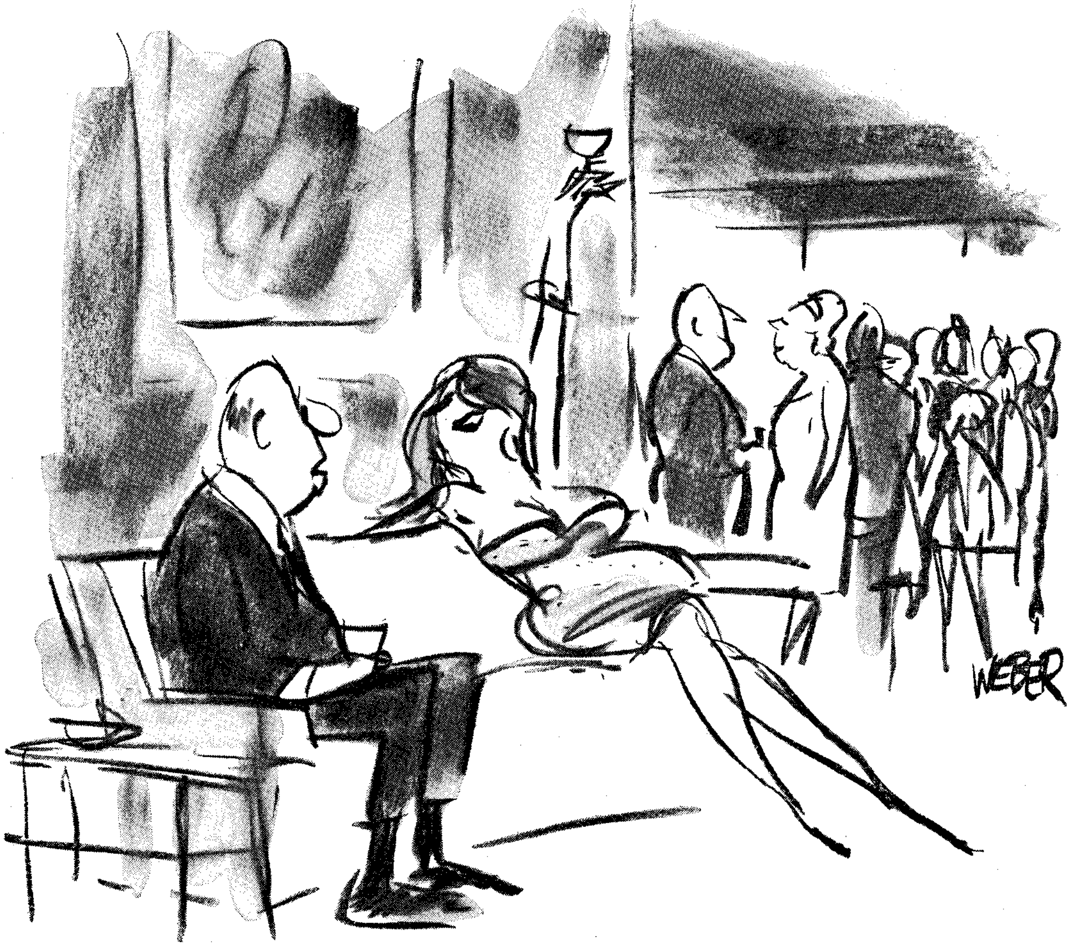
BIBLE
THE BIBLE

prickling with a thousand minuscule pulse beats, I eat tomato soup and a cheese sandwich. Finished, I push the plates away and order a Coke and a piece of layer cake. On my way out I buy a nickel cigar from a machine near the door.

Outside, I regain my sense of direction and continue south. After a few steps the rhythm of walking takes hold of me again, and it's as if I'd never stopped. For mile after mile my mind is empty. (No, not empty exactly. Imagine a symphony orchestra responding to a suddenly paralyzed conductor by holding a single note on and on, forever, without change.)

I look up to see an immense building flooded with light in the near distance. A red neon sign on the roof says "STATE POLICE." I stop where I am and watch the sign. Then I look around. A path on my left leads away to a dark clapboard house. A shingle on the lawn says "HENRY FREEMAN, M.D." There are three concrete steps at the foot of the path. I sit down with my back to the house and take out the cigar. The cellophane falls away and I light up. Watching the red neon, I smoke slowly.

The cigar finished, I see a dark shape across the lawn. Moving closer, I can make out a small ornamental tree, no more than six feet tall, with broad, thick branches very low to the ground. Down on my hands and knees, I peer underneath. I can feel a bed of fallen needles. I crawl under carefully, the branches closing after me. There's just enough room as I curl myself around the thin trunk. No one will see me in the morning. I fall asleep with the scent of pine heavy in my head, thinking of the woods in Florida.



"It's folks like you, Miss Selby, who make this world a better place to live in."

• •

ONCE, as a very young boy, I spent the night in Harlem. Sitting next to Madge on the bus, my pajamas in a paper bag on my lap, I looked out at the crowded streets.

"There aren't any white people at all, Madge."

"I know, honey."

"Why not?"

"Well, this is where colored people live. This is Harlem."

When we got off the bus I felt like holding her hand, but she carried a bag of clothes and some groceries. I walked close beside her, my shoulder brushing against her wide hip. The world was dark—dark streets, dark houses, and dark people—as if the black sky had descended to a level just above the housetops. I kept looking at Madge, nervous that she might change somehow, that in this dark world she might be different from the way she was at home. A few hours before, when my mother had left, she'd been on her knees scrubbing the bathroom floor.

"Here we are," she said, turning into a building. "We got to climb the stairs."

Inside her small apartment all the lights were off except a single bulb in the kitchen. An old lady with gray hair sat at the table with the *Daily News* spread out in front of her.

"This is Frank," Madge said. "Mrs. Rousseau's little boy. You remember I told you."

I shook hands.

"So you gon' spend the night?" she said. "Well, that's nice."

Madge put down her bundles. "I'll show you where you sleep."

We went to a very small room. I sat on the bed and took my shoes off.

"Now, you get yourself ready. I'll bring you a glass of milk."

I undressed in the darkness and put on my pajamas. I could hear the women's voices in the kitchen. When Madge came back, I was under the covers. I drank the milk slowly, ate half the cookie she'd brought, and slipped the rest under the pillow for later.

"Good night, child." She brushed my hair back with her warm brown hand.

"Will you leave the door open?"

"Course I will. You go to sleep now."

In the morning I woke while the house was still quiet. I dressed myself and went into Madge's room. She lay asleep in her bed, lying on her side, motionless under the blankets. I went to the front window and sat on the sill, watching the street below. When she woke up, she saw me sitting there and smiled.

"There're some children playing in the street," I said. "Is it all right if I go down?"

"Big children or little children?" she asked.

I looked down. "Both, I guess."

"Well, you better not, honey," she

BRAZILIAN HAPPENINGS

(THE FOLLOWING ARE BASED UPON NEWS ITEMS REPORTED IN THE "BRAZIL HERALD" DURING 1960.)

I

A harmless gesture nearly ended in
Disaster in the Sergipe assembly
When Deputy Vianna de Assis,
Discussing taxes, made an innocent move
To unbutton his coat. The sudden move
Suggested something else to Deputy
José Ribeiro, a strong believer in
Preventive war, who pulled a gun he had
Beneath his coat, while others did the same,
Brandishing their weapons, pointing every which way,
And looking round. The terrifying sight
Of so many lawmakers wildly waving guns
Triggered a panic in the gallery,
Where several citizens were gravely hurt
Trying to cram themselves out the one door.

II

The many martyrs of modern architecture,
The many who have reached out for handrails
While climbing naked stairs—to end in air;
The countless victims of artistic progress
Who have stepped into glass panes, thinking they
Were entering another room—to end up in
The morgue instead—might all rest easier
If they knew that a prominent architect,
Who had designed a particular flight of steps,
Miscalculated, reaching for the missing rail,
And fell to death. The unfeeling obit read:
"Architect assassinated by his stairs."

III

One paper takes a pessimistic view
Concerning an incident in a downtown theatre
This week, when a dressmaker leapt upon
The stage and stripped a showgirl of her clothes,
Closing her act and also her account.
"If other tailors follow suit and strip
Their debtors when they meet them, Rio may
Soon look like Paradise before the Fall."

IV

Franco do Monte, after being served
A somewhat tough steak in an eating house
On Avenida Marechal Floriano, where
Neither the meals nor guests are said to be first-rate,
Became seized with a fury, and giving up
Further attempt to dominate his steak,
Stuck his fork into the nose of Chinese waiter
Chow Woodle, 24. "Seeing my fork
Could make no impression on the steak, I felt
I had to stick it somewhere," Franco said.

V

The Mayor of Poços de Caldas,
Sadly impressed with the advanced decay
And lack of comfort in the old town jail,
Closed it "after evicting the inmates
And permanently barring them from the building."

—RICHARD O'CONNELL

• •

said after a moment. "You better stay up here with me."

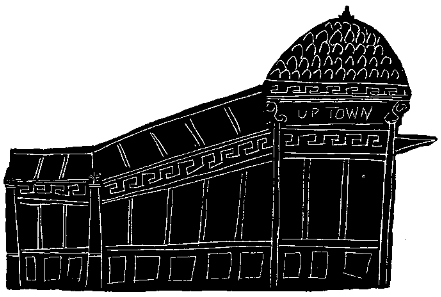
UNDER the tree on the doctor's lawn, I woke early. Crawling out carefully, I stood up and brushed the pine needles from my clothes and hair. Everything was utterly still—the road, the houses, the damp air itself. I looked around at the town in the colorless dawn light, seeing it for the first time. It was smaller than I'd thought in the darkness. Not even a town, really—just a few houses strung along either side of the highway. I crossed the road and started south. As I approached the police station, the red neon sign went out. I went by quickly without turning my head.

My first ride of the day was a milk truck. The driver, a teen-aged boy, seemed to be standing behind the wheel in the tall, open cab. Then I realized there was a very high seat so he could jump in and out with a minimum of effort. I sat down on the corrugated-steel floor and lifted my face to the wind. Behind us, the bottles rattled in their wire cages.

"Go ahead," he yelled over the wind and the rattling glass. "Take a quart. I'll chalk it up to breakage."

I opened a bottle and drank in long, deep swallows. The milk was ice cold and delicious. Five or six miles up the road, the boy had to turn off to begin his rounds. At the corner, I jumped out the open door with a wave, absurdly pleased that he didn't have to stop. The sun was out and I took off my jacket, slinging it over my shoulder as I walked.

It was too early for much traffic. When a car passed, I'd turn around and walk backward, my thumb in the air, whipping my head to see the license plates. By never losing my forward momentum, I felt less dependent on the cars. Plowed fields stretched away on either side of the road. I measured my progress by sighting something far ahead—a group of mailboxes, a road sign, or a line of telephone poles—and making it my goal. Passing a huge girl drinking Coca-Cola (the sudden awareness of silence as I walked under her immense eyes, one of them bulging slightly where the paper had blistered), I had already picked my next target, an isolated gas station on the horizon.



I was sweating as I crossed the asphalt driveway and approached the office. Through the wide plate-glass window I could see an old man sitting with his feet up, staring out at the pumps. His head came around slowly as he caught sight of me. I pushed open the door. Hillbilly music blasted from a radio on the desk beside his feet.

"Can I use the bathroom?"

"What say?"

"Can I use the bathroom, please?"

"Around back." He waved his arm to indicate the direction.

I let the door fall shut and went around the corner of the building. The ground was littered with old oil cans, paper cartons, and fragments of auto bodies. Inside the men's room, I looked at myself in the mirror over the washstand, mildly surprised that except for a layer of dirt and messy hair I looked the same as usual. I ran hot water into the basin and pulled my shirt over my head. There wasn't any soap, only a can of Grease-Off, a gray powder that felt like sand between my palms. I scoured myself thoroughly—face, neck, shoulders, and arms—and bent over the small basin to rinse off when the paste began to sting too much.

Back out in front, I gathered my courage. I ran my fingers through my hair and went into the office. The old man was cleaning his nails with a penknife.

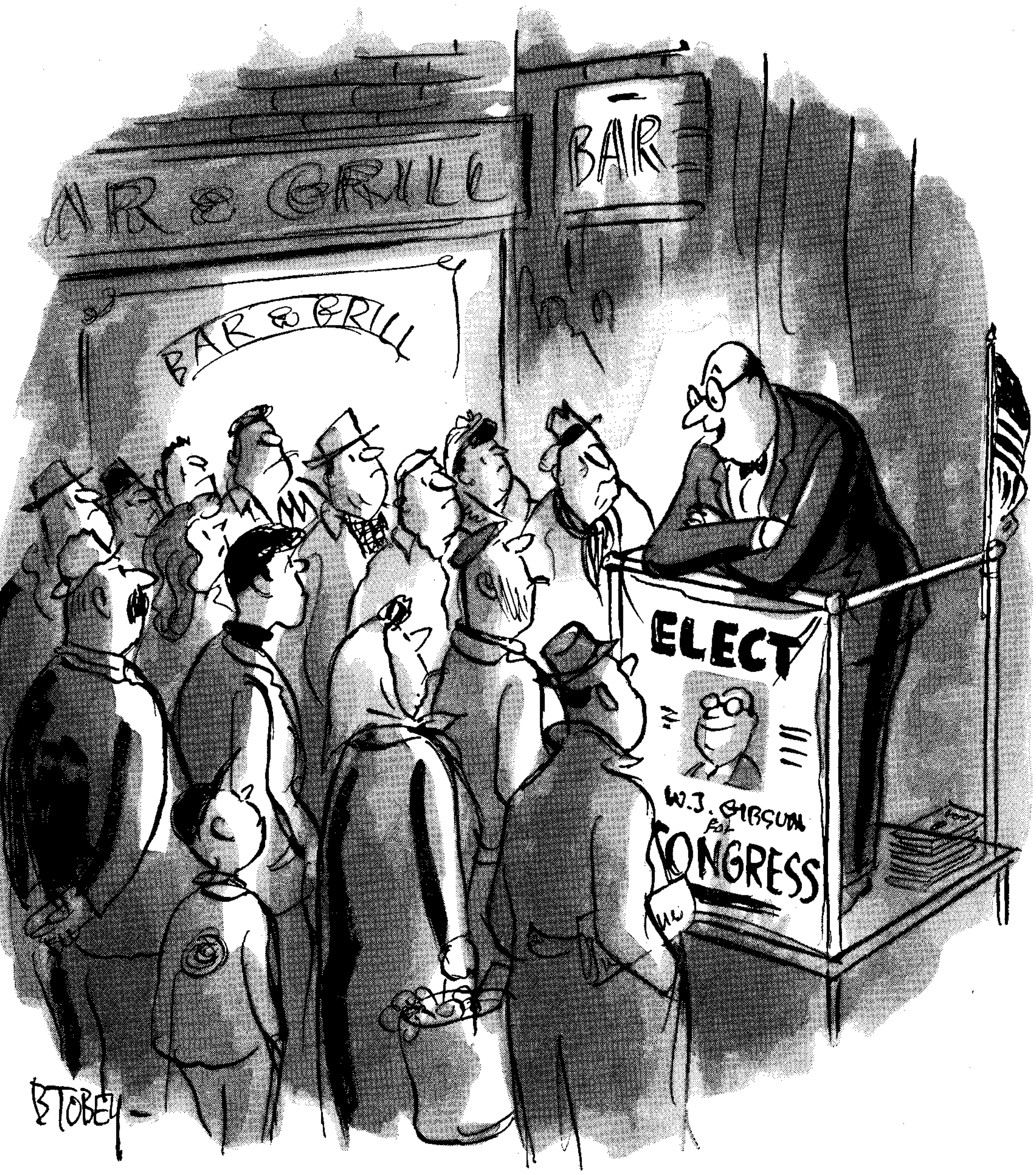
"Have you got any odd jobs you want done?" I asked, having rehearsed the question in the bathroom mirror. "Cleaning up or washing windows or something?"

He attacked his index finger with exquisite care. "Nope."

"I could clean up that junk around back."

He answered without raising his head. "This ain't my place. I'm just watching it."

"Will the boss be back soon?"



"It warms my heart to know that, when I'm elected, each and every one of you wonderful people will be a constituent of mine."

"Nope." He raised the knife to his mouth and blew something off the tip.

I stood by the door, reluctant to leave. "Well, thanks anyway," I said after a minute, and backed out. I knelt down for a drink from the water tap between the gas pumps, wiping my mouth and glancing back at the office as I finished. The old man hadn't moved. I turned away and crossed the black asphalt back to the highway.

I WAS resting by the side of the road, my back up against a fence post, when a yellow school bus came around the bend and stopped directly in front of me. The folding doors crashed open and the driver stared down his extended arm at me. "Well, come on," he yelled, his hand opening and closing over the handle of the door lever.

I got up and advanced a step. "I'm not . . ." I began, unsure of how to explain.

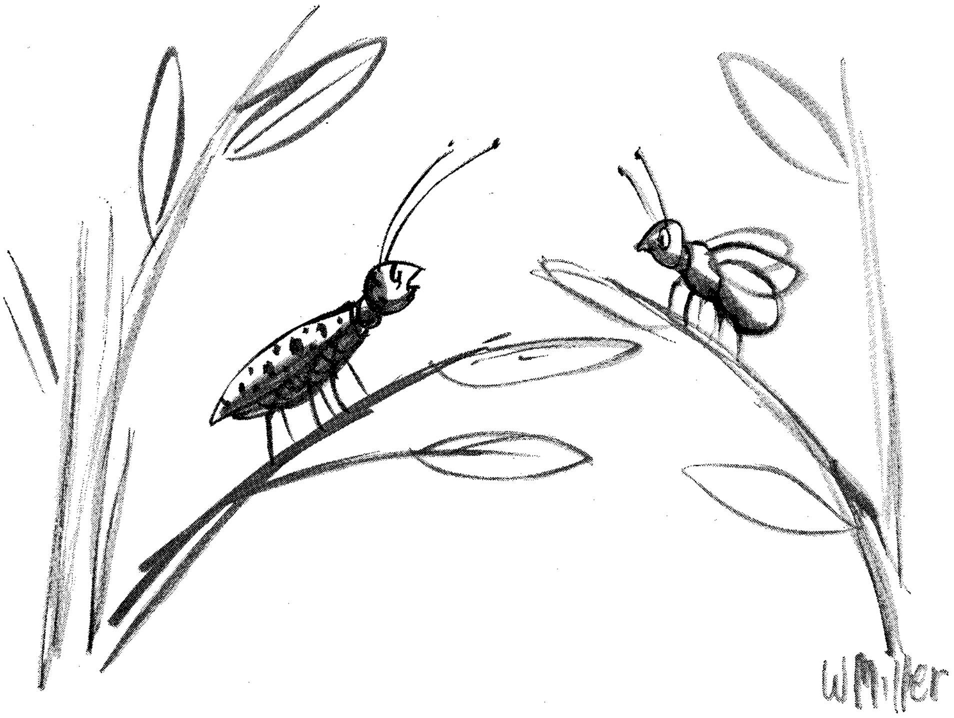
"What?" he yelled. He squinted his eyes and, peering down at me, raised his upper lip in an expression of annoyance, exposing a quarter inch of red gums.

"I don't go to your school," I said, stepping back. "I don't ride the bus."

His mouth fell shut and he pulled the lever to close the doors, his whole body straightening with the effort. "God damn kids."

The children had crowded over to my side to see what was happening. They watched me from behind the glass, their mouths moving silently as they shouted. The bus began to move and they slipped away, pale faces turning into a white blur. I started walking.

As the morning sun rose higher in the sky, traffic picked up, but there were no trucks. It occurred to me that I'd taken a wrong turn somewhere. I was on Route 1, but there might have been an alternate, a truck route, that I'd missed. In any event, I knew that the thing to do was keep heading south. Eventually the roads would rejoin. I wiggled my thumb at a big De Soto. It went by at a good seventy miles an hour, rocking slightly on the poor road surface. About to turn away, I saw another car in the distance. A flash of sunlight caught something on its roof, and I froze in my tracks. A red beacon. The police. It was too late to hide. I turned my back on them and continued walking, my mind spinning in a sudden frantic effort to be ready for them if they should stop. I realized



"The bittersweet beauty of autumn means more to me than it does to others, perhaps. My species is only annual."

• •

I should have prepared a story—something from a book I'd read, or a movie. I should have had a false personality at my fingertips, so they wouldn't be able to trace me back. No matter what happened, I couldn't let them send me back. Forcing myself not to turn around for a quick glance, I kept walking.

At first a faint sighing, like wind in the tops of distant trees. Then a kind of whine, almost imperceptible at first, growing steadily louder and higher until (at the very instant a shock wave of air slammed softly across my shoulders) it reversed itself and plunged down the scale to an even hum. I watched the black car racing away ahead of me. The tail-lights came on, a bright, burning red. The entire rear end lifted slightly.

After a momentary pause, the cruiser began to back up. I stood fascinated, rabbitlike, drinking in the image of the approaching car. When it arrived in front of me, so close I could have touched it, the image was unreal, like something from a dream. The window came down and a pair of blue eyes watched me calmly.

"What you doin' out here, boy?"

"I'm on my way to school. I missed the bus." (A certain tranquillity spreading like oil over the surface of my mind as I plunge into the lie.)

"We saw you hitching. Hitching rides is against the law," he said, his voice neither threatening nor reassuring, leaving me plenty of room to answer. He scratched his nose and watched me.

"Well, I'm sorry," I said, looking down. "I was getting awfully late."

He turned and stared out the windshield. A speck of shaving soap had dried just under his ear, very white against the red skin. "Where're your books?"

"In my locker," I said. "We didn't have any homework, so I left them."

He turned away and spoke to his partner at the wheel. I couldn't hear the short exchange.

"O.K. Get in," he said, staring straight ahead.

"What?" I felt the beginning of panic, like a giant hand squeezing my heart.

"Get in back. We go by the high school."

"Oh, that's great," I said, talking quickly to conceal my relief. "Thanks a lot. I sure appreciate it." I opened the back door and hesitated with one foot inside. The rear of the car was separated from the front by heavy wire mesh, and the handles had been stripped off the inside of the doors. I entered after a split second, surrendering myself to fate with the same delirious passivity the awkward diver feels as he springs off the board. My body fell back as the car pulled away, and I covered my mouth in a convulsive yawn. Through the black mesh, I could see the wide bristled necks of the two cops ramrod stiff above their neat gray shirt collars.

"You drive like an old lady, George."

"Uh-huh. Tell the governor."

"I might do that."

I slid forward on the seat and reached out to hold the wire mesh. Suddenly I wanted to tell them the truth. My name is Frank Conroy and I don't belong here. I opened my mouth to speak, but stopped as I felt tears starting in my eyes. My fingers tightened in the mesh and I waited for the emotion to pass.

The radio crackled and the driver reached down for the microphone, pressing it against the side of his mouth. "Twelve. Twelve," he said. "An assist. We got a kid who missed the school bus. It's on our way. Twelve out." A voice responded, talking in numbers. The driver leaned forward and replaced the microphone.

I ran over his words and decided that despite the mysterious word "assist" they were in fact going to do nothing more than drop me off at the local high school.

"I sure appreciate it," I said again. The urge to confess had disappeared. I watched the countryside go by.

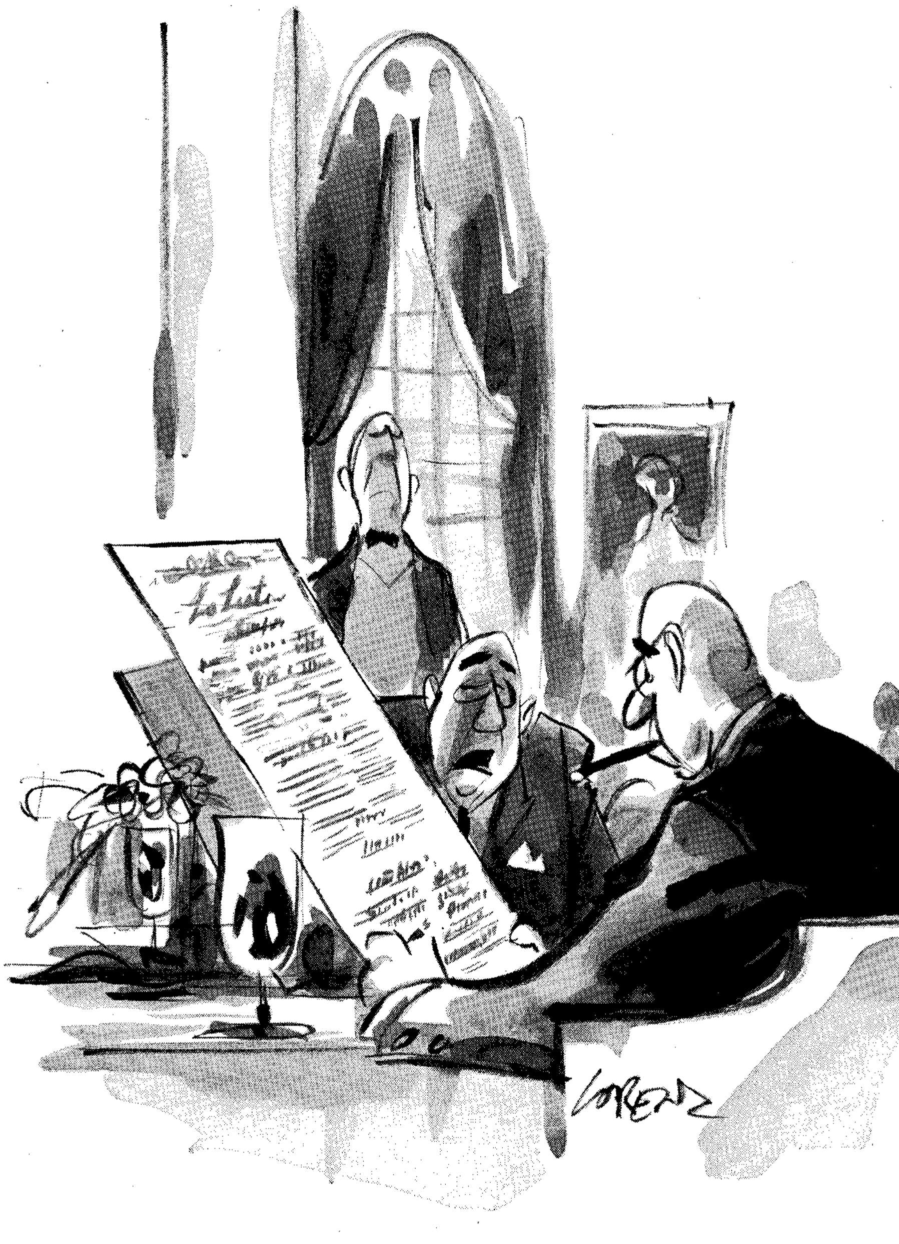
THAT night I came upon a truck depot in Maryland. Hundreds of trucks were spaced out in long lines on the hard-packed earth like the vertebrae of some immense animal. A quarter mile down the line I could see the faint neon haze of the diner. The air was filled with a continuous rumbling as trucks pulled in and out in the distance, air brakes gasping, headlights flashing against the sky. I walked among the tall wheels, staring up at the gargantuan trailers, big as houses, admiring the shiny cabs with their chunky radiator grilles and fanciful decorations. Most of the rigs were dark, but every now and then one had been parked with the running lights left burning, small pinpoints of red, green, or amber light describing the huge mass of the trailers, high in the air, like magnified examples from a geometry book. I stopped behind each truck to check the banks of license plates. I ran through the Eastern Seaboard states in my mind, imagining the group of plates most likely to indicate a truck going to Florida. I found what I was looking for at the edge of the parking area—a sixty-foot semi with plates from Massachusetts to Florida. The barn-sized rear doors were locked. I went around to the front and examined the empty cab. Lettered on the red door were the words "FAVARIO TRUCKING, NORTH-SOUTH EXPRESS SHIPPING, BOSTON, MASS.," followed by a series of numbers and specifications. I stepped into the deeper darkness between the cab and trailer, in among the tanks, hoses, and hydraulic lines, and urinated invisibly.

I waited on the running board for an hour or so, dozing off and then waking with a jolt as my back began to slip on the smooth metal of the door. Once I stood up at the approach of voices, but the men passed unseen in the next corridor and continued up the line, their voices dying out after a burst of laughter. I moved away from the truck toward the long grass at the edge of the area. Where the grass began, an old cab had been put up on blocks, the wheels removed, umbilical cords dangling on the ground. I climbed up on the running board and pulled open the door. It was dark inside, but as my eyes adjusted I could see the cab was empty. Kneeling on the seat, I spread the curtain hanging where the rear window should have been and looked into a small compartment. There were two small round windows at each end and a thin mattress to lie on. I climbed in and closed the curtains.

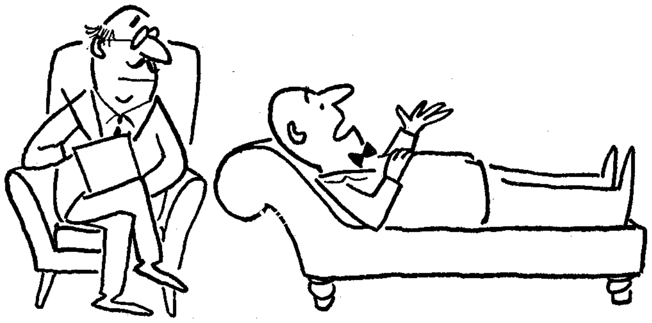
FLORIDA. Waking up in the house, in my narrow bed. The instant my eyes opened, I was totally awake, aware of the stillness of the house and the hard white moonlight pouring in through the screen door in the kitchen. Lifting my blue jeans from the floor, I crept quietly out of the house and stood naked in the yard, shaking the jeans in case a scorpion had climbed in for warmth. The moon bathed my body like cool water, making my skin pale and showing up dozens of small scabies scars on my chest and arms. I touched them abstractedly with a fingertip, faintly sad that they were almost gone. (The disease itself had been uncomfortable—too itchy—but the marks amused me. Any kind of body occurrence was a source of satisfaction. I'd charted the course of a hookworm under the skin of my foot for weeks before it finally died.) I slipped on my jeans and went to the kennel to see my dogs.

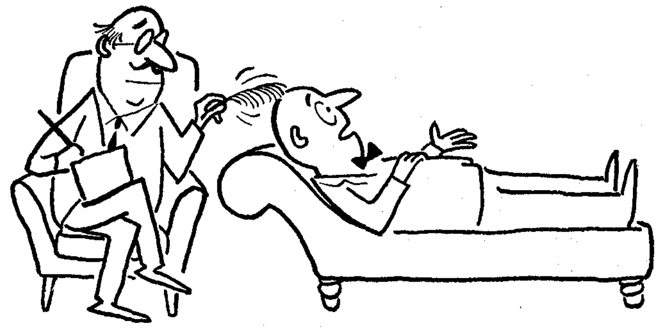
They weren't asleep. Gathered at the door, their tails wagging, they seemed to understand the need for silence. Flossie swallowed a yelp as I entered. Like a skinny Buddha on the concrete floor, I let them surround me, dealing out equitable love to them all, nodding my head to avoid their wet kisses. But after a few moments they left me and rambled around the runway nervously. Something was wrong. They were worked up. Penny stood with her muzzle against the chicken wire, her body shaking and her ears laid low. Dansker paced around the fence like a caged lioness, stopping every few strides to lift her head and sniff the air. Even Flossie was behaving strangely, starting off for a corner of the kennel only to stop in mid-stride for no apparent reason and shy off in another direction. I kept quite still and watched them, aware now of a certain alertness in myself. It was as if we were waiting for something.

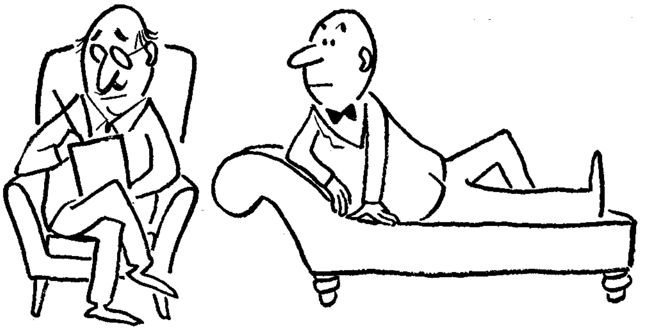
On the other side of the fence, white sand stretched away into the distance. Smooth and luminous as a field of snow, it ran out to the edge of the woods, stopping abruptly at a line of absolute blackness under the trees. In bright suspension up above were the staggered tops of the pines, moonlit, like floating Christmas trees. Two or three stars gleamed weakly near the horizon. Nothing moved. As if responding to some inner signal, some command that only she could hear, Dansker broke and ran directly at the fence, leaping up at the last moment to crash heavily against the wire. She fell to the ground, backed up, and jumped again, this time a little higher. Wincing involuntarily as she hit the concrete, I started toward her. I took one step—one step that she saw from the corner of her eye—and stopped. Her upper lip slid back and the short hair on the back of her neck rose straight into the air. Unable to believe that a dog I had slept with, wrestled with, ridden like a horse, and separated from fights with my bare hands would ever attack me, I took another step. She opened her mouth, cocking her head to one side, and faked an attack, lunging forward with terrific speed and stopping only at the last moment. Snarling—a

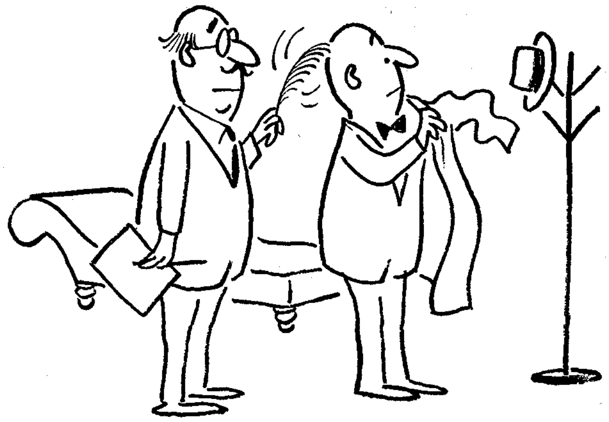


"Well, I think I'll opt for the filet, Howard. How about you?"









sound so utterly feral I wouldn't have believed it possible in a tamed animal—she watched me carefully, ready to leap. I backed away, my eyes holding hers (or perhaps hers holding mine?). Flossie and Penny were in separate corners, very still, leaning against the wire. They watched me sidewise, their heads low. When I felt my back touch the wall, I lowered my arms and stood quietly. Again and again Dansker ran at the fence, jumping higher with each attempt. It seemed to me she was taking a lot of punishment in the falls, but it didn't faze her. After a dozen tries, she made a magnificent, soaring leap that took her almost to the top. Hind legs scrabbling frantically, she caught the chicken wire at the last possible instant with her unsheathed nails. In one awkward, twisting, desperate thrust, she was up and over, falling through the air to the sand on the other side, and away like a jackrabbit.

Flossie and Penny went simultaneously insane, running at the fence with complete abandon. They seemed to know they hadn't a hope of getting over, and threw themselves against the wire as if to beat it down with the weight of their bodies. After a moment's hesitation, I went over and opened the gate. Still they threw themselves at the fence. "Hey, Flossie! Penny! This way." They turned, saw the open gate, and made a dash for it, their hind legs slipping out from under them. Streaking past my feet, they hit the sand and leaned into a wide turn, running full tilt toward the woods. Flossie looked like a greyhound, her body folding with each stride as if her spine were one long hinge with the pin in the middle, opening and closing, opening and closing as she ran, her white paws barely touching the ground. Nearing the woods, they seemed to run faster. One moment they were there, and the next they were gone, swallowed by the blackness under the trees.

I walked out across the sand, following their path for twenty or thirty yards, and then stopped. My shadow was ink black. Kneeling down, I raised my arm to make a swan and watched its beak open as I moved my thumb. I did an eagle (my hands flapping), an alligator with teeth (very tricky), and a devil's head. Drawing patterns in the sand, I combined them with the shadows. Finally bored, I sat back on my heels and watched the woods. After an hour or two, I lay down. In the morning, the sun would wake me while those in the house still slept.

The dogs came back two days later. I never found out where they'd gone, or what they'd been after.

SUDDENLY, in the cab of the truck, it was morning. The porthole at my feet threw a slanting bar of sunlight across my legs. I heard something moving and opened the curtains in time to see a brown cat leap from the seat to the open window of the door and disappear. Climbing down carefully, I rubbed the sleep from my eyes, kicked the door open, and jumped to the ground. The field was empty. I took a few steps, looking around in astonishment. The flat earth spread before me, almost white under the blazing sun, an empty desert the size of a couple of football fields. On the other side I could see the diner, a small square building at the edge of the road. The cat loped toward it, moving in a straight line over the dusty ground, hindquarters jouncing smoothly and head held high. I followed in its tracks. And it was as I crossed the empty field that something entirely unexpected happened in my head—a sudden switch, a reversal of polarity, overwhelmingly strong and oddly mechanical, as if my brain were one of those old-fashioned treadle machines that start sewing backward if you catch the cycle wrong. I had to return to New York.

I remember quite precisely the single fact that I allowed myself to believe was the cause of my change of heart—that if I went on I'd never see my half sister again, the baby I'd taken care of for so long it seemed to me she couldn't get along without me. I followed the cat through the dust and allowed nothing else to exist in my thoughts—only the baby, as if *she* were forcing me to capitulate, as if I no longer had any choice. Thus works the mind of a child, always a bit behind it-

Jack
Tippit

• •

self, swamped with emotion, and innocent of its own cunning. I veered away from the cat, crossed the road, and started hitching north.

AN important rule of hitchhiking is to never let yourself be dropped off in the middle of a city. The reasons are obvious—one can't hitch across and must therefore use public transportation, which takes money and a knowledge of local geography, or walk, which takes time and strength. On the afternoon of my third day on the road, I found myself in downtown Wilmington, Delaware, attempting to decide on a course of action. After walking around aimlessly for a while, I wound up in front of the railroad station. There would be a waiting room, I suddenly realized, where I could sit down and rest without attracting attention, and perhaps even a newsstand where I could palm a nickel or a dime from the stacks of papers. I moved along the narrow sidewalk to the entrance and slipped inside.

Under the high ceiling, people walked in all directions, the women's heels clicking against the stone, the men moving with that ghostly, withdrawn air travelers assume everywhere, as if nothing happening was of any importance, as if life itself was in suspension until they reached their destinations. I went to the long benches in the center of the room and sat down. The smell of food from an open lunch counter nearby hung in the air like some exquisite perfume, tickling the underside of my brain and knotting my stomach. I looked around for the newsstand, but it was inside a shop, its papers, as I could see through the glass window, well guarded. Next to the shop was a door with the words "TRAVELERS AID" painted on it in large letters. My eyes locked on the words. I sat watching for an hour before I made up my mind.

A bell rang somewhere as I entered. It was a small room divided by a wide counter. On my side, a small couch with chrome legs, a chair, and a low table covered with magazines; on the other side, a couple of desks and a file cabinet. A glass jar filled with white flowers stood on one of the desks, catching sunlight from a rear window. A door opened across the room and a middle-aged woman in a blue suit entered to the distant sound of a toilet flushing. She advanced to the counter, a short woman just beginning to get heavy, her pleasant, slightly chubby face set in a fixed expression of friendly interest like a mask pulled over her skull. "Yes, young man?" she said. "What can I do for you?"

I folded my hands on the counter top and watched them as I talked. "I was on the train going to New York and I got off to get some comic books, and then when I turned around it was pulling out. My ticket and everything was inside, so now I'm stuck." It flashed through my mind that I should appear to be more upset, but I was too tired to put it on. "I don't have any money."

"Well, that's not so bad," she said, smiling. "I'm sure we can straighten things out. Now, tell me, was anyone with you on the train? We can wire ahead, you see. They'll probably be worried."

I shook my head. "No, I was by myself. I've been visiting my grandfather and I was going home."

"You live in New York?"

"Yes."

"I see." She remained motionless behind the counter. I continued to watch my hands through the long silence. Finally she reached down and brought up a pencil and a pad of paper. "Fine. Now, if you'll just give me some information, we'll see how we can arrange this. Name?"

"Frank Rushing," I lied.

"All right, Frank. Address?"

"Sixty-one East Sixty-first Street."

"Phone?"

"We don't have one."

"Mother's name?"

"Helga, but she's not there. She's away on a trip to Europe."

"Father's name?"

"My father's dead. Look, couldn't you just lend me the money? I'll pay it back. I'll sign whatever you want. Or you could just buy the ticket for me and I'll mail you what it costs when I get home."

"We can't do that, I'm afraid," she said. "Now, there must be somebody at home. You can't be staying all by yourself."

"That's the way it is most of the time. There's my stepfather, but he's a truck driver and he's on the road now. He won't be back for days."

"What's his name?"

"Gus."

"Gus what?"

"Gus Florida."

"Gus Florida? That's an odd name," she said, writing it down.

"I don't see why you can't just put me on the train. I give you my word I'll send back the money."

"I know you would," she said. "But we can't do it that way. Now, how about your grandfather? Name and address?"

"That won't help. He's an old man. We have to leave him out of it. He's senile."

She looked up from the pad. "I can't do anything unless you coöperate, Frank. You can trust me."

"Suppose you lend me five dollars," I said quickly. "I could get across town to the highway and hitch back."

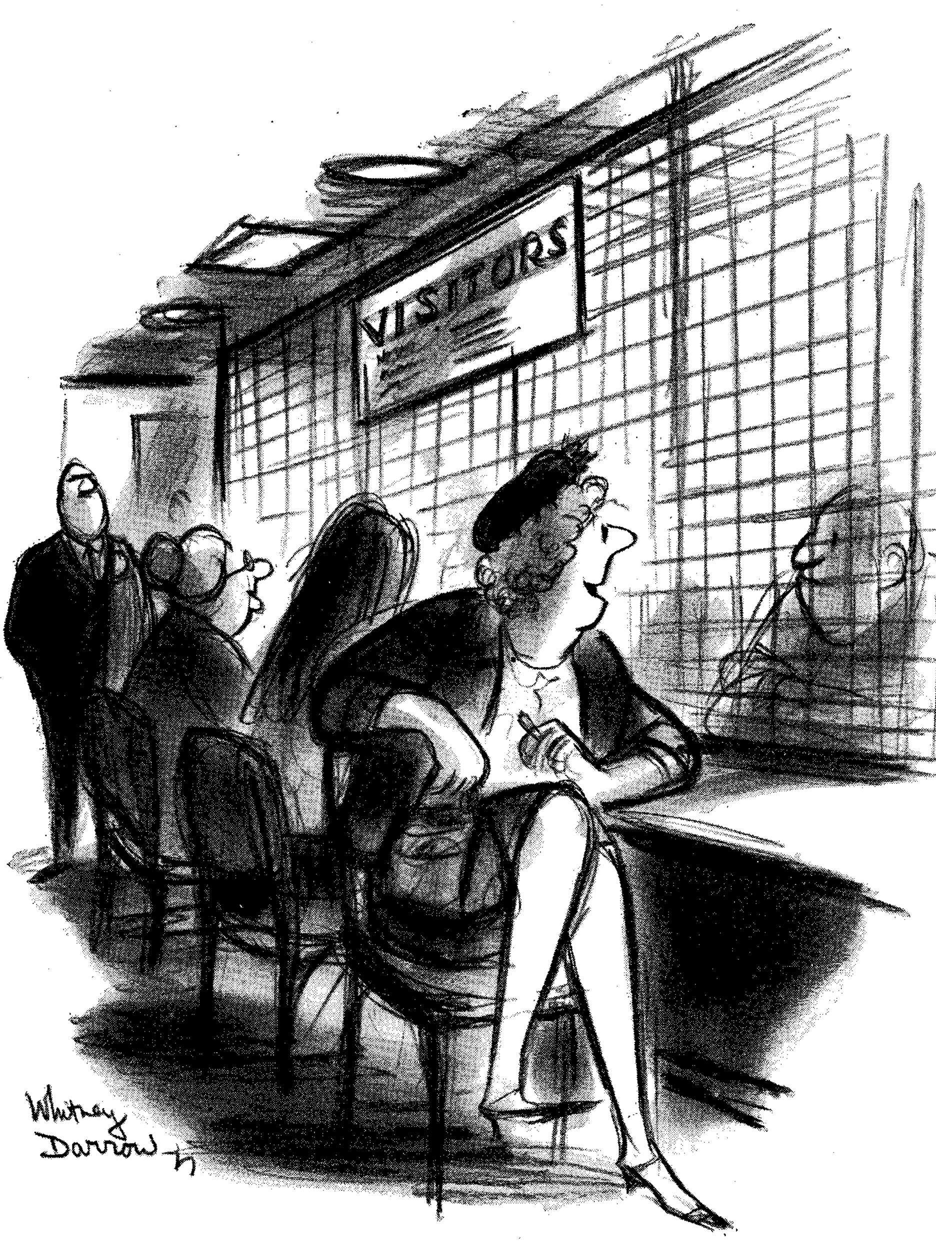
"You mean hitchhike all the way to New York?" Her eyebrows went up. "A boy your age? All by himself? I couldn't do that. I'd worry about you."

I turned sidewise, my arm lying on the counter. "That's what I'm going to do, even without money."

"Why be so hard on yourself?" she said. "We can arrange something. How long since you've had a decent meal?"

I watched the stack of magazines and listened to my insides, to the silent me within me, trying to hear if I should run away before the conversation progressed any further or stay and tell the truth. I turned the rest of the way, facing the door.

"Now, wait a second before you do anything," she said behind me. "Wait



"Tell me, Harry, what's the consensus in your cell block on saving the old Met?"

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just one second and listen to me. When did you eat last?"

I stood quite still, attending myself, but my mind was silent. Very quietly, tentatively, as if the word might destroy me, I answered, "Yesterday." I waited for something to happen inside. I seemed to be floating, everything in perfect balance, all emotion suspended while the logical part of me continued to operate on its own momentum. The sensation was odd, as if I might slowly come apart and go drifting off in all directions.

Her voice was clear. It was pure. "Well, we can fix that right now. You don't have to commit yourself to anything. Sit down and read a magazine, and I'll get you some food. You can eat right there at the table."

"No. You'll just get the police."

"I promise I won't do that," she said, and there was something in her voice that made me believe her. "I give you my word. This doesn't have anything to do with the police."

Alone, I sat on the couch, picked up a magazine, and then put it down again. Sunlight was fading through the rear window and I could hear the faint sounds of the station through the closed door. When she came back in with a tray, I said, "What happens if I tell *you?*"

"Unless there's something special," she said as she lowered the tray, "we'll wire home for your fare and you'll be on your way."

The smell of the food made my hands tremble. Franks and beans, thick slices of tomato on a bed of lettuce, bread and butter, two half-pint containers of milk, and a piece of apple pie with a slice of cheese on top. The first mouthful was rapture.

"Don't wolf it down," she said, and sat on the corner of the table. "Try and eat slowly."

I finished one of the hot dogs and most of the beans before I paused. "What does something special mean?"

"If you'd stolen a car—that sort of thing. I can tell you haven't."

I went back to the food. It was amazing how good a simple piece of bread and butter could taste. As the food got into my system, the trembling stopped. I could feel a film of sweat on my brow.

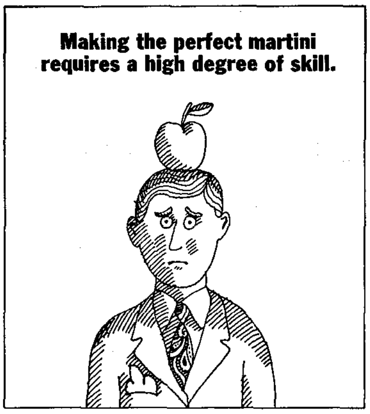
"You haven't done anything the police would want to know about, have you?"

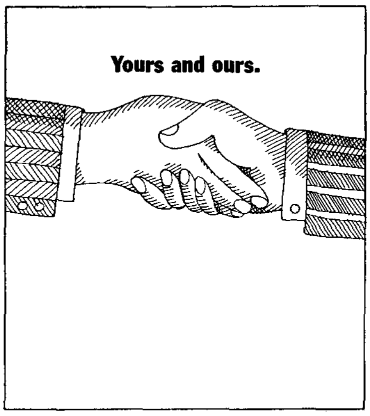
I shook my head.

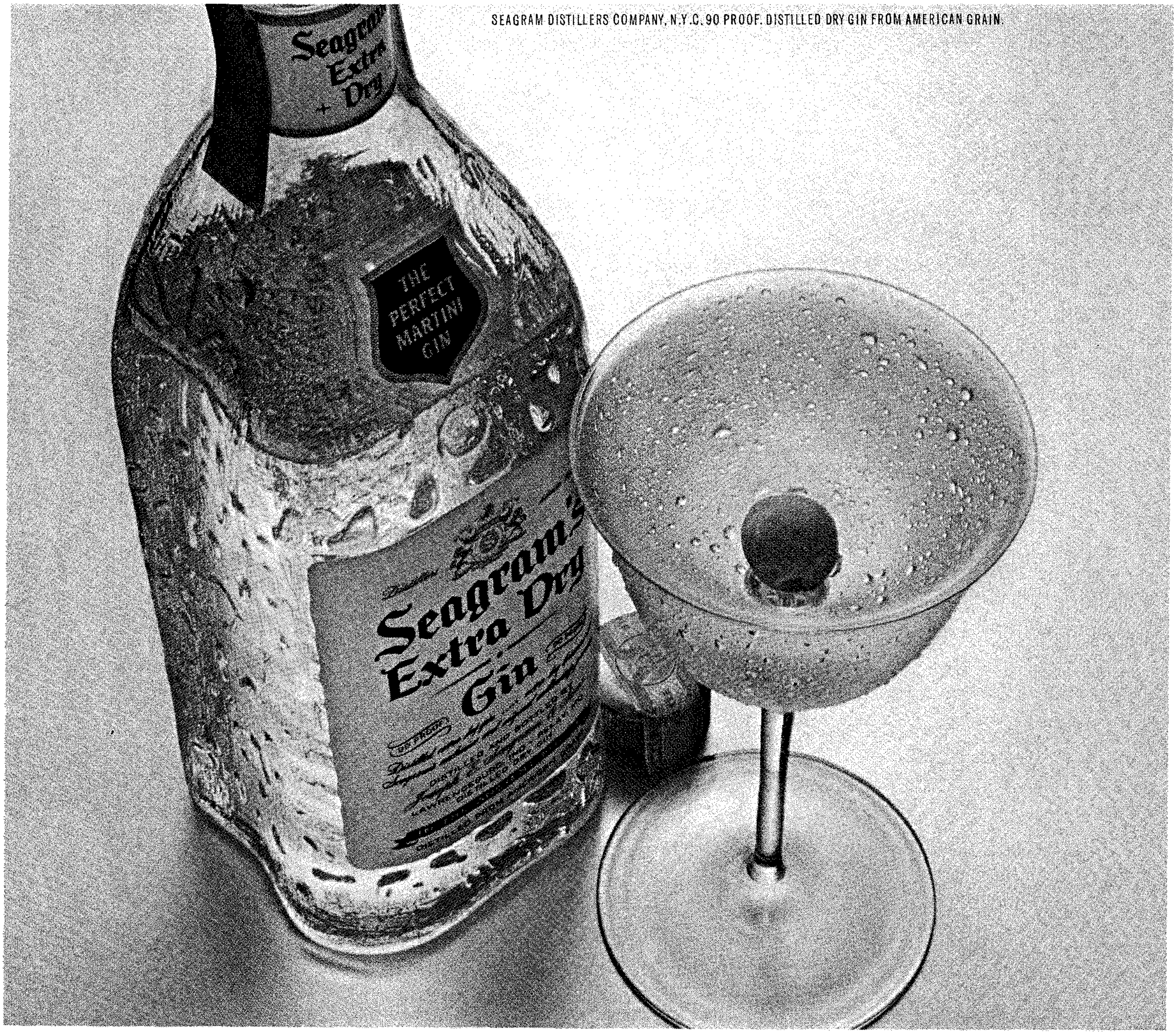
"How long have you been gone?"

"Three days." I wiped up the last of the gravy with the last of the bread. "Excuse my manners." I opened the

Be not deceived.


Making the perfect martini requires a high degree of skill.


Yours and ours.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Most talked about car on the road

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The fact is, you buy as much Camaro as you can handle. Twenty-four different exterior-interior selections for the ordering. A big choice of big-car V8's you specify, plus a spirited Six that snaps to when you give the order.

On the inside, the bucket seats come specially color-striped, if you like. You can also pamper yourself with other additions such as stereo tape and/or AM-FM stereo multiplex radio, air conditioning, adjustable tilt steering wheel and just about every power assist you could ask for.

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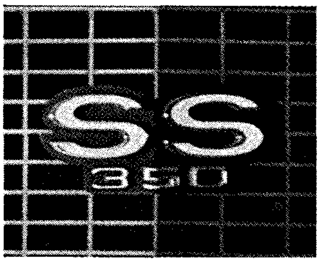
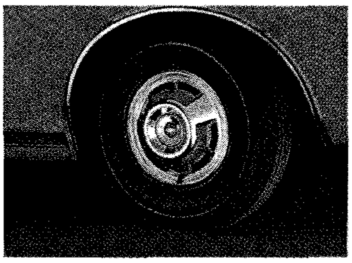
Camaro. Most talked about car on the road. Listen real hard at your Chevrolet dealer's. Hear?

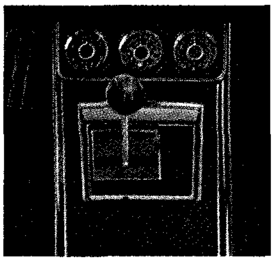
Big-car stance, almost as wide as the full-size Chevrolet, gives Camaro the responsive handling of a sports car.



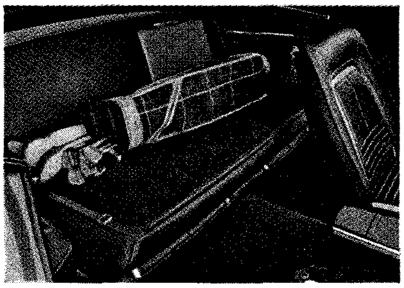
Big-car V8 power, ranging from a 210-hp you specify on up to a 295-hp.



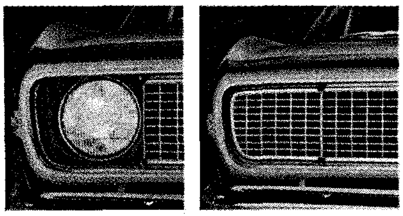
Dual master cylinder brake system, with warning light and corrosion-resistant brake lines.



Fully synchronized 3-spee is standard. 4-speed, special instrumentation on order!



Fold-down rear seat is yours for the ordering. With seat-back up there's roomy traveling comfort. Just pull, and there's a carpeted cargo floor.



Headlights are concealed behind remote-controlled panels in the sporty black grille of the Camaro Rally Sport.

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Camaro

as it comes, comes mighty sporty in sleek convertible or hardtop. Lively Six or V8 depending on model choice. Bucket seats up front, deep-twist carpeting underfoot, rich vinyl all round. Select from 15 Magic-Mirror finishes.

Rally Sport

is the Camaro you ask for when you can't resist hideaway headlights behind a bold black-grid grille, extra touches of gleaming chrome and special "RS" sports emblems all round and horizontal taillights framed in black.

SS 350

if you go in for all-out Camaro. Big 4-bbl. 350-cubic-inch V8, bulging scoop-styled hood with sports striping, red stripe tires, SS emblems—all standard. Front disc brakes on order. A most exciting road machine.

For '67, everything new that could happen . . . *happened!*

second container of milk and began on the pie.

"Listen, now," she said. "There are some things that are hard to talk about—things we'd rather forget or keep to ourselves—but I have to ask, and you have to tell me the truth. It's important. Back home, were you beaten? Were you abused in any way?"

Surprised, I looked up at her, my fork in midair. "Beaten? No. There was never anything like that."

"They fed you and gave you enough clothing?"

"Yes, of course."

She looked me in the eye for a moment and then, apparently satisfied, turned away. "There's no 'of course' about it. We had a boy last year who answered the same as you. It turned out he had scars from his shoulders to the backs of his knees."

"No, really. There wasn't anything like that." I took a sip of milk. "You mean this has happened before? A kid coming in here?"

"Many, many times. Dozens of boys."

I turned the fact over in my mind, examining it from all sides the way a man might study a strange tool to determine its function. She sat silently, watching me while I finished the meal. When the last of the apple pie was gone I leaned back in my chair. "Thank you. You don't know how good that was." We remained motionless, both staring down at the tray. A distant voice was calling out the names of cities over the public-address system. "O.K." I said. "Gus Rousseau. Sixty-one East Eighty-ninth Street. Atwater nine-two-oh-nine-eight."

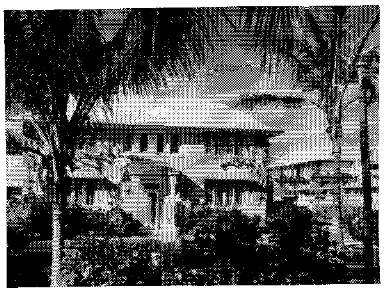
"Why did you run away? Can you tell me?"

I looked away quickly, my face flushing. There was something about the words "run away" that threatened me with loss of control. Hearing them spoken aloud threw my body into a turmoil, as if they were the key phrase in a hypnotic command. I couldn't look at her. "I don't know," I said, shaking my head. "I can't explain it."

THE woman had been at the desk on the far side of the Travelers Aid office for two hours, just out of earshot, picking up the phone every ten minutes. I assumed she was calling New York and, having checked the address and number I'd given her, was trying to get through to Gus. It seemed odd that they were actually going to talk to each other. Suddenly she got up, crossed the office, raised the leaf of the counter, and came and sat beside me

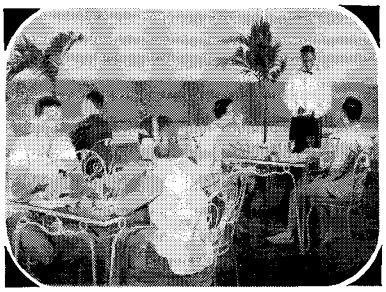
This is the Nassau you'll talk about

What you talk about can be found only in Nassau's private homes. Or here, behind the gates of the Balmoral Club on Cable Beach. Open the gates and see what made Nassau famous.



At Balmoral you'll live in villas like these. There are never more than 200 pleasure seekers here at one time. Isn't that nice? Each of you has several million inches of pleasure to play in.

Three spacious white beaches. Pick one. When you get tired of it, try another. Or sail. Go snorkeling. Play tennis. Or lounge in a hammock. Try one of our Rum Cocaloonies..Wheee!



This is your Ocean Patio, so called because it's right on the edge of the ocean. Plenty of Caribbean for everyone. See the ocean? Feel the breeze? Ahhh. Have a drink. Go on. Have two.

It's very odd, but shortly after five every afternoon you'll join the group in the Clubhouse Bar. It's an old Balmoral custom. Ah, well. It makes for a merry trip into the star spangled night.

And here's your star spangled night! Dining, dancing and devil may care. The food, naturally, is fantastic. So's the pink cloud music. For more real Nassau, talk to your travel agent.

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Forgive us, America, for sending you only 1300 cases of our best: Dom Ruinart Blanc de Blancs Champagne, 1959

by M. Bertrand Mure, Directeur, Ruinart Pere et Fils, Rheims, France

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We take pride in our name. We are a family business, the oldest champagne firm in France. My great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great uncle (on my mother's side), Nicholas Ruinart, founded our firm in 1729.

From the very beginning, we prospered. We began to serve kings, queens, barons, czars, dukes, earls and the common man. Years ago, we had standing orders from people like Napoleon, Talleyrand, the Empress Marie-Louise and Charles X. And not long ago, we had the honor of delivering a bottle of our champagne to your President, Andrew Jackson.

So we have a heritage and a history, as well as a name to protect. (Our caves in Rheims were carved by the Romans in the Fifth Century and are actually the only caves adjudged Historical Monuments of France, regulated by the Beaux Arts.)

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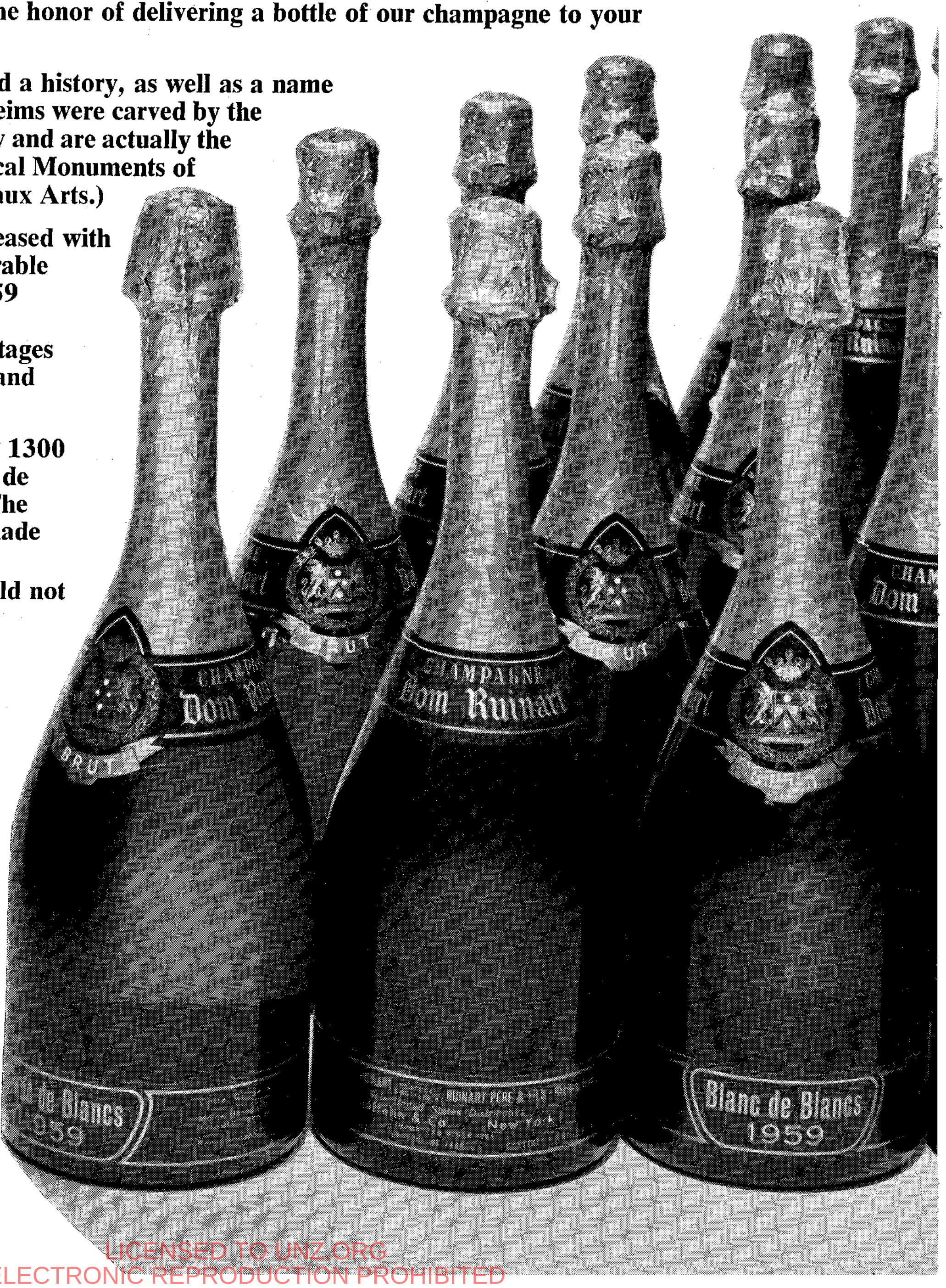

If, by some chance, you would wish to know more about Ruinart and our champagne, I should be pleased to correspond with you. Write me care of our American distributors:
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on the couch. "I can't get through. He must be out, and I'm afraid I can't stay any longer. I have to get home." She looked tired and a bit harassed, thin lines I hadn't noticed before showing around her eyes and at the corners of her mouth. "You'll have to spend the night."

I was on guard instantly. "Where?"

"There's a very nice Y.M.C.A. They even have a pool. You could take a swim and there might be a movie in the auditorium. How does that sound?"

I thought about it for a moment. "All right," I said finally. I'd been wearing the same clothes for three days, and the idea of the pool appealed to me. "As long as they don't lock me in."

"I'll give them a call. Harry Brian can come for you. You'll like him. And they won't lock you in if you promise to stay put."

"O.K."

She went behind the counter and picked up the nearest phone. After a few moments of conversation, she listened, three fingers against the side of her head, her lower lip between her teeth, and then hung up.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"They're full up. They don't have any room." She stared across the room at the blank wall. "I tried everything I could think of."

Very alert, moving unconsciously to the edge of my seat, I felt apprehension growing in me—a slow, subtle buildup, like a color change, like the start of a long slide through the calm blues and greens toward the eventual terror of red. "Where do I go, then?"

"The juvenile home. It isn't as nice, of course, but you'll be perfectly comfortable."

"What kind of a place is that?"

"Now, don't worry. It's perfectly all right."

"Do they lock you up?"

"It isn't a prison."

"Do they lock you up?"

"They lock the doors, but they have to do that. I'll explain everything to them. It'll be all right. I promise you."

"Isn't there anyplace else?"

She turned back to the phone. "No," she said softly. "I'm sorry."

I was up and away so fast I doubt she had time to realize what was happening. Up, running, and through the door before she could turn her head.

A reckless, all-out dash through the station, astonished faces falling behind one by one, frozen by my speed. It was like running through a crowd of cardboard cutouts. I swerved, jumped, and dodged between them to the doors, slipping past the outstretched arms of a

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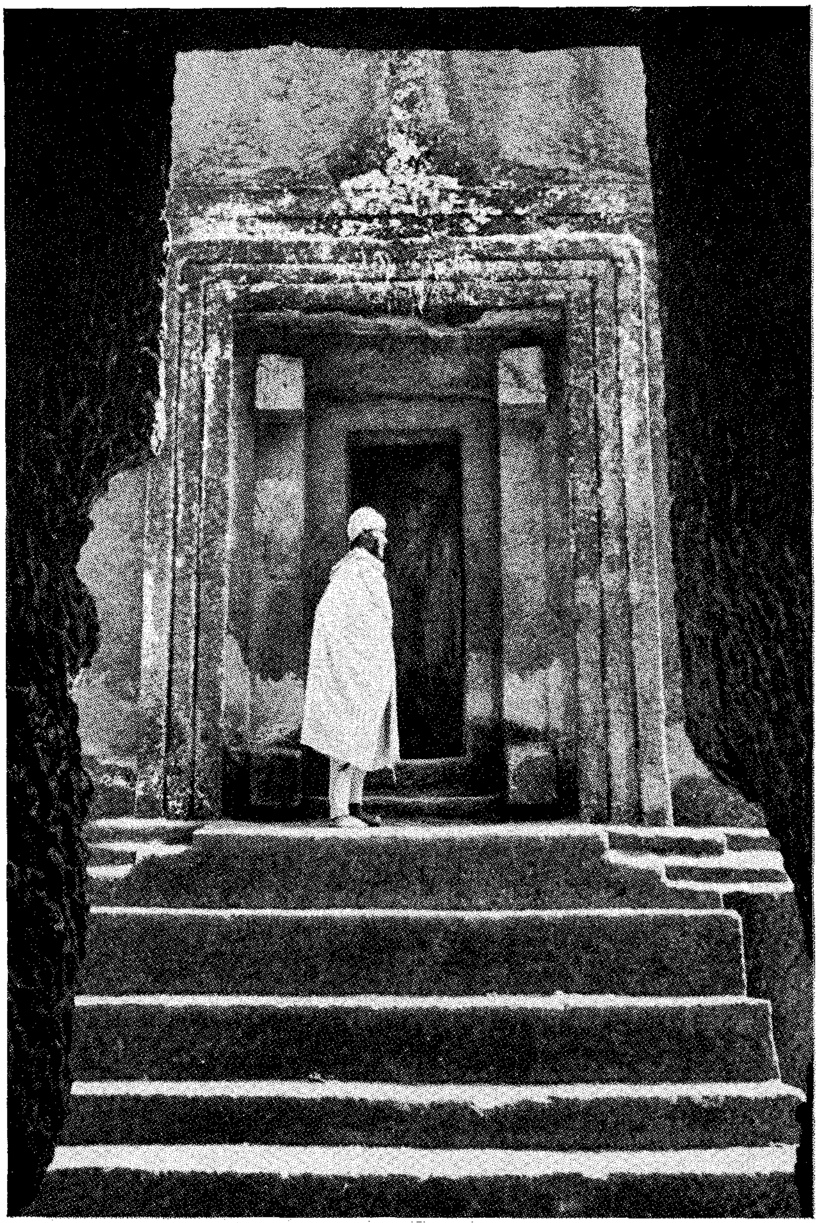

Entrance to centuries-old, rock-hewn St. George Church, Lalibela, Ethiopia

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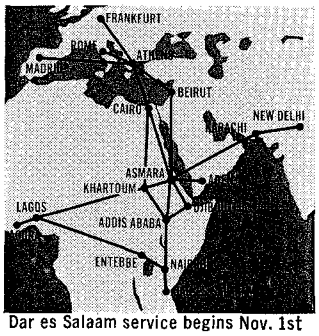

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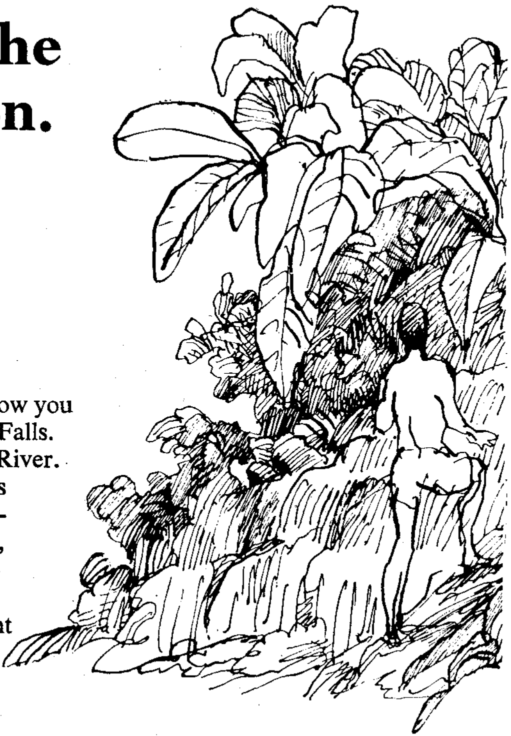

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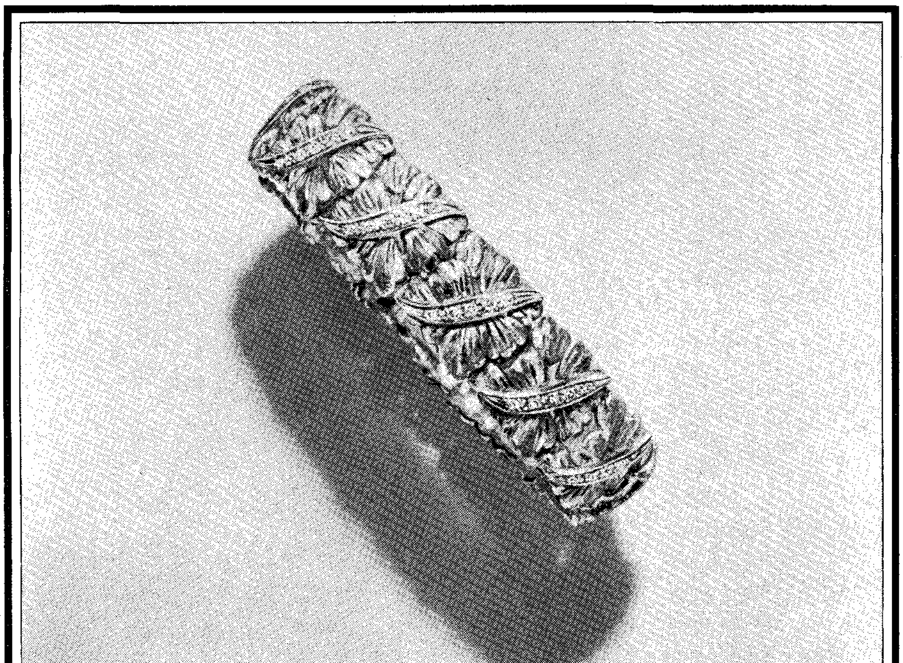

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guard into the open roar of the street, into the twilight and the high, vaulting sky. Running headlong through the streets, I felt my limbs go wild with freedom. My brain raced to keep up, ignoring the present, knowing only what was just ahead—a corner, a vacant lot, an overpass, a man with a dog. Dazed by the sweetness of surrender, I left everything behind me without a thought, all of it forever behind me, falling away, more and more distant with every stride, falling away, falling away, falling away.

Leaning against a high fence, both palms and the side of my head against the wood, I opened my eyes and saw half a boxcar. The rest of the world moved. Only the boxcar and myself were fixed in space. I watched until things settled, and then moved along the fence. The boxcar stood by itself on a siding—a tall, wooden car without markings. Approaching, I could see weeds growing in the darkness underneath. I went around to the other side. A dilapidated loading shed nearby seemed deserted. The big sliding door of the boxcar was not completely closed, and I slipped my hands into the crevice, pulling hard as I fell back along the length of the car. The door rolled open with a thunderous roar. I jumped away from the car and stared into the dark interior, ready to run should anyone emerge. After a minute or two, I moved cautiously to the open doorway and looked inside. The floor was strewn with large, empty paper sacks. I stood listening for a sound from the impenetrably black corners of the car, but there was only silence. Holding on with one hand, I bent my knees and leaped like a high jumper rolling over the bar, tumbling in and getting to my feet in a matter of seconds. There was no sound except my own breathing. A vague sweet-sour smell hung in the air—the smell of some chemical. A light haze of white powder covered the floor and walls. Bent over, skittish, ready to bolt at the first sound or the first movement, I went over the entire car and satisfied myself there was no one in it. I picked up one of the bags, white powder trailing from its torn mouth, and read that it had contained chemical fertilizer. I shook it out and prepared a place to sleep in the darkest corner of the car.

Sitting in the open doorway, my legs dangling in the air, I watched the approach of night. Over the roof of the loading shed stars began to appear, faint at first, growing brighter as the sky turned from lavender to purple to black. Every now and then I would

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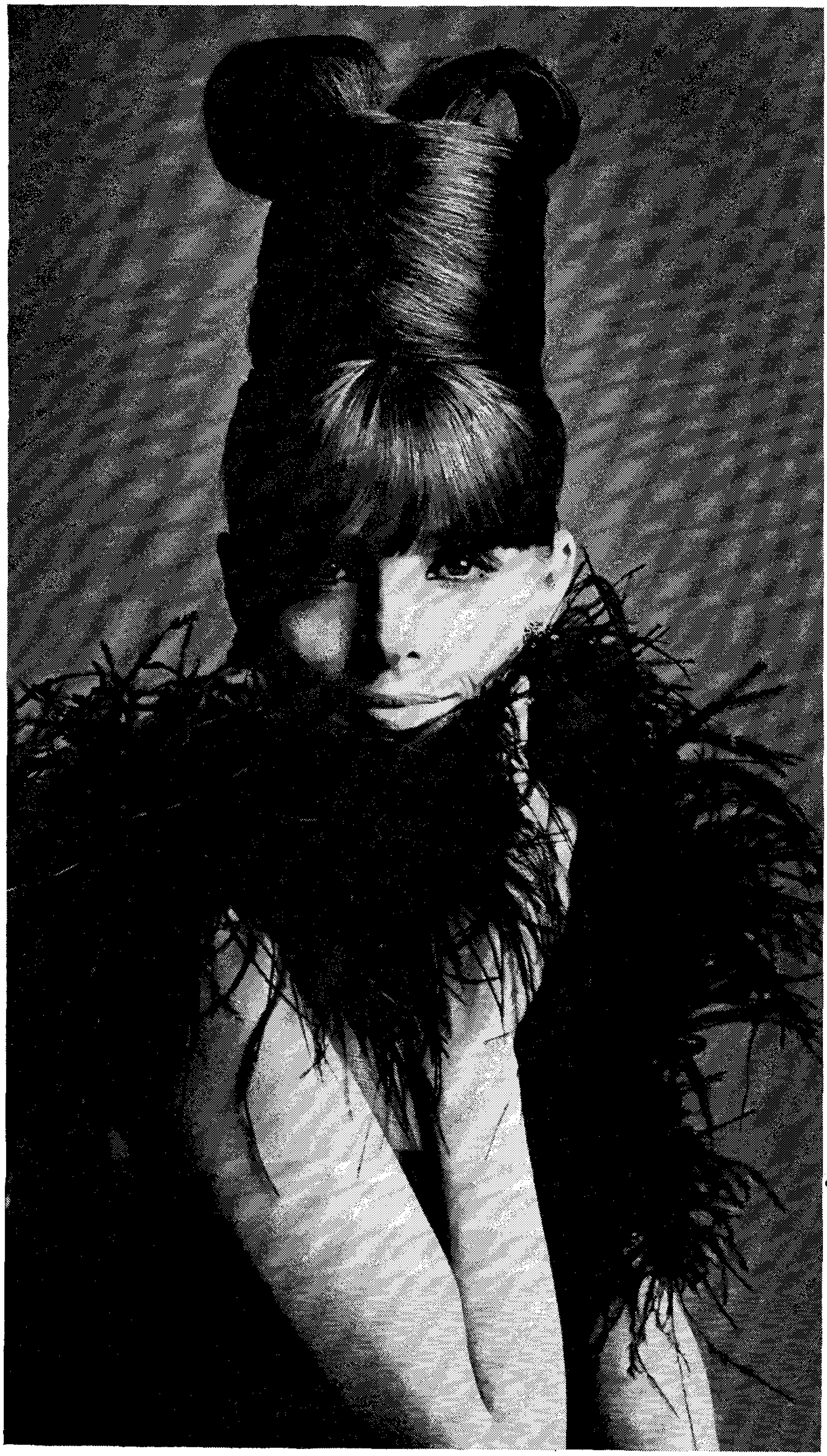
With noses in the news, she could make a fortune
with her profile, but why bother
when she looks like this from the front.



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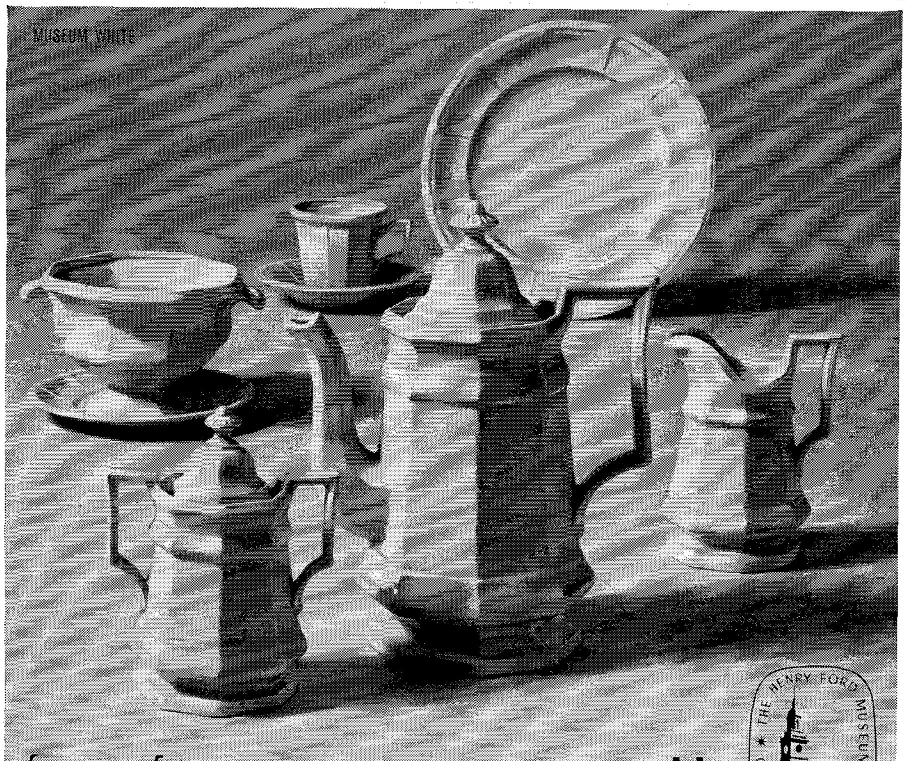

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lean forward and look to the left and the right to make sure no one was coming. When it got so dark I couldn't see more than a car length in each direction, I got up and went to the corner. Slipping into the bag I'd cleaned, I pulled three or four more over me for camouflage and went to sleep.

IT started to rain just after dawn, a heavy downpour that crashed against the roof of the car and woke me up. I raised my head, saw the slanting white lines through the doorway, and then went back to sleep.

Hours later, when I crawled out of the bag and got to my feet, the rain was still falling. I stood by the door and slapped at my clothes to get the powder out. Clouds of it drifted from my head as I ruffled my hair. I waited for a lull in the rain and jumped to the ground.

It took me some time to find my way back. I was amazed at how far I'd run—at least a mile. Wet to the skin, I walked through the station doors, crossed the huge waiting room, and opened the door to Travelers Aid. The woman was there, standing behind the counter, her head coming up as I closed the door. I avoided her eyes.

"I hope you spent a pleasant night," she said.

"I slept in a boxcar."

She went to the end of the counter and raised the leaf. "Well, it's traditional, I suppose. Very foolish, though. You could have been locked in." Holding up the leaf with one arm, she said, "Come on. You're soaking wet."

"It's all right."

"Please don't argue. You can dry off in the bathroom."

I moved down the counter and slipped under her arm.

"My God, you smell awful. What was in the car?"

"Fertilizer."

"You'd better wash, too. There's only a sink, but you can't go home like that."

"Did you get him?"

"Yes. Before he left for work."

"What did he say?"

"I explained the situation and he agreed to wire your fare."

"Nothing else?"

She hesitated. "He asked if you were all right, and I said you were." I knew she was lying, but I remained silent. She opened the door to the bathroom. "Take your things off and hand them to me through the door. I'll see what I can do. I brought my iron."

When I had dressed again, she walked me to the bus station, both of us moving under her umbrella. After a

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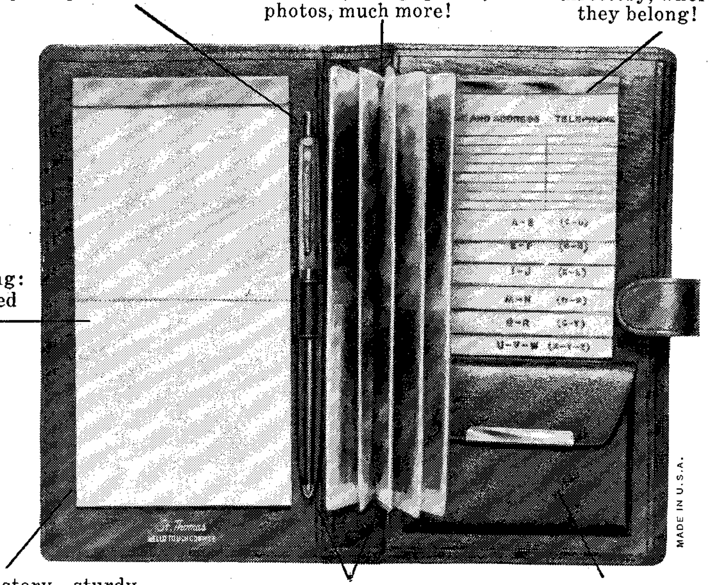

Cover story—sturdy Mello Touch cowhide... in smartest colors, too.

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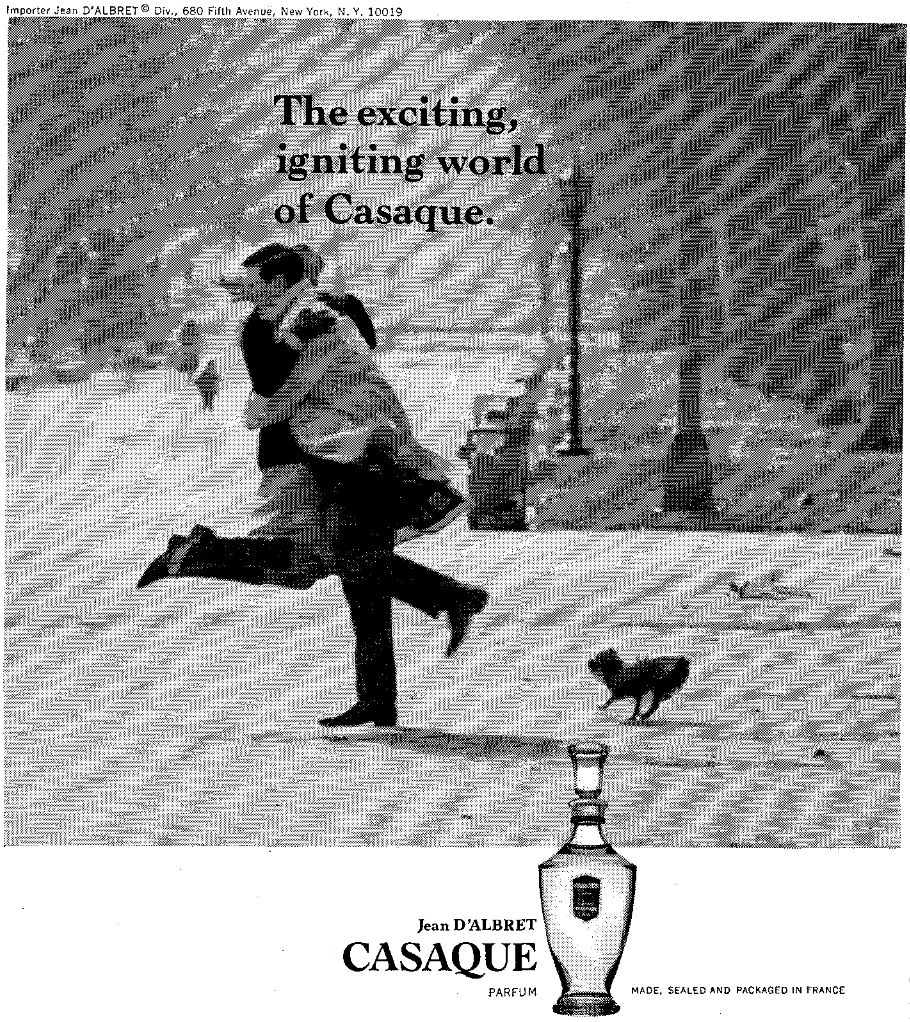
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few steps, I took the shaft. "Let me hold that," I said, shifting it to give her better protection. We covered the short distance in silence.

At the terminal, I stood by the bus while she went inside to get my ticket. I felt a flash of annoyance at Gus. He was too cheap to send the extra couple of dollars for the train, which I would have enjoyed, so I had to take the bus, which I hated.

"Here's your ticket," she said at my shoulder. "And a dollar. Twenty cents is for carfare and eighty for a sandwich and milk at the rest stop."

"Thank you." People elbowed past us. "I guess I'd better go on in."

"Yes. If you go now, you might get a window seat."

"I'm sorry I had to run away last night."

"That's all right. Think about what's ahead now." She took a step back.

I climbed into the bus. There was a window seat in the rear, on the far side, and I moved quickly and sat down. Staring through the rain-streaked glass, I watched the white puddles on the black asphalt of the empty parking area. After a while the driver climbed in, pulled the door shut, and started the engine. Turning back to the window, I saw her standing outside under her umbrella, watching me. She'd come around the back of the bus and stood about twenty feet away. Neither of us moved. Then, very slowly, the bus rolled forward and she was gone.

—Frank Conroy

•

Martha was troubled handling the 700-yard tulle veil that was attached to a single ivory silk rose on a narrow band across her forehead.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Some spinnaker practice beforehand is what a girl needs.

•

4:15 P.M.—ZOOLOGY SEMINAR. Place: Room 107, Wilson Hall. Speaker: Dr. J. R. Vallentyne. Zoology Department, Cornell University. Topic: "The Romance of Mud Paleobiochemistry." —*Campus Calendar, University of North Carolina.*

We all have our memories.

•

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[*Adv. in the program of the San Francisco Symphony*]

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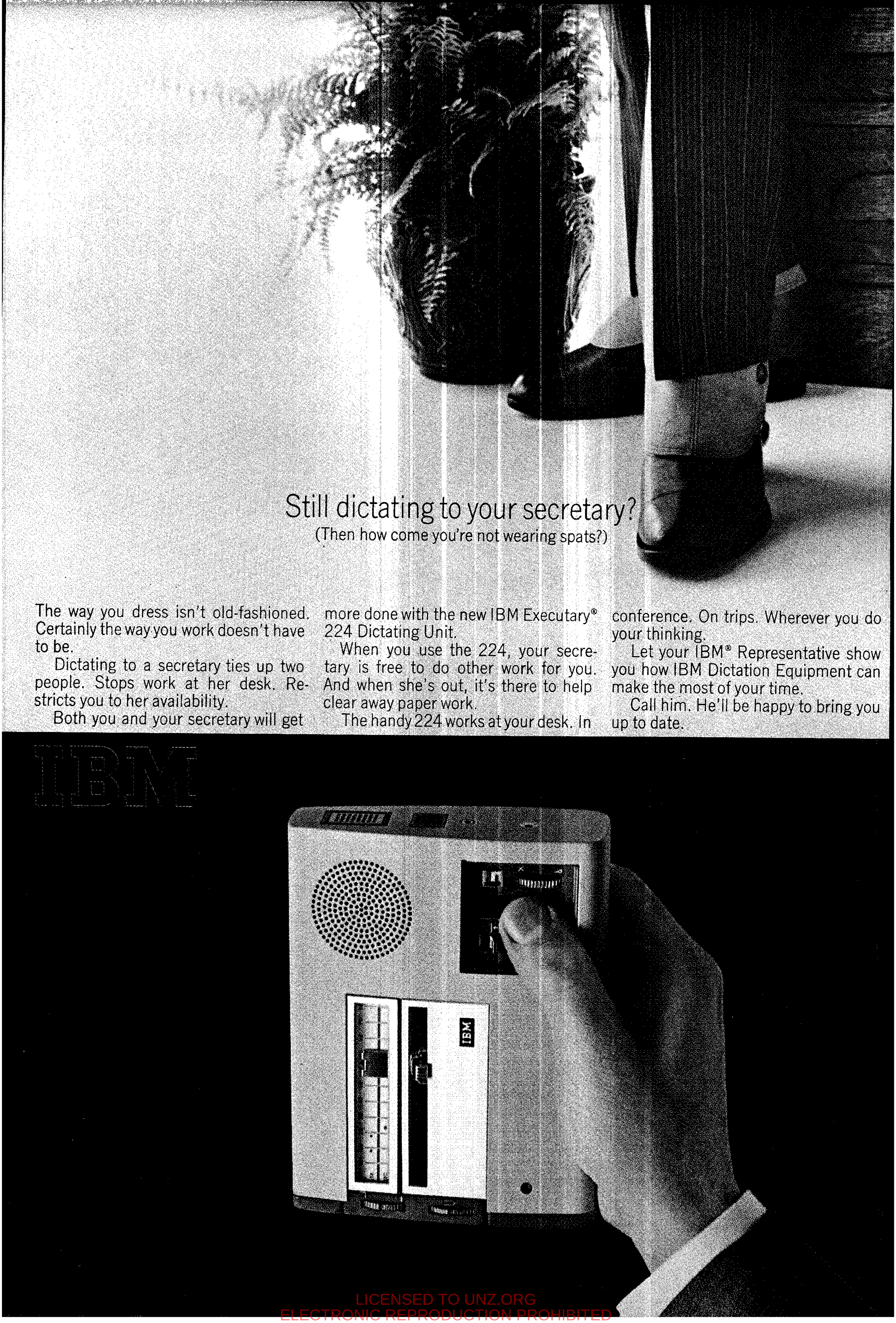

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THE THEATRE

OVERWROUGHT

TO the right and left of the stage of the Vivian Beaumont, at Lincoln Center, where the resident Repertory Theatre is putting on "The Alchemist," there hang a pair of identical signs advancing the play's argument, which runs:

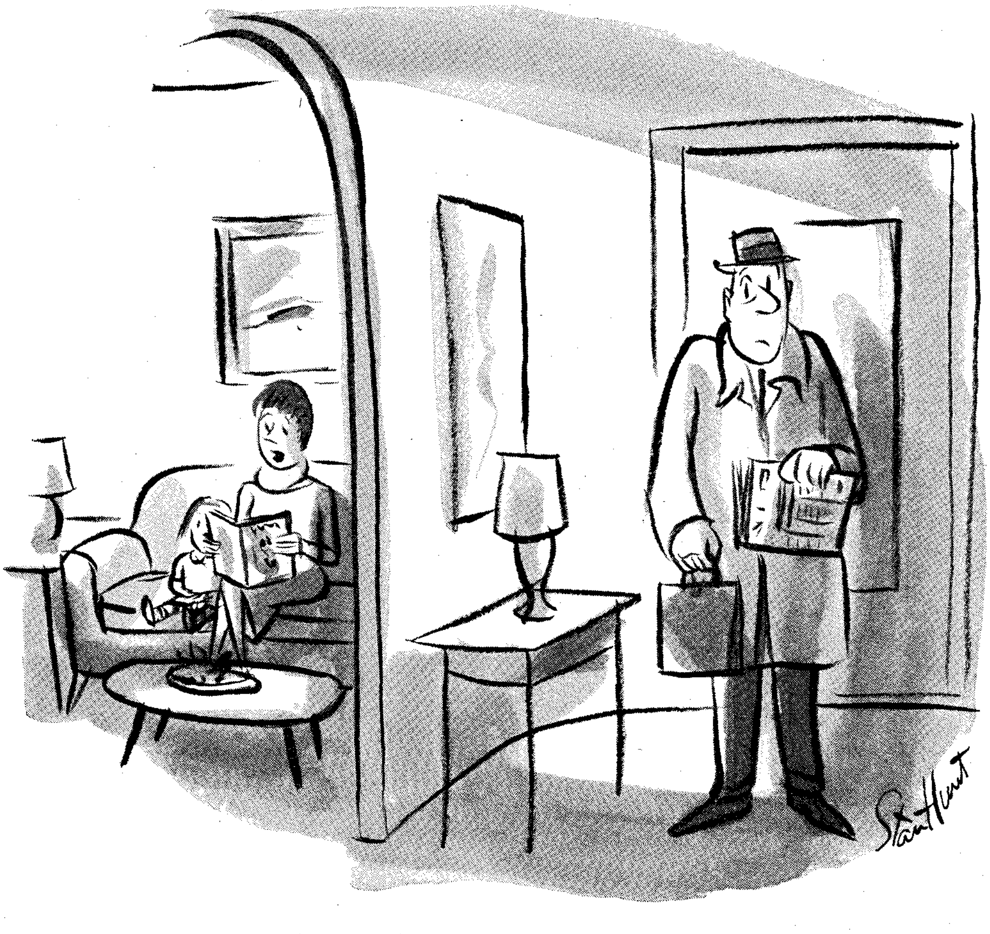
> The plague is hot, a master quit, for fear,
> His house in town, and left one servant there;
> Ease him corrupted, and gave means to know
>
> A Cheater and his punk; who now brought low,
> Leaving their narrow practice, were become
> Cozeners at large; and only wanting some
> House to set up, with him they here contract,
> Each for a share, and all begin to act.
> Much company they draw, and much abuse,
> In casting figures, telling fortunes, news,
> Selling of flies, flat bawdry with the stone,
> Till it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

This acrostic summation of Ben Jonson's rowdy satire is helpful, but I'm afraid I can't say that the activities onstage are overly so. The company never manages to exploit the play's comic aspects with the sort of professional competence required to keep an audience interested in the old Elizabethan war horse. As a Jonsonian invention, "The Alchemist" is, of course, a cut below the likes of "Volpone," but it is not quite as simple-minded an affair as it is represented to be here, and the producers, I think, would have been well advised to concentrate more on the polish of the performances than on the ingenuities of the properties. But I must say that some of the effects make the thrust stage of the Vivian Beaumont a devilishly lively place, what with vents in the floor spouting smoke every now and then, and a weird-looking Rube Goldberg contraption being wheeled explosively into view in the course of the second act. The machine is supposedly able to convert base metal into gold, and the gullible jakes of Jonson's London rally round it with all sorts of miscellaneous hardware, full of hope that the junk will be briskly transformed into valuable stuff. The cheater (the alchemist in the case) and the servant also devise various other schemes to swindle their London neighbors, luring the panting population into their web with promises of everything from sexual gambols with a fairy queen to fabulous material riches. Under the direction of Jules Irving, who shows a tendency here to believe that the louder the action the funnier it is, the cast responds violently to almost every situation that occurs, and by the end all hands seem rather winded. As the cheater, Michael O'Sullivan does a very broad turn indeed, lurching about a good deal of the time in what appears to be a frayed bathrobe, and flourishing a steaming skull to convince the townsfolk of his close connection with the Powers of Darkness. He also indulges in all sorts of lunatic grimaces. As his fellow-knave, the servant, who pretends to be several other people as the comedy goes along, Robert Symonds is versatile, if not entirely compelling, and, as a whore the schemers are using as bait for rich and susceptible males, Nancy Marchand may look bawdy, but she never made me believe in her carnality. Miss Marchand and Mr. O'Sullivan are newcomers to this edition of the Repertory Theatre, as are Aline MacMahon, George Voskovec, and Philip Bosco, who also participate in this offering. Of them all, Mr. Bosco, as Lovewit, the houseowner, has the necessary gloss to deliver his lines in really diverting style, and it's too bad that his part is brief and that he doesn't come onstage until the piece is near its conclusion. —JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Late Night in Riverdale

LEE KALCHEIM'S "Match-Play" and "A Party for Divorce," a pair of brief, tearful comedies produced by Theatre 1967, opened (and closed) last week at the Provincetown. Before picking away at the plays, I must say that I found both of them at least interesting—which is quite a sizable "at least," come to think of it, considering how things are these days. Also, Mr. Kalcheim can write speakable dialogue and is often funny (though not always)



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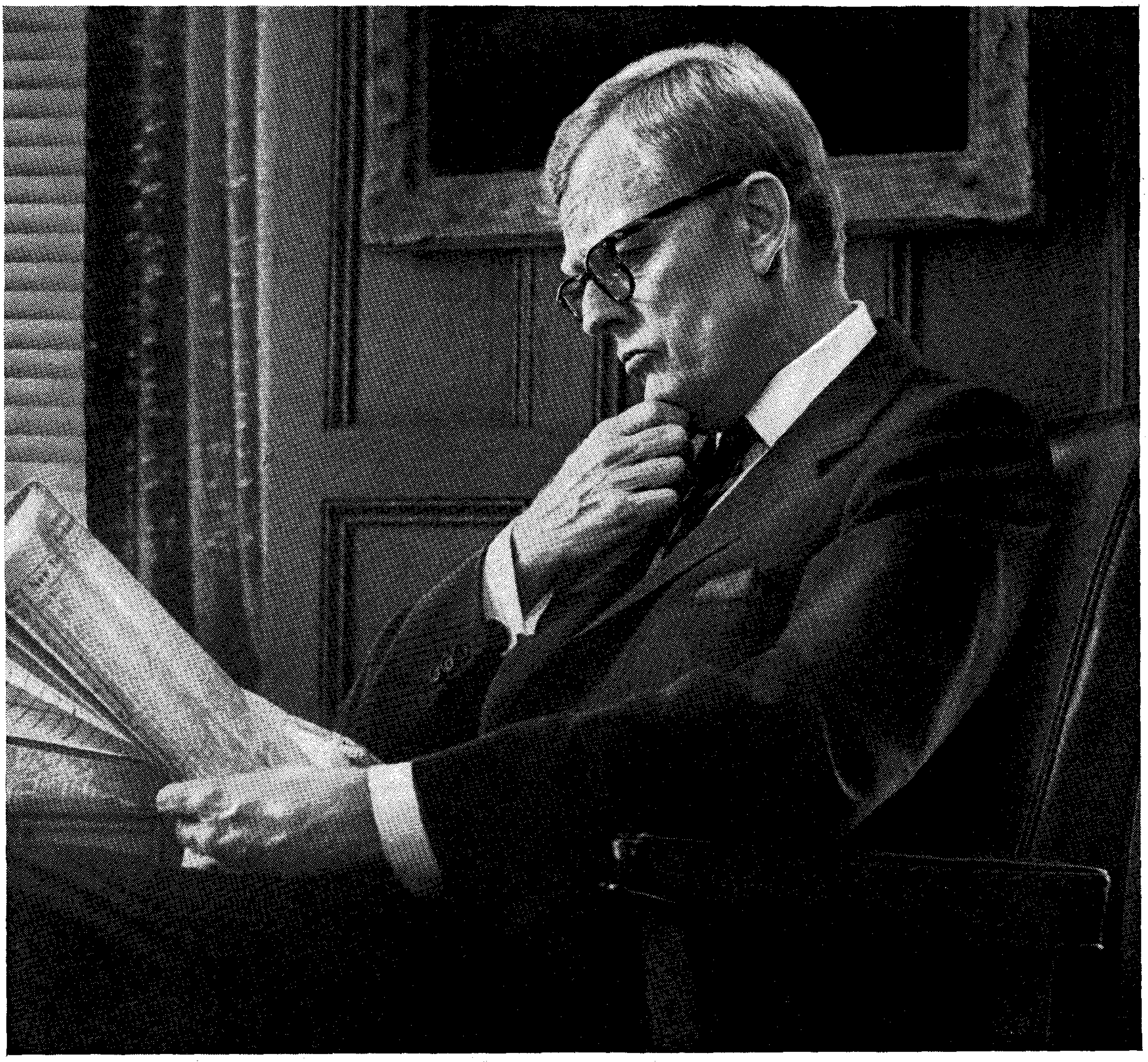

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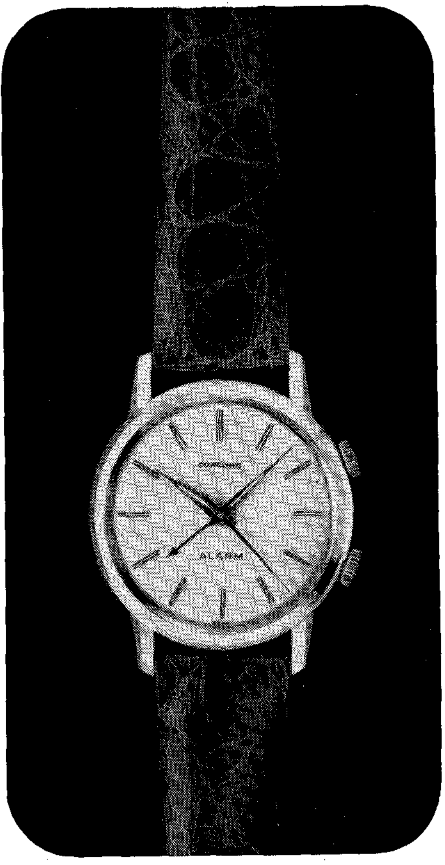
when he tries to be. "Match-Play," the more successful of the two in that it accomplished more directly what it set out to do, was about three people who all want something for nothing and who all get their comeuppance one night in a three-quarter-hour stretch after "The Late Show." They are a rich Jewish father and son, and a girl—a Music Hall Rockette from Ohio—the son has brought home to the family mansion in Riverdale, where he is still, at the age of twenty-five, living with his parents. At the opening, the father, presumably waiting up for the son, switches off the television set, and he is practicing putting shots when the young man and the girl arrive. Once Father has been sent off to bed, Son makes several passes at Girl, who asks to be taken home at once. He furiously stuffs a twenty-dollar bill down the front of her dress and tells her to take a cab. Weeping, she makes it clear that she is tired of batting around town in night clubs and mansions, and that she is available only for matrimony. I must say she struck me as somewhat overelusive, even for a Rockette all that set on marriage with someone she just met, but the part is a comical one, and Beverly Ballard was funny and touching in it. The climax of the play occurs when the young man, picking up his unopened mail in a sulk, comes upon his draft notice. Enraged, he wakes his father, who had promised to get him out of it. There is a terrific fight, full of old grudges on both sides. At first, the father says that he thinks the Army would be good for his son, but it then comes to light that, having bribed his own way out of the Army during the Second World War, he has written to his Congressman about the son and been turned down. The son sobs and screams his fury. As played by Tony Musante, this namby-pam was as unlovable as the dramatist must surely have wanted him to be; it was an impressive performance in a demanding, unsympathetic role. As the father, at first affable and then quietly accepting defeat and humiliation, Rudy Bond was, as usual, wonderful. The only one of the three who does not end up a total loser is the girl; although still unaffianced, she is twenty dollars ahead when the curtain falls.

"A Party for Divorce" was about the stormy meeting and reconciliation of a young couple who have been recently divorced but are still in love. It opens at four in the morning in the husband's apartment after a boozy stag party. The floor is littered with fake money



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from a Monopoly game (odd party!), and there is a leftover guest asleep behind the couch, who wakes up and talks to the husband for a while but leaves when the wife enters. Most of the action deals with her attempts to get through to the hurt, angry husband. She is full of psychological know-it-all, and I must say that I found the whole concept of wife as therapist very unappealing. Nicholas Pryor gave a strong, frequently moving performance in the leading role, and Philip Sterling did well as the guest. But Rebecca Darke seemed awfully cold and self-possessed for a woman who was not sure that she would get her husband back.

THE performance I saw of Ronald Milner's "Who's Got His Own," at the American Place, could well have been a casualty of opening-night nerves. At any rate, Mr. Milner's lines were delivered at such jamming speed and pitch that many of them were unintelligible. The script concerns a Negro mother, her grown son and daughter, and a father just dead, who have been all but destroyed by anger and grief stemming from the pasting they have taken from white people. Estelle Evans, Glynn Turman, and Barbara Ann Teer appear in the principal roles. Lloyd Richards, the director, also directed "A Raisin in the Sun" on Broadway.

"MY WIFE AND I"—book, music, and lyrics by Bill Mahoney—is an import, along with most of its company, from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Set in 1939, the book is homey-domestic, and the music and lyrics are sometimes pleasant and always derivative. The show is done absolutely straight. It is what it is, which is old-fashioned and foolish, though not nearly as foolish as all those current spoofs and routines, with their built-in sneers and giggles, that parody just this sort of entertainment. Helon Blount and Ed Penn (local talent) and Robert R. Wait (of Harrisburg) do all that can be expected of them as a busy, devoted mother, a why-doesn't-anyone-tell-me-what's-going-on-around-here? father, and a pesky, sponging brother-in-law.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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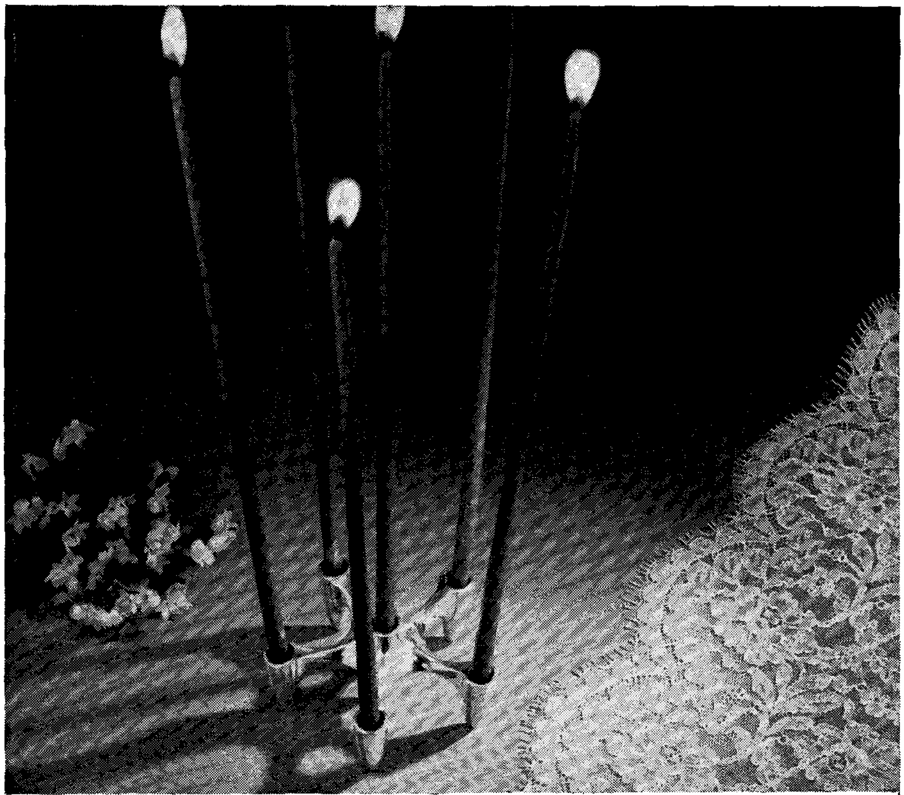

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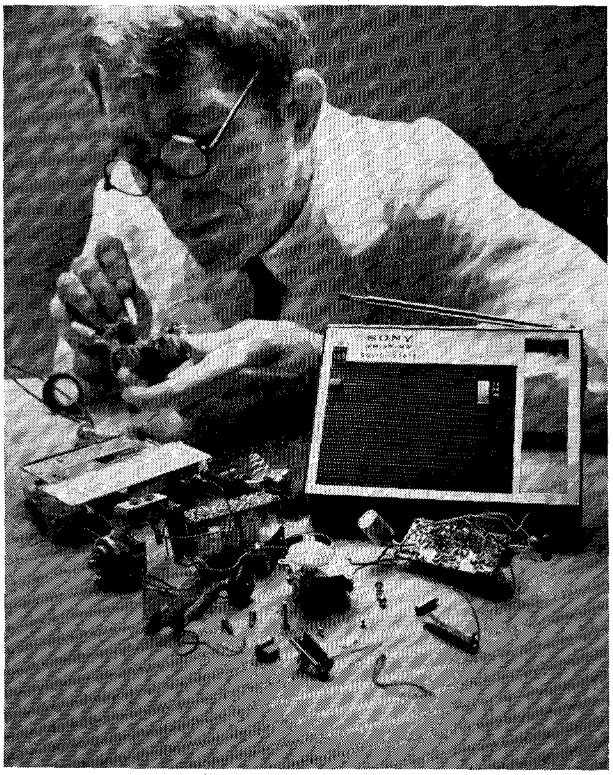

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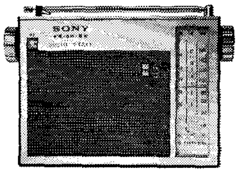

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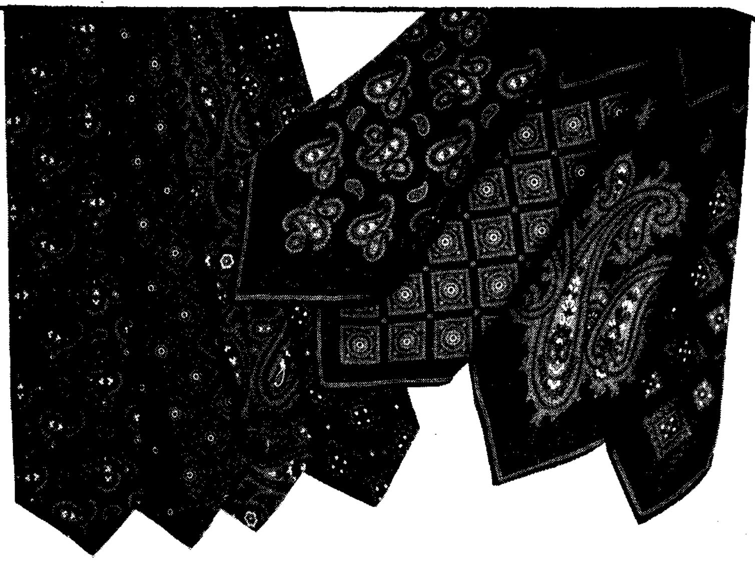

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FOOTBALL

Anniversary Waltz

I DON'T know who's got the anniversary. Three years from now, Rutgers and Princeton will celebrate the centenary of the Oldest Football Rivalry. Lafayette and Lehigh have already celebrated it, but it turns out that they got there by meeting more than once some seasons. Saturday last, Army and Rutgers for some reason officially celebrated the *Princeton*-Rutgers Oldest Football Rivalry. (At the moment, there is no news about what other Oldest Rivalry commemoration impends.) That same Saturday, Colgate and Princeton met in Palmer Stadium for a match of football as it is no longer played—lugging the ball, not tossing it. Win or lose, and all credit where credit is due, the lot of them could be traded in for fair (no longer fair-to-middling) Harvard, which, again on that busy Saturday, proved that mentality, muscle, and mystification—not just good luck—are its endowments (Harvard 21, Cornell 0). Not often is Cornell blanked out by anyone. Earlier in the day, the first cohesive Princeton freshman team to come along in maybe ten years (I am told that twenty school-team captains are among its ornaments) overran and outran the Cornell freshmen by exactly the same count. The Princeton varsity, a toothless *young* Tiger after that tally of seventeen conquests in a row, could use the freshmen right now. The result: Colgate 7, Princeton 0, and not for four years had Princeton been blanked out. Colgate, which is really a trio (Burton on offense, Wilson and Schrumpf on defense), kept to the ground; Princeton kept to the ground but not to the ground rules, and there went the ball game. Princeton, no longer swimming in riches, has not got over its expensive habits—penalties, fumbles, intercepted passes.

ANOTHER expensive habit is fame, which has come early—in his sophomore year—to Bryant Mitchell, a Rutgers back of the variety known as scat. Mitchell, who is only nineteen and only a hundred and seventy-five pounds, is a Negro who came up from Charlottesville to the Solebury School, in New Hope, before he arrived—with-

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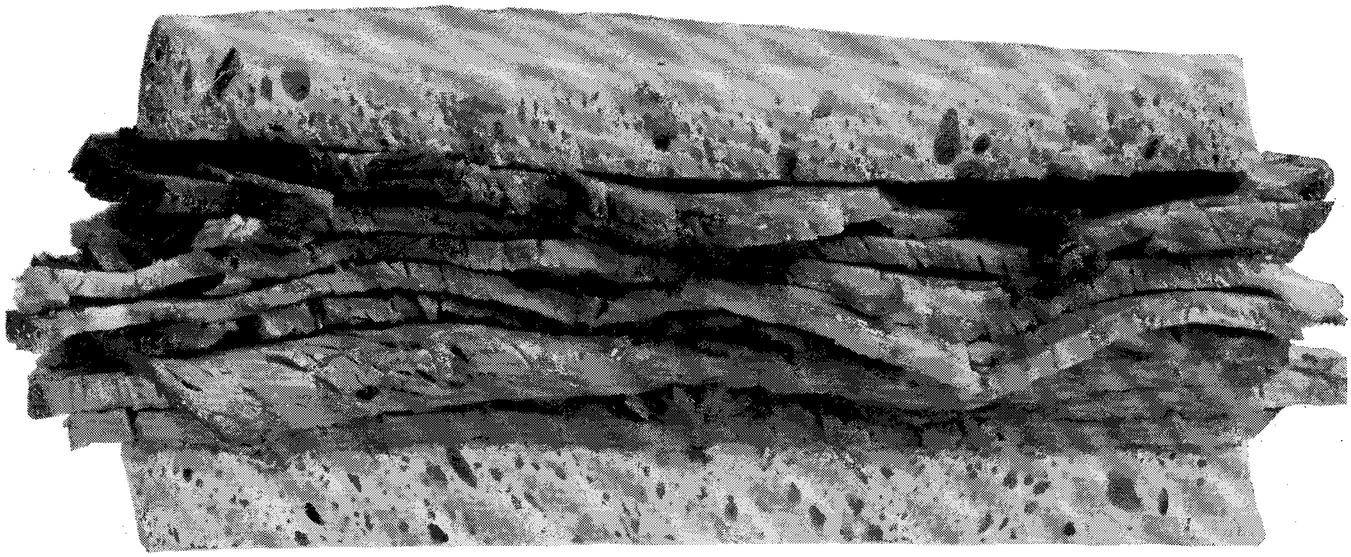

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out a scholarship—at Rutgers, where he is in a man's world; most of his teammates are in their twenties, and Sampson Brown, a Rutgers tackle, is in his twenty-sevens. Already celebrated as a runner (two hundred and fifty yards this fall) and as a catcher (e.g., eighty-two yards and a touchdown on a pass against Princeton), Mitchell was carefully overseen by Army, which put two men on him the whole afternoon, and put them on him so hard that twice he dropped the ball on his thirty-yard line. Twice, too, after he dropped it, Army had a touchdown—and there went *that* ball game (Army 14, Rutgers 9). Mitchell, I believe, will rise from these extremely temporary ashes, and so will Rutgers; it will *have* to, now that—for a not very distant future—it has ambitiously booked both Cornell and Navy. Colgate's Burton will also rise from the attentions Princeton paid him; because he was deemed to be Colgate's only real ballcarrier, the loneliness of this long-distance runner, who prefers to rely on guile rather than blocking, was frequently interrupted by the simultaneous descent upon him of five Princetonians. Zimmerman, who quarterbacks for Harvard, seems more skillful at escaping such avalanches, and so does Beard, who does the thinking for Dartmouth. We'll find out which of these two is better at it this Saturday in Cambridge.

As for West Point, the ragged rabble of an army that worked its way through the Maine wilderness to Quebec (that was part of a much, much older rivalry) was the equivalent of what Army fielded at New Brunswick—a team in which sophomores and B Squad men prevailed. And Army is still looking for a first-string quarterback. Yale has one, Dowling, but he is sitting out matches with an insufficient leg. His understudy, Doherty, had fun (Yale 44, Columbia 21) last Saturday; Domres, filling in for Ballantine in the Columbia backfield (uneasy lie a lot of heads that wear the crown this year), had less fun but a modicum of success. Navy, rising from *its* ashes to beat Pittsburgh, 24–7, showed Army, which meets Pittsburgh on Saturday, how to do it (intercept passes). Pennsylvania, which had thought it had rather more of everything than it has had for some years, came to a sudden halt, losing, 28–21, to Bucknell, but then Bucknell was acting like the Bucknell of decades ago, when, shipping out such acts as the Trapnell Brothers, it was a welcome filling station for the Army varsity.

—J. W. L.

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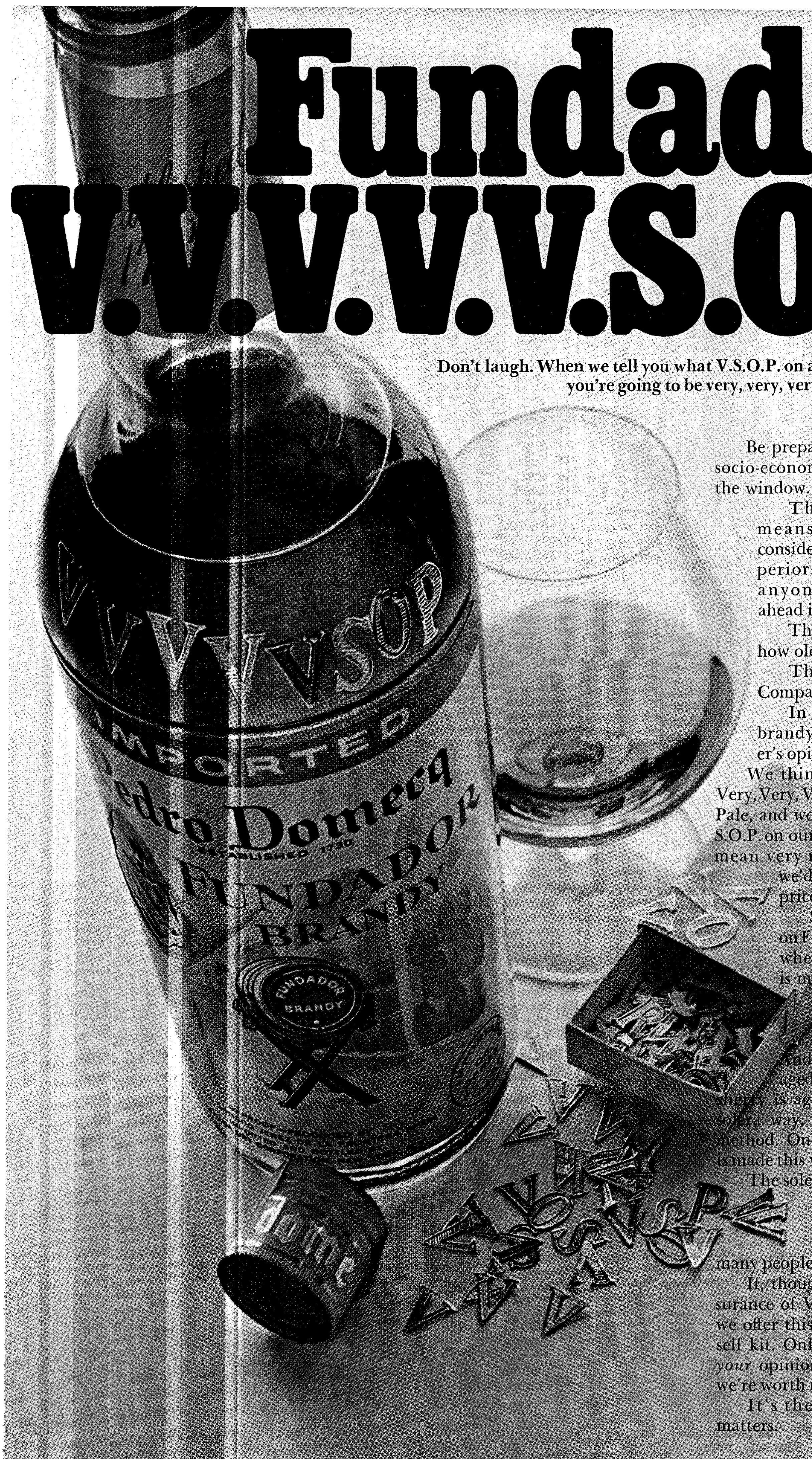

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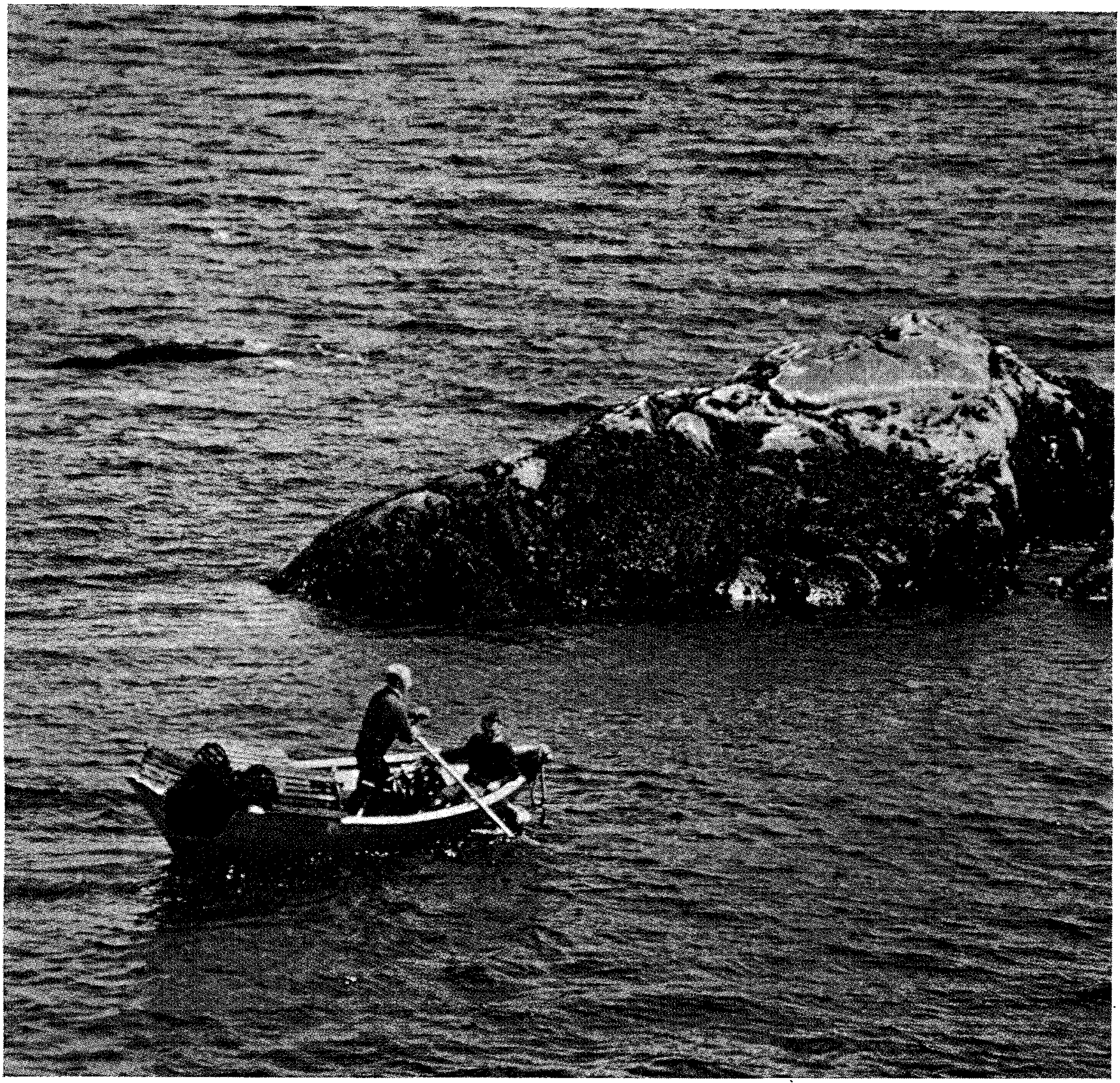

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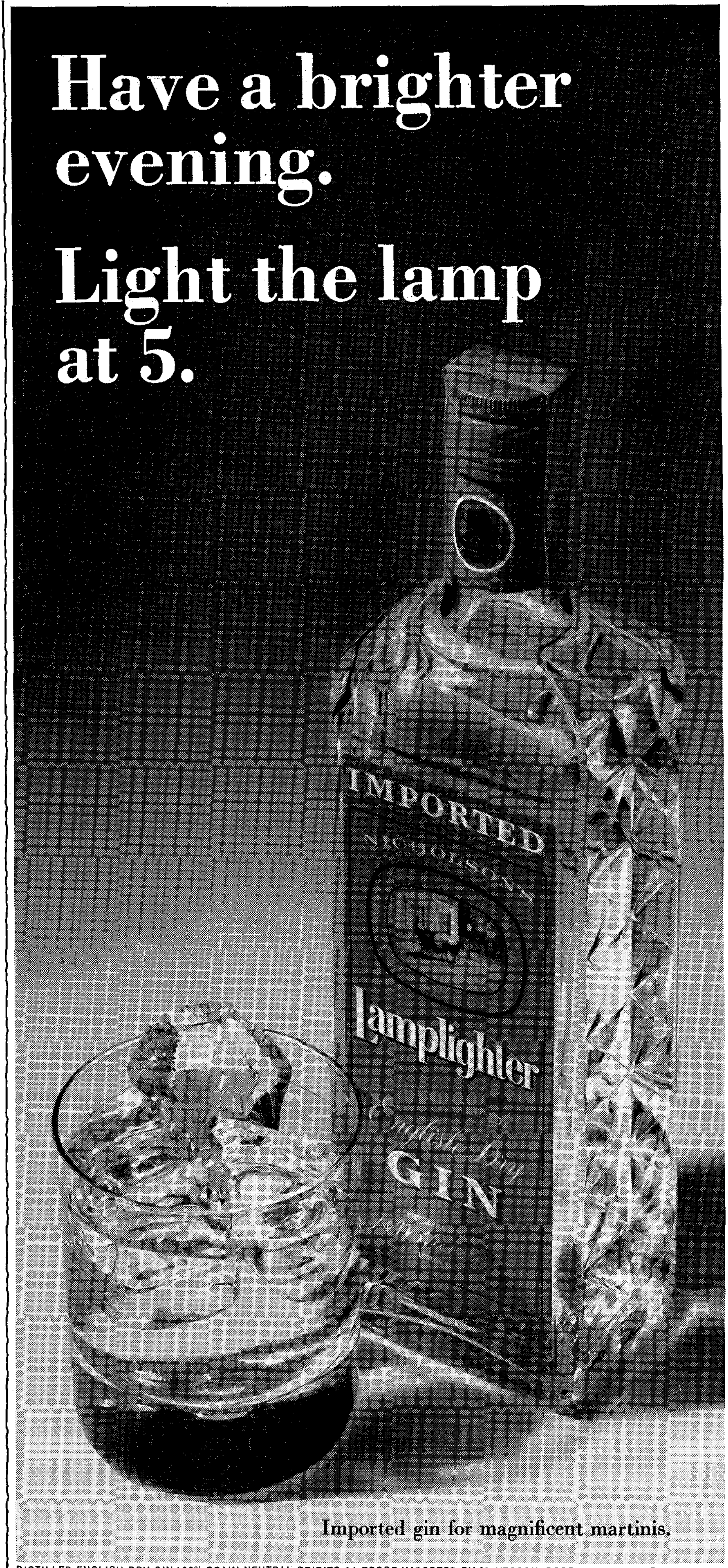
THE ART GALLERIES

Monument

DAVID SMITH, the contemporary constructivist sculptor who is now the subject of a small but extremely handsome memorial exhibition at the Fogg Museum, in Cambridge, was killed in a motorcar accident near Bennington, Vermont, in May of 1965, and there can be no question but that his death was a major loss to American art. Although he was fifty-nine at the time, most observers, including me, felt that he was only on the threshold of his most important achievements, that he was on the verge of accomplishing a major synthesis of his related but often disconnected achievements in the past. For Smith was a man of restless and prodigious energy. His life was threaded through with this quality, and it figured, I think, in the manner of his death. A big, husky, hefty, dark-haired man, but very mild of manner and amazingly precise and deft in his movements, he was one of those people who delight in drawing on their resources to the utmost, even to the point of boasting a little about it. I was a friend of his from the mid-nineteen-forties onward, and I lived midway between New York City and his place in the hills above Bolton Landing, on Lake George. He was doing a good deal of driving back and forth, and it got to be a fairly routine thing for him to drop in about midnight for a drink or a cup of coffee and a half hour of talk before facing up to the two to three hours that remained of his trip home. Late enough, one would think, for a normal human being to be getting to bed, especially after five hours on the road, and at night. Even then, my wife and I worried about him. But he would have nothing to do with such notions. When he got home, he usually said (sometimes, I thought, in an overly casual manner), he was figuring on firing up his forge and doing a couple of hours' work before turning in; he had had some ideas on the way up that he wanted to fuss with. I bring in all this reminiscence because the circumstances behind the man's death, alone and late at night, are a mystery, and there was a widespread assumption that he had been drinking. This I can't be-



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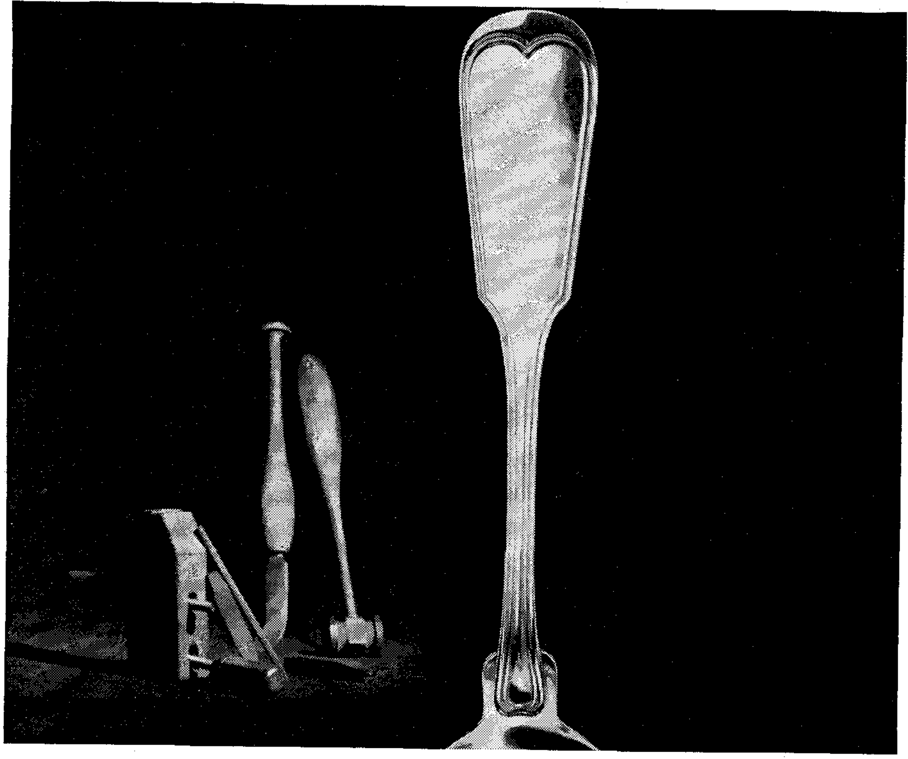
lieve, for, like many men of his sort, he had far too much innate energy ever to need much drink. My sad, sorry feeling is that he had just pushed himself too far, that one time, testing his resources, and that he fell asleep at the wheel.

There is one thing the show might be faulted on, in that it fails to reflect, except indirectly, the ebullience of Smith's inventiveness and his consequently profligate productivity. Yet it is hard to see how these might have been conveyed without altering the whole scale, scope, and atmosphere of the enterprise, which was obviously put together with a quite different end in view. As it is, the collection is almost parsimoniously small (only twenty-one pieces to cover thirty-two years, from 1933 until his death), and the meagreness of the array is put in sharper focus when one learns that in the same period he produced five hundred and forty-four known pieces of sculpture, plus half as many more, no doubt, that are still stuck away somewhere or have been destroyed. But (and this is what one gets if one starts cavilling) Smith himself was remarkably parsimonious as an exhibitor. As the wholly excellent catalogue introduction points out, hardly more than a handful of his works have been publicly shown; the great majority were piled pell-mell in his capacious basement or in the corners of his workshop, or, if they were too large for that, scattered at random upon pedestals on the sloping fields around his house. So it may be that Smith, so selective himself, would have approved such an exhibition as this, held so firmly to the choicest and most significant items of his over-all production. Not all the inclusions are complete successes, to be sure. There are three or four partial failures, but even these help to demonstrate the ways in which Smith grappled with his subjects and to illustrate his main preoccupations. One such example is the clumsily literal "Cello Player," while in "Interior for Exterior," where he gets tangled up with such details as a lamp, a fireplace with billowing smoke, a table, and even a key in a lock (all caught awkwardly between the abstract and the figurative), one finds him involved in that endless struggle of so many modern sculptors to enlarge their art to encompass the time-honored subject matter of painting. Smith had more reason than most of them to immerse himself in this effort, for he began as a painter; for the first decade of his career his studies were in the medium, at the Art Students League and elsewhere, and, in

Once you had to inherit it



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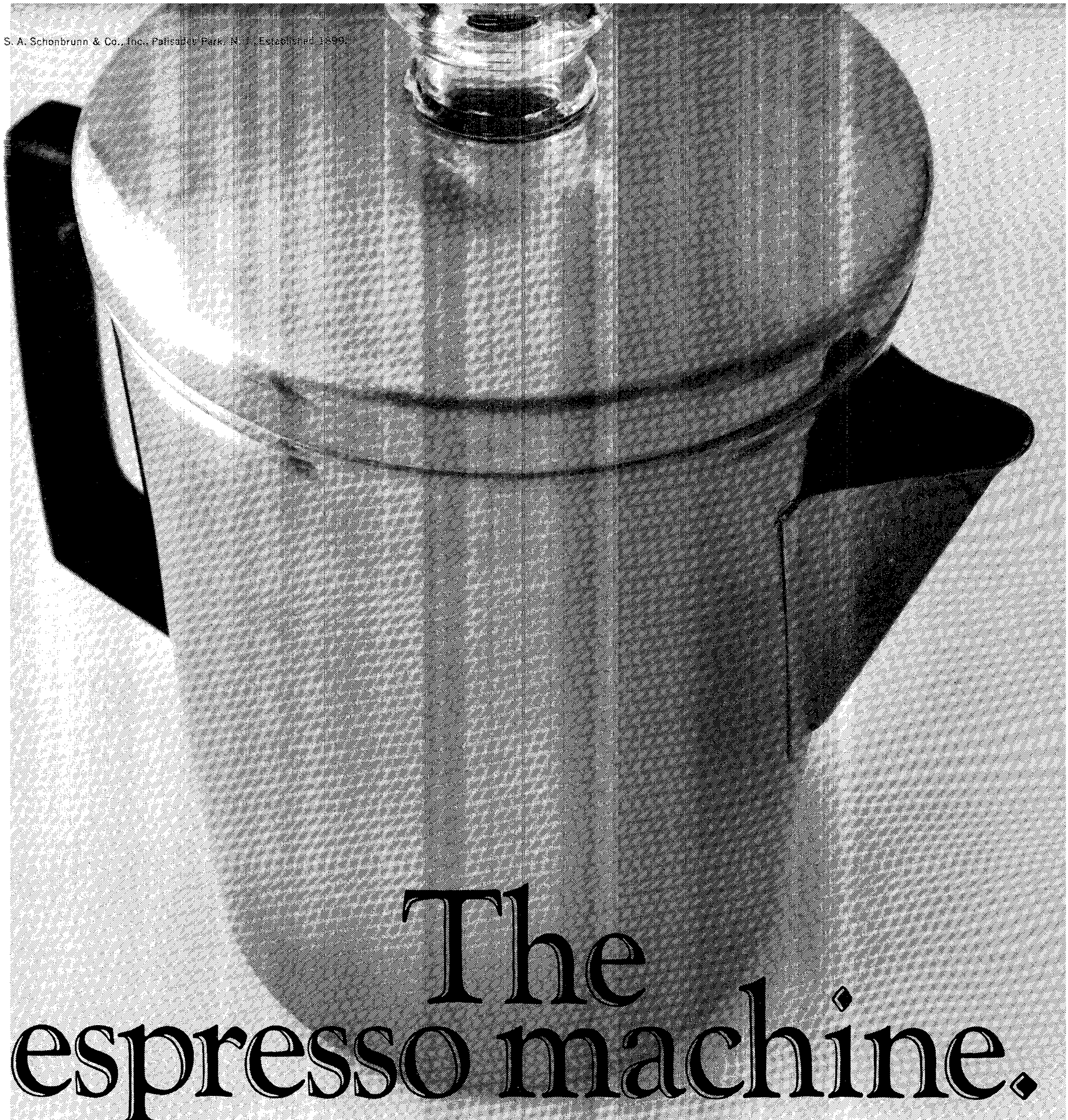

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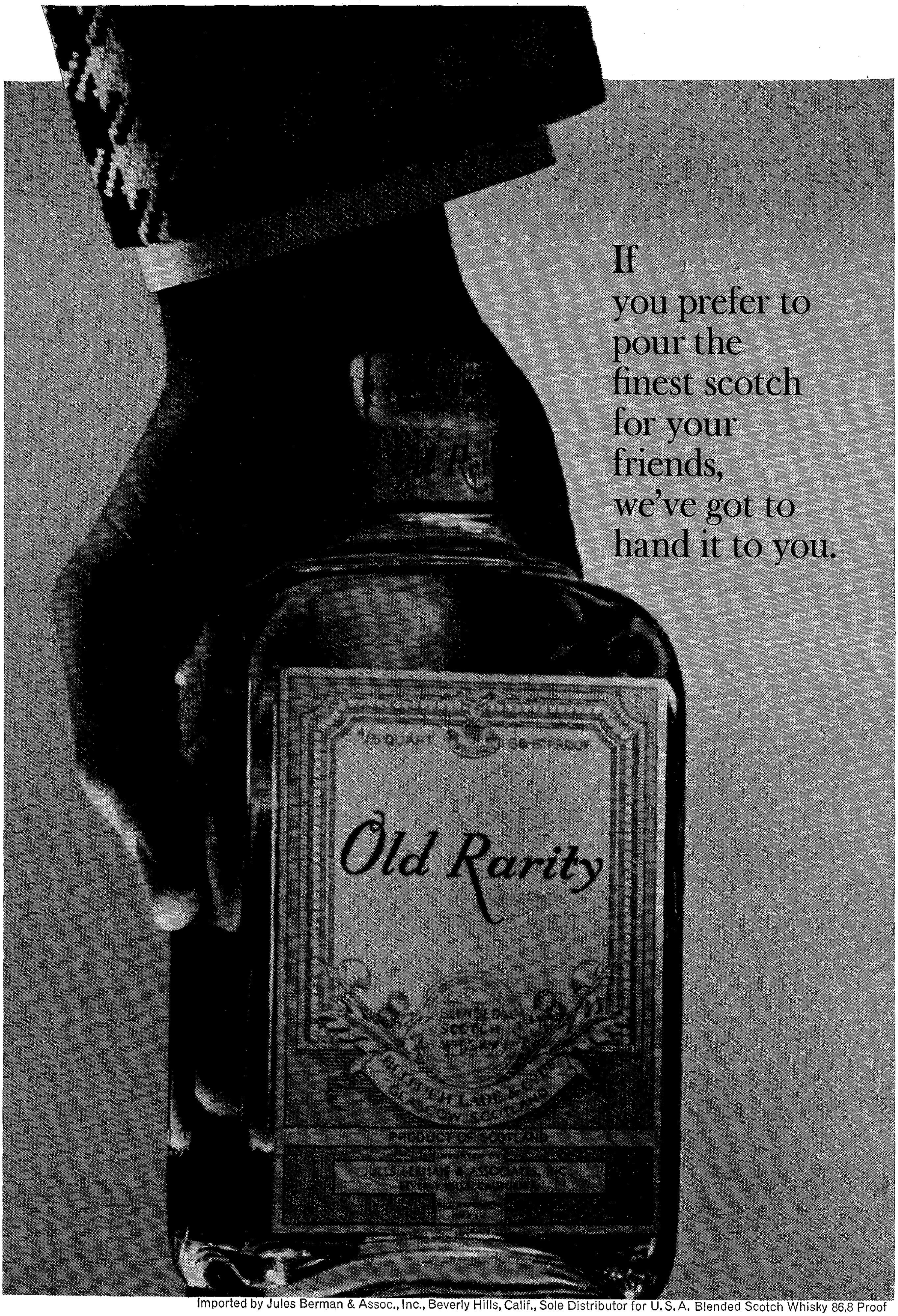
fact, pretty much up till his death his friends were largely men in that field, beginning with Stuart Davis, Arshile Gorky, and Willem de Kooning. It was not till the early thirties that he turned to sculpture, particularly in welded metals.

With this background, it seems only natural that painterly motives and mannerisms should appear in so much of his work. (See "Agricola II," one of a series that appears to me to embody landscape motifs, as well as "Helmholzian Landscapes," which includes another painterly suggestion, for it is done in polychrome.) Too, his persistent tendency toward predominantly linear design and his masterly handling of it (see the wonderfully cursive and beautifully balanced skeletal "Australia," and "Timeless Clock," with its dangling pendulum, and the whimsically bonneted and bustled "Running Daughter") are related to that same pictorial motivation. It is interesting to note that Smith never had any formal instruction in the techniques of sculpture, welded or otherwise; his instructors were of a most unacademic sort, being the welders, riveters, and other metalworkers in a Brooklyn boiler shop, where he rented a corner of the floor space and the use of the machinery. This was in 1934, and it was a major break for him, since it not only provided him with ample room and copious mechanical equipment but offered just the sort of working atmosphere he delighted in. (He showed his gratitude later by calling his place at the Landing the Terminal Iron Works, the name of the firm, and one of his finest pieces, unfortunately not in the show, is "Blackburn—Song of an Irish Blacksmith," after one of the owners of the plant.)

In a sense, then, Smith developed his approach to the art of manipulating welded metal to form sculpture entirely on his own. He was apparently the first man in this country to work in that medium, and though he had a few European influences, notably Picasso, the wonder is how unerringly he recognized its problems, how decisively he solved them, and how rapidly he began producing pieces whose grace and fluency of line and poetry of treatment belie the fact that they are formed of such basically intractable materials as steel, bronze, and iron (see the soaring "Lunar Arcs on One Leg," and never mind the silly title), while in his last works, pieces like "Voltri XII" and "Stainless Steel Planes," he showed himself capable of the truest sort of monumentality.—ROBERT M. COATES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FIRST BOAT TO KING ISLAND

THE Eskimos were waiting for us on the beach just beyond the boulder breakwater on the eastern outskirts of Nome. It was six o'clock in the evening, but the June sun was still high in the sky and the air was almost warm. Offshore a mile or two, the ice that had moved out in the night was white and clear on the horizon. We said goodbye to the friend who had driven us out from town, and unloaded our gear—boxes of food, seabags, sleeping bags, a portable Coleman stove, some photographic equipment—and carried it across the road and down the embankment and onto the beach. The beach was steep and stony, with dirty snow in the hollows and a heavy crust of ice at the edge of the water. The *umiak* was moored to the ice. It was an open dory made of walrus hide stretched over a wooden frame, and it looked to be about thirty feet long. The Eskimos—three men, three women, and three teen-age boys—were loading the boat from a pile of boxes and bundles and gasoline tins and oil drums and oars and ice lances and boat hooks and rifles. I counted a dozen rifles in the pile, and there were others already stacked in the bow of the boat. The Eskimos were King Island Eskimos. Their native place was a little island in the Bering Sea about a hundred miles northwest of Nome. They had spent the winter in Nome, and now that the ice was breaking up they were going back to King Island to take supplies to their friends and relatives there, to hunt for seal and walrus, and to collect for sale on the mainland the walrus-ivory carvings that the islanders had made during the winter. My companions—John Fuller, a teacher in a school for Eskimo children run by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and Joseph Rychetnik, an outdoor photographer and a former Alaska state trooper—and I had arranged to go with them. Their boat would be the first to visit King Island since the ice had closed in last fall.

The Eskimos watched us coming down the beach. Some of them smiled, and one of the men waved. They all wore parkas with the hoods thrown back and dungarees, and most of them wore sealskin mukluk boots. The women wore flowered-cotton Mother Hubbards over their parkas. Two of the women, two of the boys, and one of the men wore glasses. The man who had waved came up to meet us. He was the boat captain, and his name was Vincent Kunnuk.

"No more to do," he said. "Everything is ready. We only wait for the old man."

Fuller nodded. He seemed to know what Kunnuk meant.

Kunnuk looked at me. "The old man has the experience," he said. "There is always an old man on a boat. He knows the weather and everything about the ice."

"I'm glad to hear it," Rychetnik said. "I made one patrol to King Island when I was on the police, and I got stuck there for over a week."

"I wonder if I know the old man," Fuller said.

"May be," Kunnuk said. "He is Pikonganna—Aloysius Pikonganna."

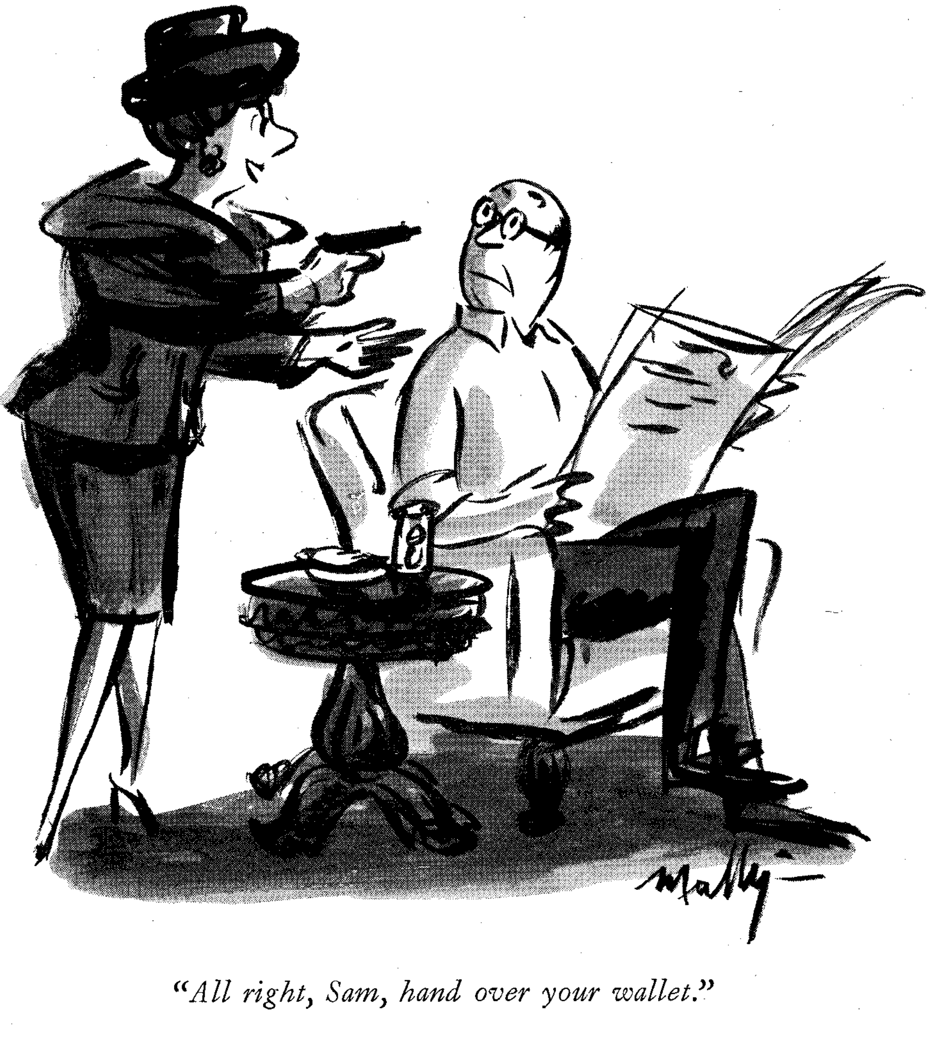
"Aloysius, eh?" Fuller said. "Good. Real good."

Kunnuk went back to the boat. We followed him down with our gear, and he showed us where to stow it. The boat was powered by two outboard motors—one at the stern and the other hung in a well a few feet forward. Two motors were no more than enough. They would have a lot of weight to move. The boat held nothing yet except gear, but it already sat low in the water. There wasn't much more than a foot of freeboard left.

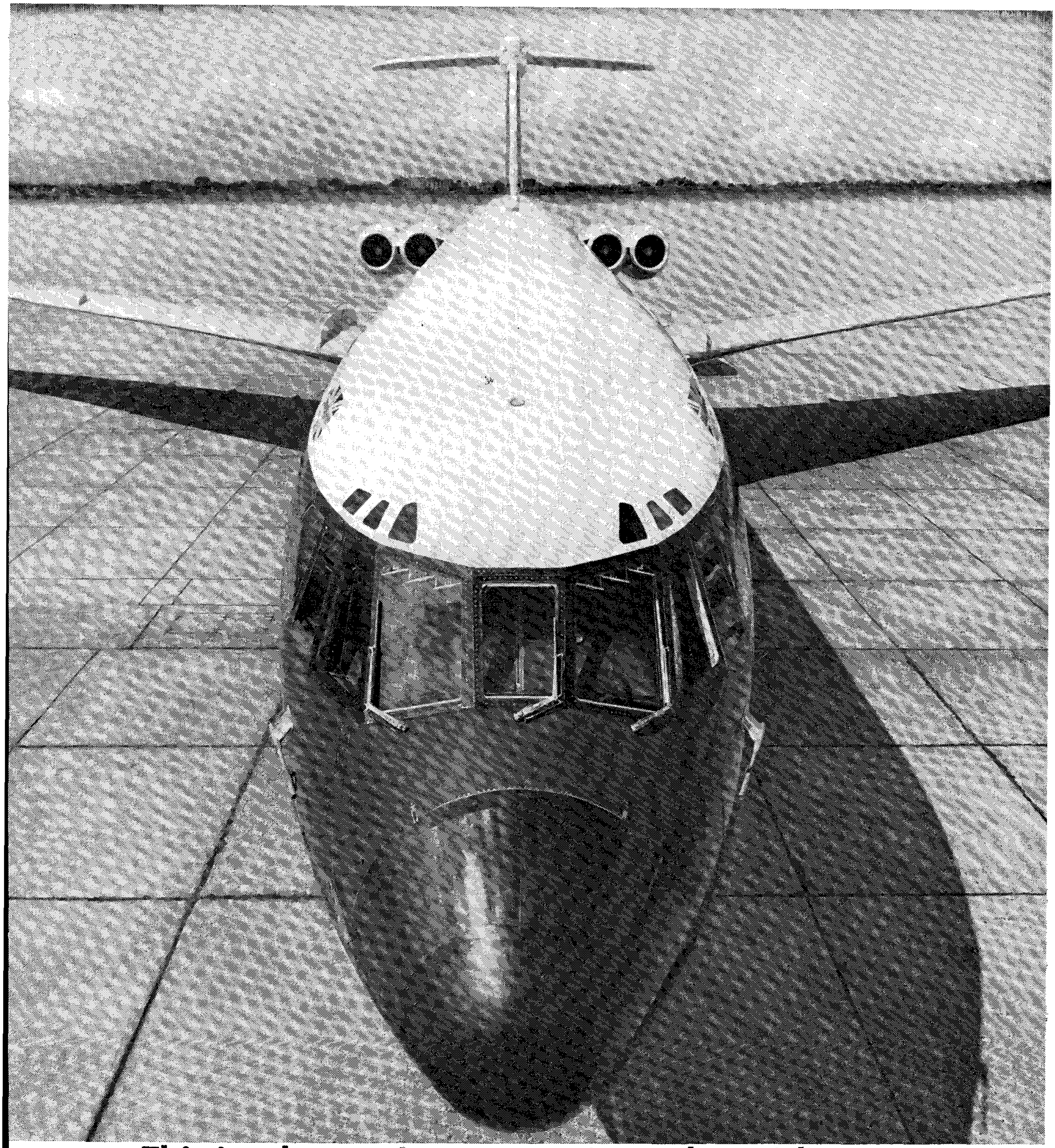
A car stopped up on the road. The door opened and a little man on crutches got out. He had a rifle slung across his back. He called out something in Eskimo—a string of purrs and a sudden bark—and laughed and swung himself down the embankment.

"Now we go," Kunnuk said. "The old man is here. He goes on crutches all his life, but it makes no difference. He does everything a man can do."

THE sea was a deep, translucent green and as flat as a village pond. We moved slowly away from the beach with only the stern motor working. Kunnuk sat at the helm. He kept the motor throttled down until we were clear of the shoals and shallows along the shore. Then he nodded to the man at the well, and the second motor coughed and stuttered and came alive, and the shore began to slide away. I watched the beach flatten out



"All right, Sam, hand over your wallet."



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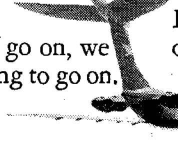

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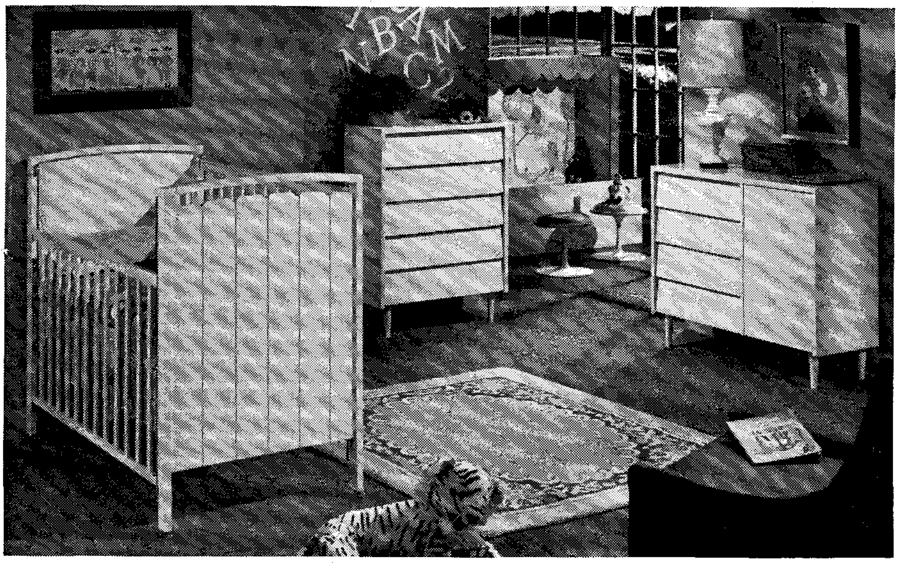

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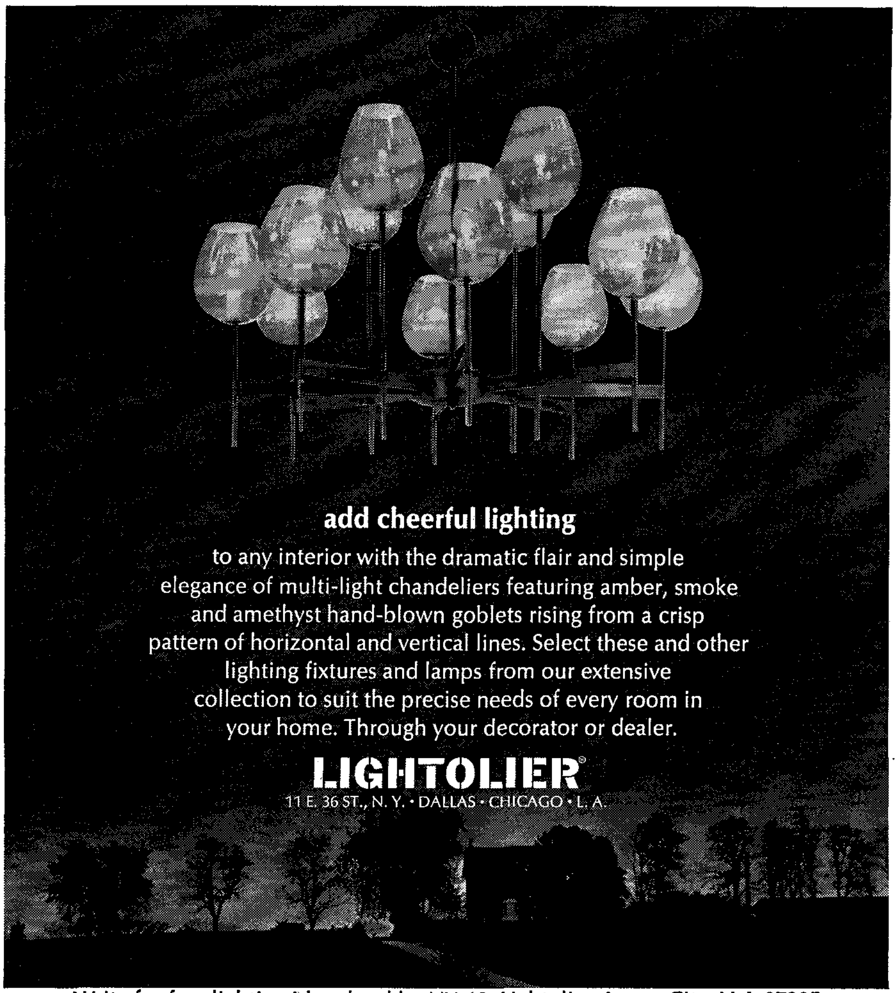

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and the tumbledown houses across the road shrink down behind the embankment and the big brown mountainous hills rise up in the distance. Snow still lay on the tops of the hills and in their sheltered folds. The boat cut heavily away to the right, heading generally west, between the shore and the ice floes out to sea. I felt a breath of cooler air.

Aloysius Pikonganna sat in the bow on a plank laid across the gunwales. He had a pair of binoculars on a strap around his neck and a toothpick between his teeth. Below him, huddled in the shelter of a canvas windbreak, were the three women and the youngest boy. The boy wore a little pale-blue souvenir fedora, and on the front of the crown was a crayon scribble: "I want to hold your hand." The other boys were packed in the stern with Kunnuk and the other men. Fuller, Rychetnik, and I sat amidships with the jumble of gear. I had a few inches of thwart to sit on and the iron curve of a fifty-gallon oil drum to rest my back against. Fuller was perched on the corner of an open box of pots and pans, and Rychetnik was sunk among his photographic equipment. But we were thickly padded with clothes. Rychetnik and I had on Bean hunting boots and two pairs of socks and Air Force survival pants and Eddie Bauer down-lined jackets over two heavy shirts and thermal underwear. Fuller wore an Eskimo uniform—fur parka, fur pants, and mukluk boots. He shifted on his box, and looked at me.

"Comfortable?" he asked.

"I'm fine," I said.

"I hope so," he said. "We've got at least fourteen hours of this ahead of us, you know."

"How about you?" I said.

"I'm O.K.," he said. "Besides, I'm used to it. This is just the way these cats are. They've always got room for one more."

"Just relax and enjoy it," Rychetnik said. "Be like me."

Pikonganna looked over his shoulder and raised a warning hand. There were ice floes in the sea ahead. The boat slowed down. Kunnuk stood up in the stern with his hand on the tiller and watched the drifting ice. Some of the floes were eight or ten feet in diameter, and some were twenty or thirty or fifty or more. All of them were four or five feet thick, but their edges were deeply undercut and they all were raddled with pools and puddles. We picked our way among them. A file of big black-and-white eider ducks came over the horizon. I watched them beat-

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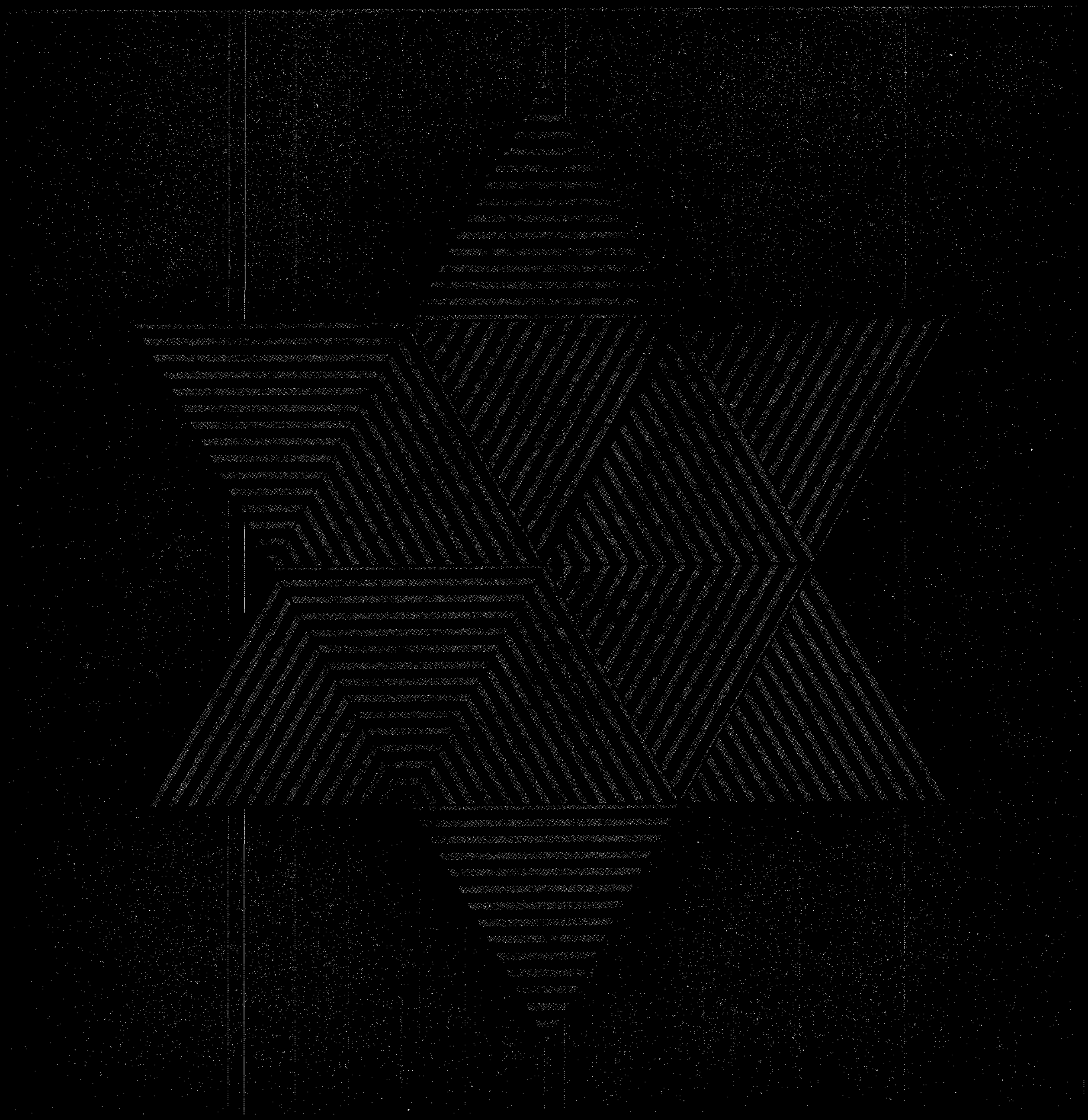

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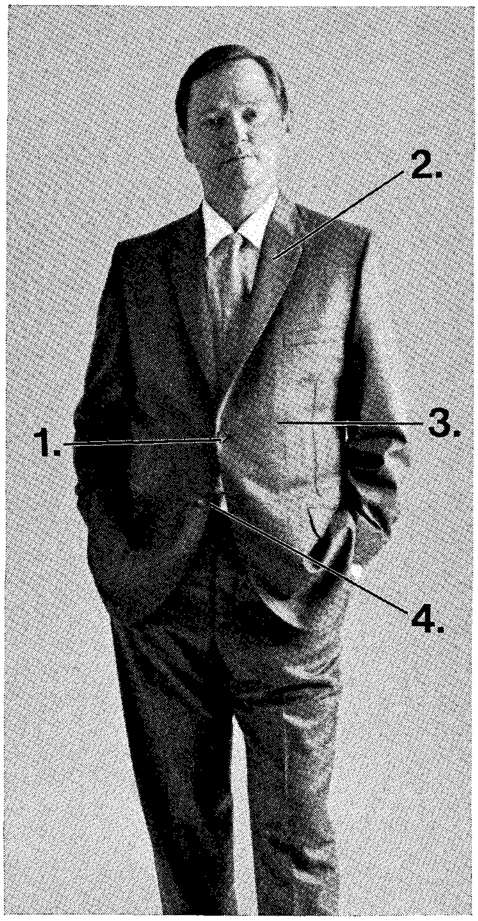

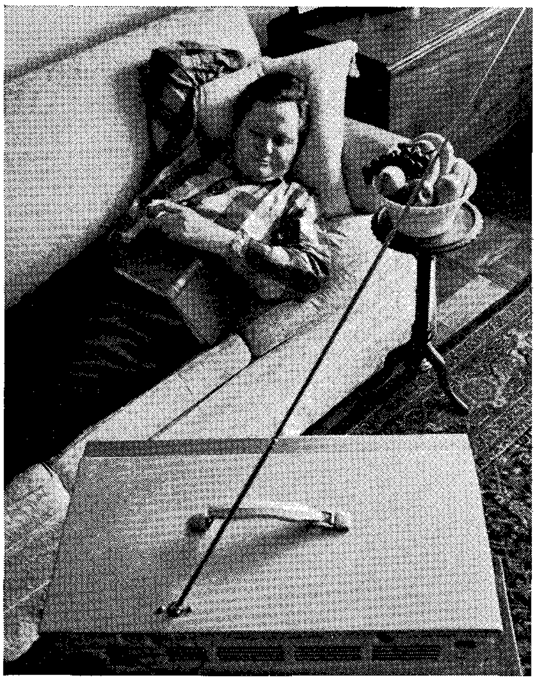

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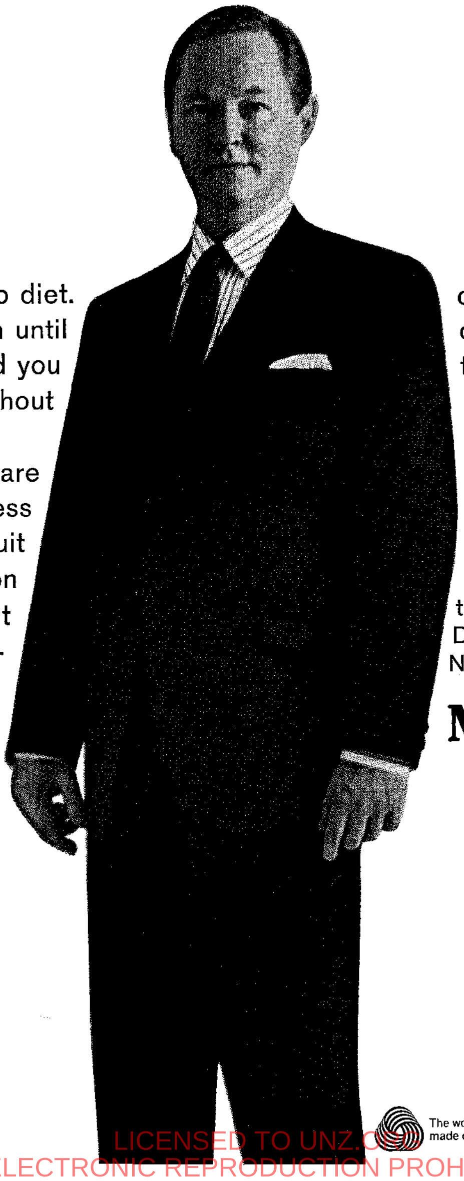

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The wool mark is awarded to quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . Pure Virgin Wool ing slowly along just clear of the water—and a dark shape moved on a floe far off to the left. It could only be a seal. One of the Eskimos let out a yell and grabbed up a rifle. But the seal was already gone. The Eskimo laughed and pulled the trigger anyway. The bullet whined away across the ice.

We came out from among the drifting floes and into a stretch of green open water. The boat began to move again. But after about ten minutes Pikonganna held up his hand again. There was more ice ahead. Everything in front of us was ice. The sea was a plain of shifting floes for as far as I could see. Kunnuk cut the motors, and we drifted up to the flank of one of the big floes. One of the men took a lance and chipped away the treacherous overhang and then jumped out on the floe. Pikonganna tossed him a line, and he stuck his lance in the ice and knotted the line around it. Another Eskimo followed him and secured the stern of the boat with another line and lance. Kunnuk came forward.

"Now we wait," he said. "But the ice is moving. It will open up pretty soon." He stepped on the gunwale and onto the ice. "The women will make us some tea."

The women were already at work. They uncovered a Coleman stove and handed it out and set it up on the ice not far from the boat. While two of them got the stove started, the other woman got a teakettle and went off across the floe to a pool of melted ice. Rychetnik and Fuller and I stood on the ice, stamping the circulation back into our feet, and watched her fill the kettle from the pool.

"Do they make tea out of that?" I asked.

"Relax," Rychetnik said. "Saltwater ice isn't salty. The salt is expelled when salt water freezes. That's good water in that pool. I mean, it's fresh."

"It's potable," Fuller said. "Let's take a look at the ice. But be careful where you step. This rotten ice is full of potholes."

We walked down the floe. The ice was plainly moving. There was a lead of open water just ahead, and I could see that it was getting wider. The farther floe was pulling away in the grip of the tide. But the lead was still far from wide enough. I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past nine. Though the brightness had gone out of the sky, it was still full light. Everything was still fully visible—the hills and mountains on the mainland, a bread-loaf island in the distance, the drifting floes through which we had

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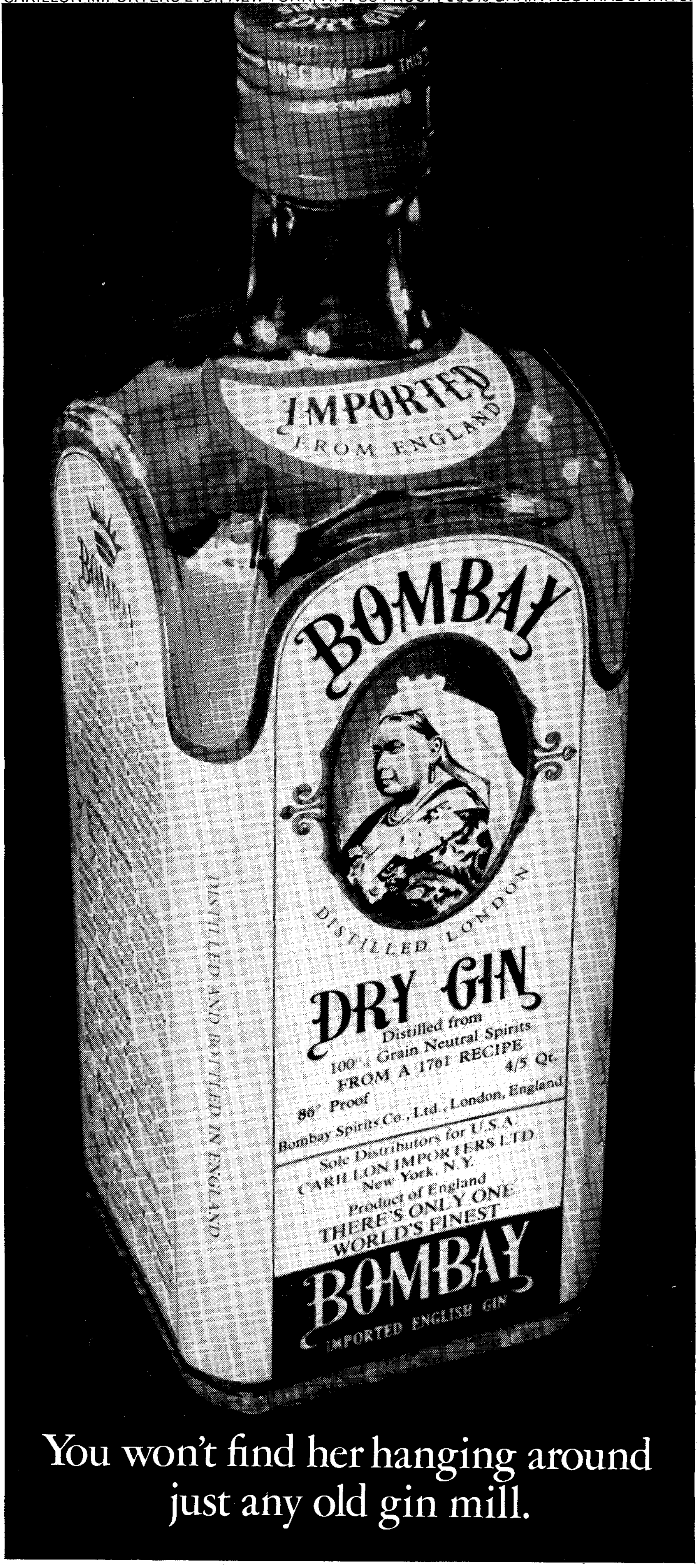
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come. But the sun had moved down behind the mountains in the north, and it was only there that the sky had color. Overhead, it was dirty white, like a snowstorm sky, and the sky on the southern horizon was a cold, slaty blue. The mountains stood against a glory of pink and green and yellow.

When we got back to the boat, the Eskimos were gathered around a tarpaulin in front of the stove. The tarpaulin was spread with food—a box of pilot crackers, a tin of butter, and a big square of whale blubber. The blubber looked like a block of cheese—pale-pink cheese with a thick black rind. We stopped at the boat and got a bag of sandwiches out of one of our boxes, and then joined the circle of Eskimos.

"It's moving, Vince," Fuller said. "It's opening up over there real fast."

"I know," Kunnuk said, and took a swallow of tea. "But we wait awhile. Have some tea." He spoke to the women in Eskimo, and picked up a fan-shaped knife with an ivory grip and cut off a slice of blubber. "Have some *muktuk*?"

Rychetnik smiled and shook his head.

"No, thanks, Vince," Fuller said. "Not right now."

Kunnuk laughed and looked at me. "This is the best *muktuk*—from the bullhead whale. Black *muktuk*."

I took the slice of *muktuk*. I sat down on the ice, and one of the women passed me a plastic cup of dark, steaming tea. I looked at the *muktuk*. The blubber didn't look like fat. It had a softer, more gelatinous look. I took a bite of it. It was very tender and almost tasteless. The only flavor was a very faint sweetness. There was one more bite of *muktuk* left. I ate it and washed it down with a gulp of tea. Then I opened my sandwich.

It was almost eleven o'clock when we finally left the floe. The sky was still bright pink behind the mountains. We moved along a crooked lead of open water on one throttled-down motor. The floe on the left was piled with shattered slabs of pressure ice, sometimes to a height of four or five feet. Every now and then, the ice would give a kind of moan, and a big slab would slide into the water and the boat would lurch. Two of the Eskimos stood at the gunwales with lances and pushed the floating ice away. Pikonganna was standing at his lookout post. He looked at his watch, and turned and said something to one of the women. She reached under a pile of quilts and brought out a little plastic radio. It came alive with a thunder of Russian. Then a screech of static. Then

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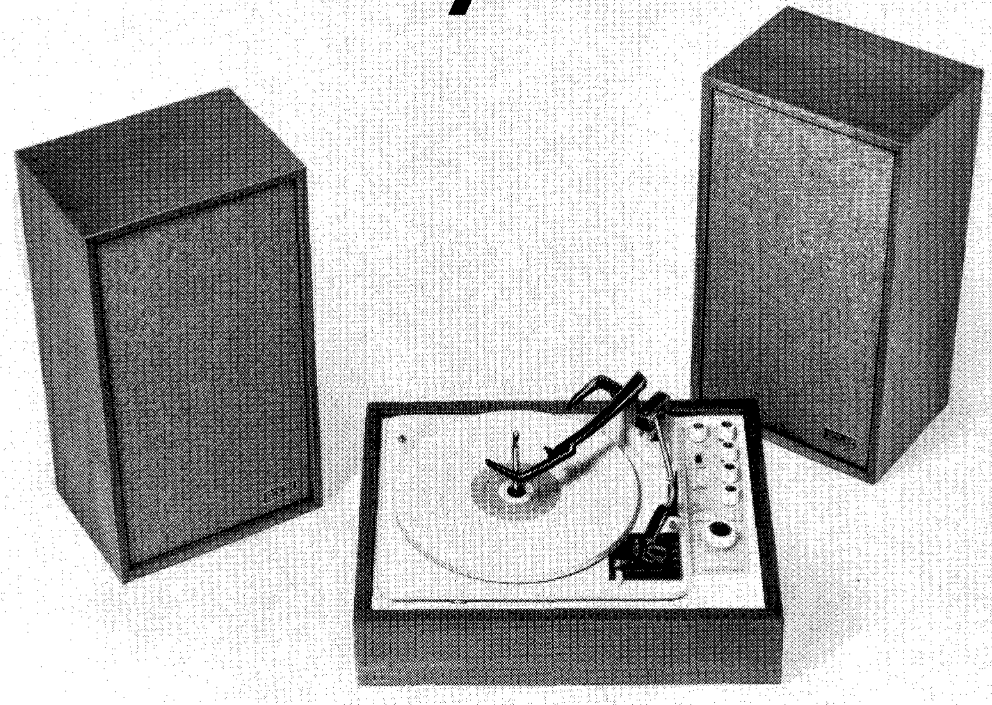

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a voice said, ". . . and partly cloudy tonight with widely scattered showers. Cloudy tomorrow. The present temperature in Nome is forty-two degrees." There was a moment of whistling silence, and then came the sound of guitars and a sob of Hawaiian music. The woman turned the radio off.

The lead began to broaden, and we were back in open water. The only big expanse of ice in sight was a shelf of anchored ice that stretched between the mainland and the distant bread-loaf island. Kunnuk came forward across the gear. He stepped over us and over the women and joined Pikonganna at the bow. They talked softly together for a couple of minutes. Then Kunnuk laughed and started back. He stopped where we sat, and balanced himself on the gunwale.

"The old man says we go around Sledge Island," he said. That was the bread-loaf island in the distance. "But after that—no sweat. No more ice."

I CAME out of a dull, uncomfortable doze. I was hunched against the flank of the oil drum, and I was stiff and cramped and cold. I sat up—and there was Sledge Island. It loomed hugely up no more than three hundred yards off the bow. There was a fringe of ice, a field of soggy snow, a rubble of boulders, and a brown grassy slope rising steeply to a brown grassy summit. My watch said five minutes to two. The sun was up from behind the mountains, but the sky was gray with cloud. We seemed to be making directly for the island. I looked at Fuller. Rychetnik was asleep face down between a seabag and a metal camera case, but Fuller was awake. He was sitting under the spread of his big parka hood, smoking a pipe.

"It looks like we're going to land," I said.

Fuller took the pipe out of his mouth. "Boat trouble," he said. "Vince says there's something wrong with one of the motors. He wants to stop and take a look at it."

Rychetnik sat up as we scraped alongside the shelf of anchored ice. "Hey," he said. "Where are we?"

"Sledge Island," I said.

"Sledge Island?" he said. "We're only at Sledge Island?"

"Relax," I said. "Relax and enjoy it."

When the boat was made fast, Kunnuk and one of the other men lifted the motor out of the well and began to take it apart. The trouble seemed to be in the feed line. I watched them for a minute. Then I followed the others

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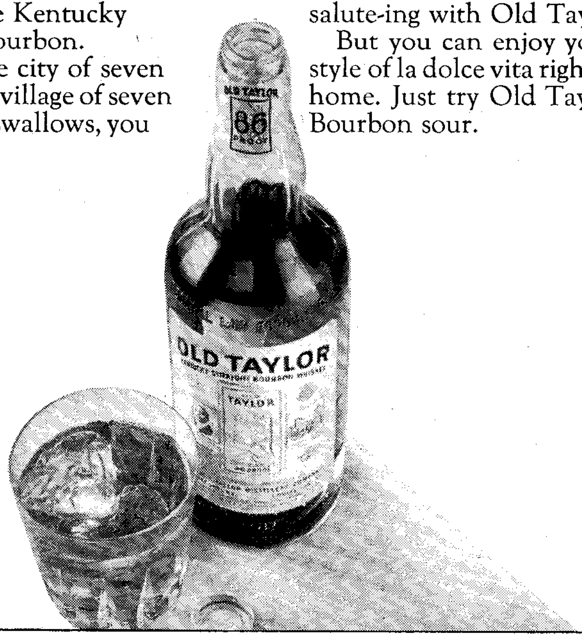

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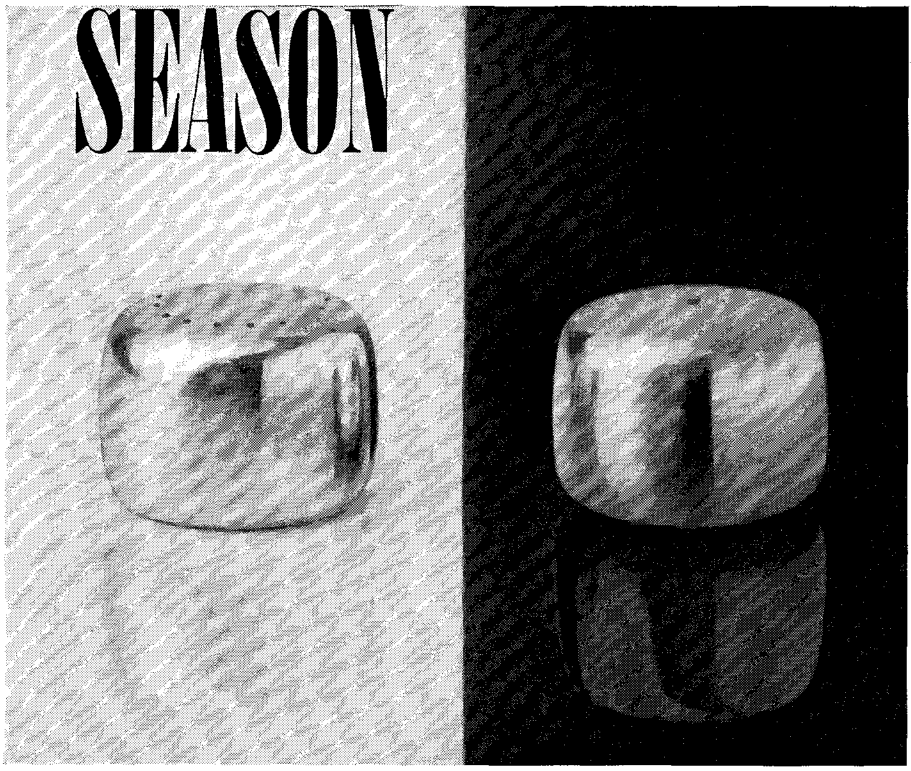

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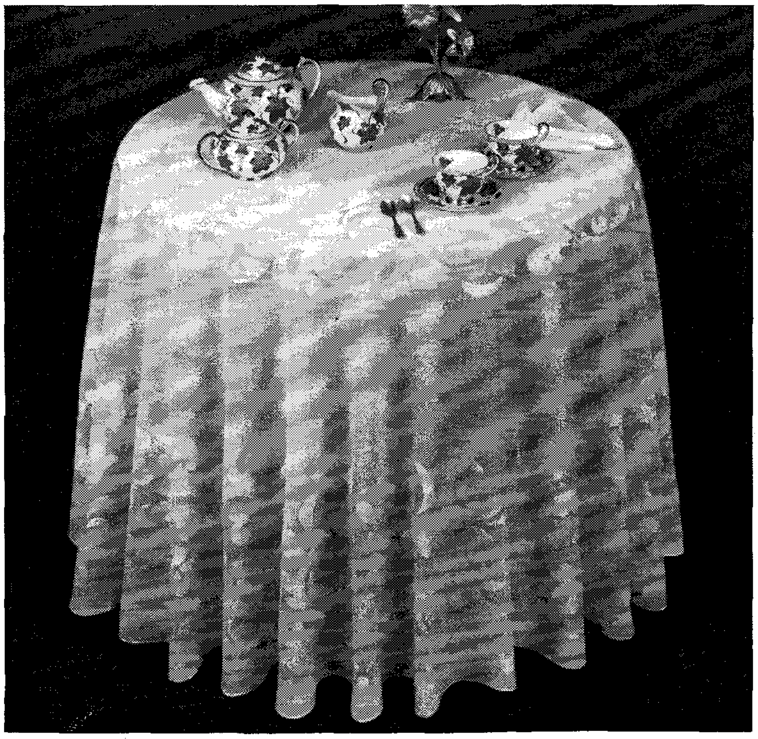

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through the field of snow to a ledge among the boulders, where the women had set up their stove. I sat down on a rock and gazed at them. They were boiling down snow for tea. I felt more than tired. I felt disoriented. The midnight daylight was confusing. After my sleep, it should have been morning. It gave me a very strange feeling.

Rychetnik touched me on the arm.

"Let's take our tea down the line a ways," he said. "Jack and I think it's time for a little depressant."

The idea of a drink at half past two in the morning was no stranger than anything else. I got up, and we sloshed through the snow to the sheltering lee of a boulder. Rychetnik handed each of us a little two-ounce bottle of Scotch, and we emptied them into our tea.

"It's better not to drink in front of the Eskimos," Rychetnik said. "It doesn't seem right unless you're going to pass the bottle around. And this is no place to do that."

"Good God, no," Fuller said. "I've lived and worked with Eskimos for quite a few years. As a matter of fact, I'm a first sergeant in the Eskimo Scouts. I know them and I love them. I really love them. Those cats have to have something to survive in this environment, and they've got it. They've got every virtue. They're honest—they're completely honest—and they're loyal and they're generous and they're brave and they're always in good spirits. Nothing bothers them. But they can't drink. When they do, they get drunk. And when they get drunk, they go wild—they go absolutely wild."

We left Sledge Island with both motors working. I settled back in my oil-drum seat and listened to their steady, synchronized growl. The sea beyond the island was all open water. The only ice was off to the north, along the mainland shore. But the weather had also changed. The overcast was heavier now, and the breeze had sharpened, and the sea had faded from green to gray. I felt a drop of rain.

One of the women turned and caught my eye and smiled. She pointed toward the shore, and held up four fingers.

"Four years ago, we stay there one week," she said. "Bad weather. Then we stay three days at Sledge Island. More bad weather." She smiled again. "Was very bad trip."

"It sounds bad," I said.

She pointed again toward the shore. "Is called Pinguk," she said, and turned away.

I felt more drops of rain. There was

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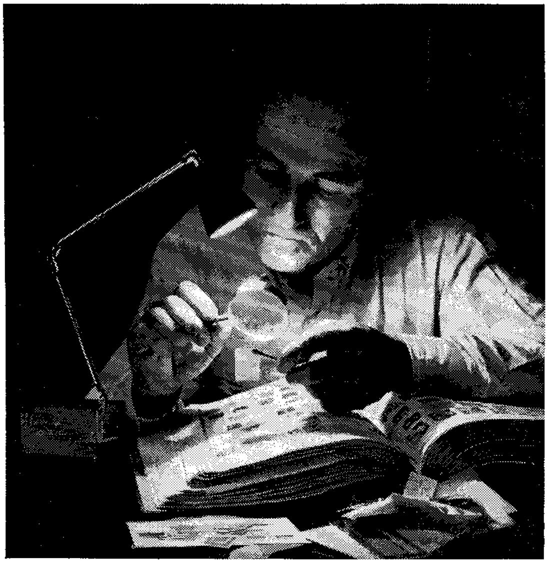

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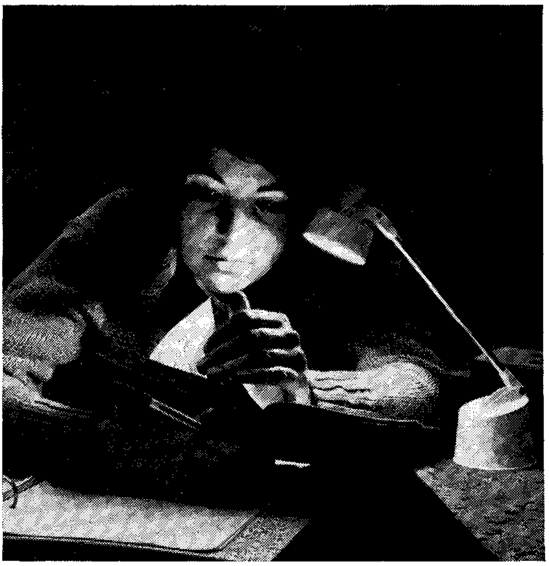

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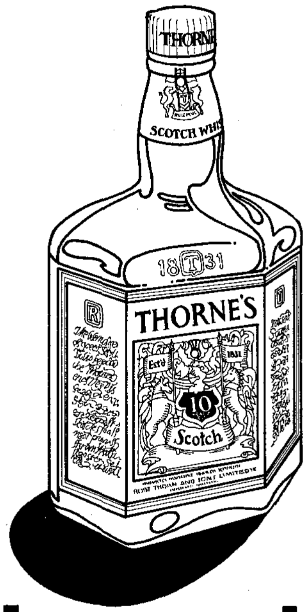

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a raincoat with a hood in my seabag. I felt around and found it and put it on and tied the hood under my chin. In the pocket was a pair of wool-lined rubber gloves, and I put them on, too. The rain burst into a spitting shower and then sank down to a long, cold drizzle. Rychetnik was asleep and snoring among his photographic gear, and Fuller sat humped on his box. Pikonganna stood on watch at the bow in a shiny translucent raincoat made of walrus intestines. I pulled up my legs and turned on my side and tried to fit myself against the curve of the oil drum. It wasn't very comfortable, but I was out of the wind and warm and dry. The last thing I remember was the rattle of the rain on my raincoat hood.

THE boat was reeling and rolling, and it lurched me wide awake. It was almost six o'clock. I sat up and hung on to the thwart. We were rolling in a heavy chop. Rychetnik was also sitting up. He sat with one hand on the gunwale, bracing himself. It was still raining, and everything looked strangely dark. But it wasn't the darkness of night. Then I realized—it was fog. The boat gave a sickening roll. We were running broadside to the wind and wallowing in the trough of the waves. Rychetnik looked at me and smiled and shook his head.

"This is getting kind of hairy," he said.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Aloysius says it's too rough to go on," he said. "Too rough and too foggy. We're turning around and heading in to shore."

Fuller leaned over my shoulder. "Too rough and too foggy and only one motor," he said. "That motor conked out again."

"I wonder where we are," I said.

Fuller shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "My guess is somewhere off Cape Woolley."

"Where is that?" I said.

"Nowhere," he said. "It's just a name on the map."

"I know Cape Woolley," Rychetnik said. "I was up along there on my first assignment as a trooper. It was right around this time of year, too. I flew up from Nome with a bush pilot. As a matter of fact, it was Gene Farland. Three Eskimos had got drunk in Nome and gone out fishing in a skin boat and never came back. My job was to try to find them. Somebody said they had headed up this coast, so we took off. We flew along just above the beach—and pretty soon there was the boat. It

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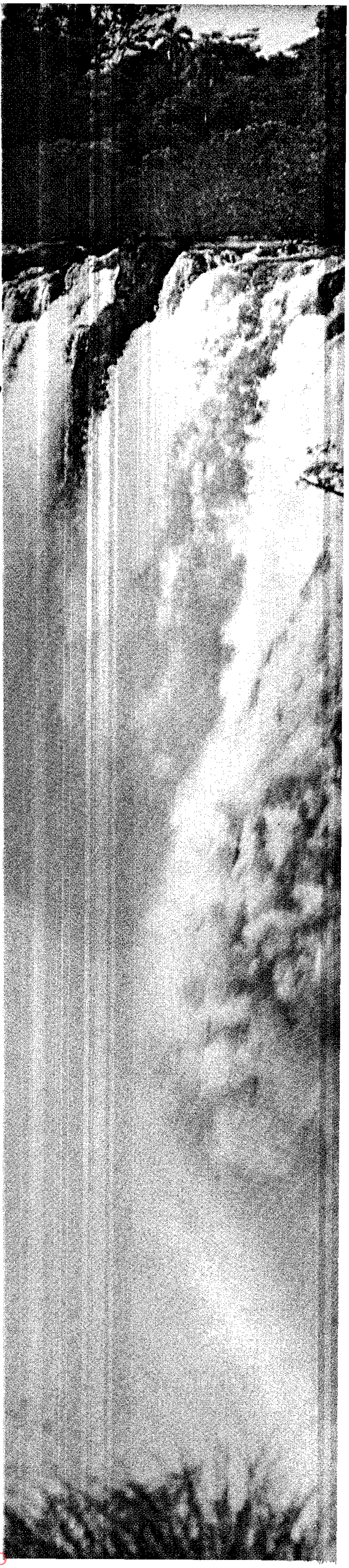

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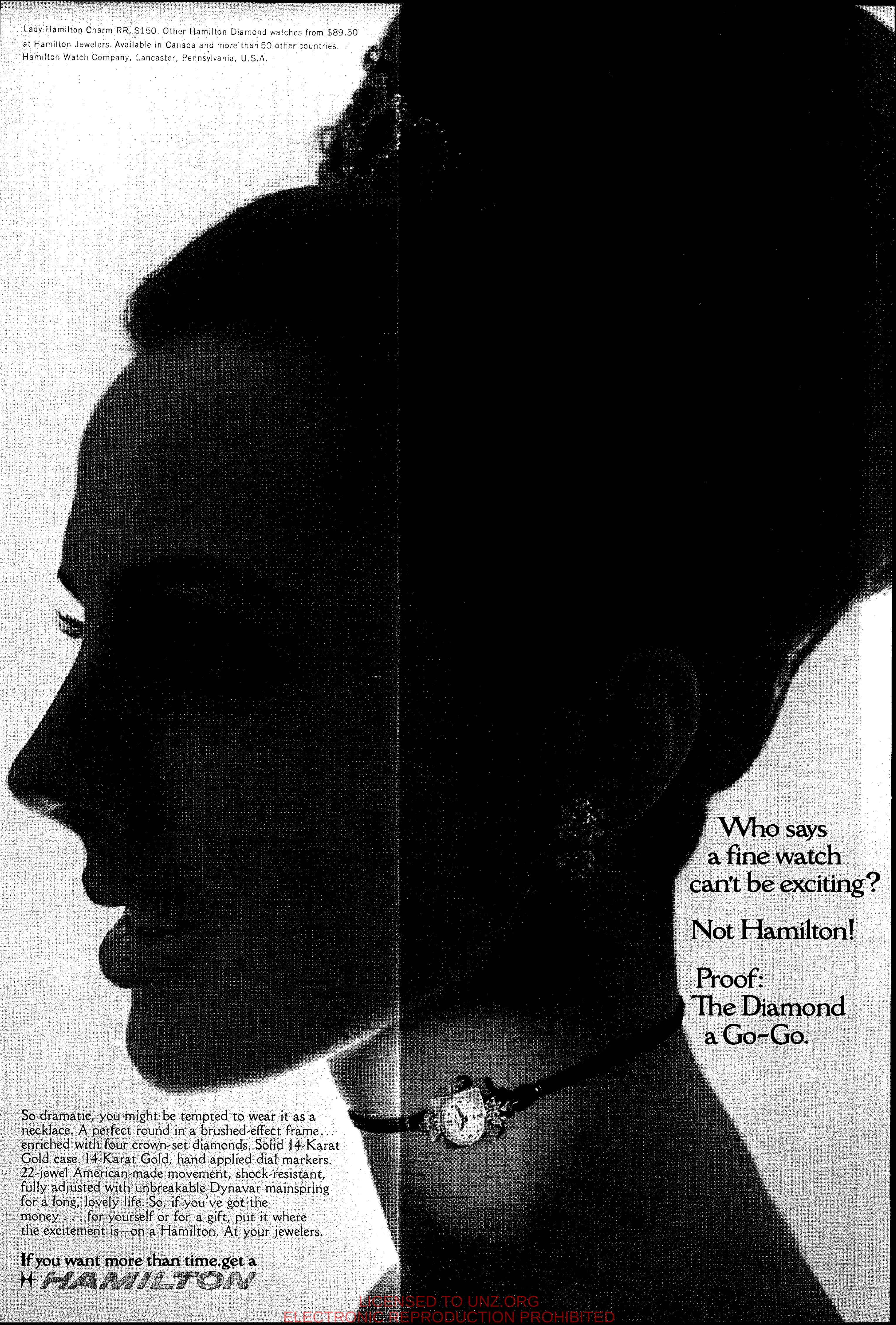
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was hanging up there in the driftwood. Then, a little farther on, we found the bodies. They weren't ten feet apart."

"What happened?" I said.

"There was a storm and they were drunk and the boat capsized and they went into the water," he said. "This is the Bering Sea. When you go into the water up here, that's the end of the story. You've had it."

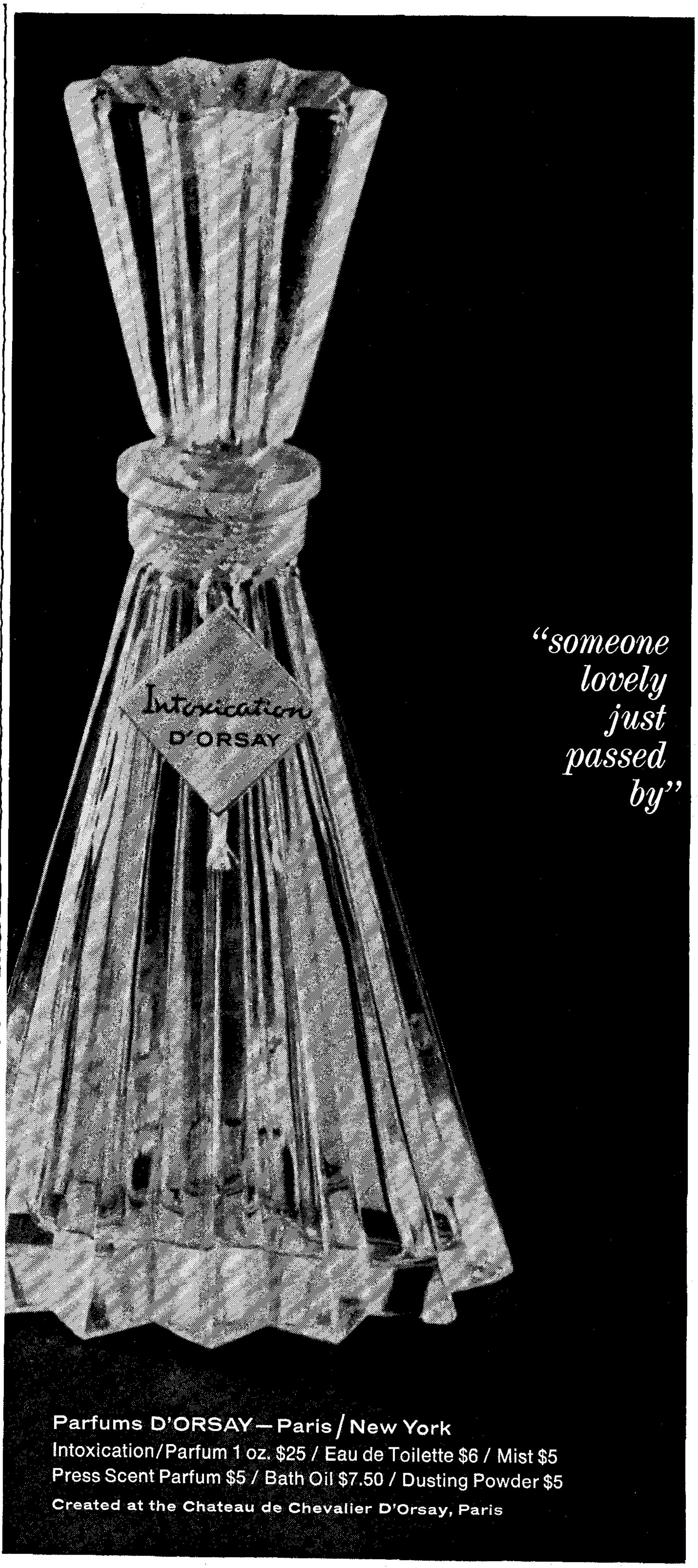
"I don't know whether you've noticed," Fuller said, "but there aren't any life preservers on this boat."

The boat began to come around. It rocked and slipped and lumbered into the wind. Now that we were out of the trough, the heavy rolling stopped, and the boat sat a little steadier, but the head wind held us down to a bumpy crawl. We bumped through the chop for about an hour. It was a queer, empty twilit hour. There was nothing to see but the boat and the blowing rain and a few hundred feet of wild gray water vanishing into fog. It gave me an uneasy feeling. It was frightening to think that only half an inch of walrus hide lay between us and the clutch of that glacial water. But I was too tired and cramped and cold to really think about it.

A sheet of white ice emerged from the fog. It was shore ice anchored to a point of land. We moved along the flank of the ice, and the fog began to thin. The wind was blowing in offshore gusts, and it tore the thinning fog away in sudden streaks and patches. Land appeared beyond the ice. There was a narrow beach piled high with driftwood, a low embankment, and then a misty reach of tundra. A rhythmic whistling sounded overhead. I twisted my head and looked. It was a string of twenty or thirty big, dark-headed ducks swinging out to sea. Their size and the whistling made them goldeneyes. They dropped and braked and settled down on the water.

Kunnuk and Pikonganna exchanged a couple of shouts, and we edged closer in to shore. The shore ice shelf was deeply undercut, and its surface was ravaged with cracks and potholes. But apparently it would do—or would have to do. We came alongside, lifting and falling in the chop, and two of the men leaned out and hacked away the flimsy overhang. Another man and one of the boys jumped out on the ice and held the boat fast with lines. Kunnuk came forward. His eyes were red, and his face looked drawn.

"Everybody out," he said. "This ice is no good. The old man says is too rotten to hold the boat. So we unload



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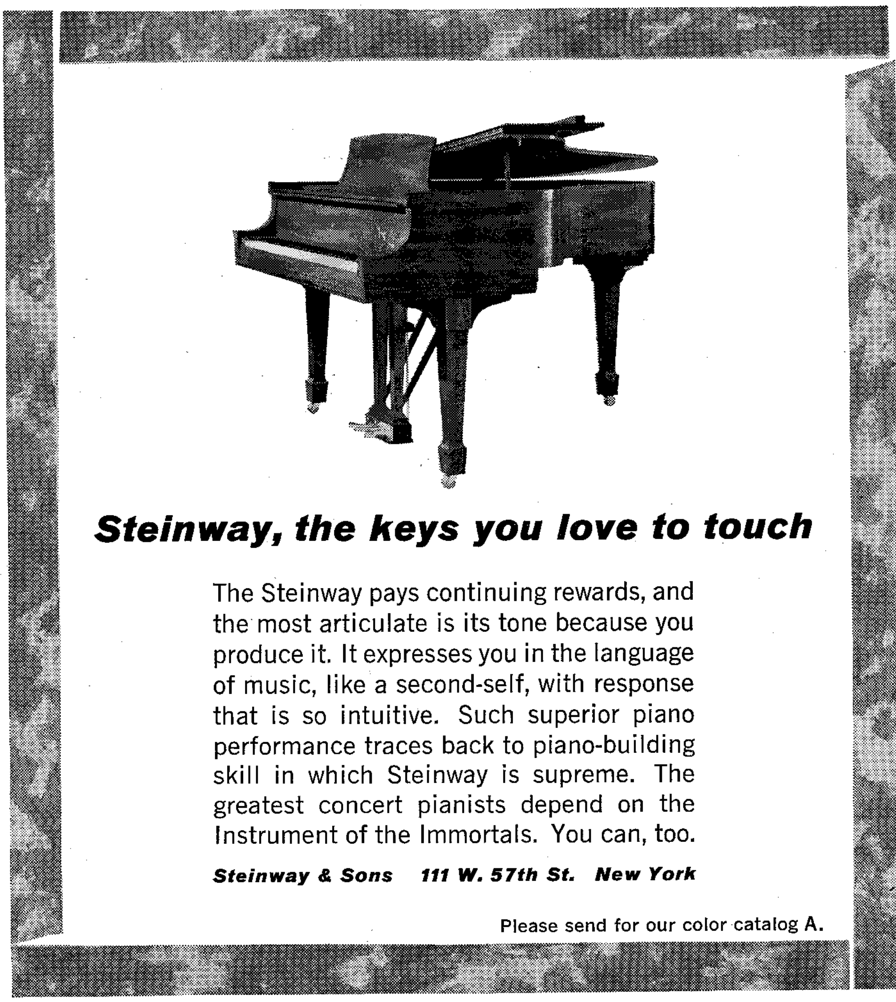

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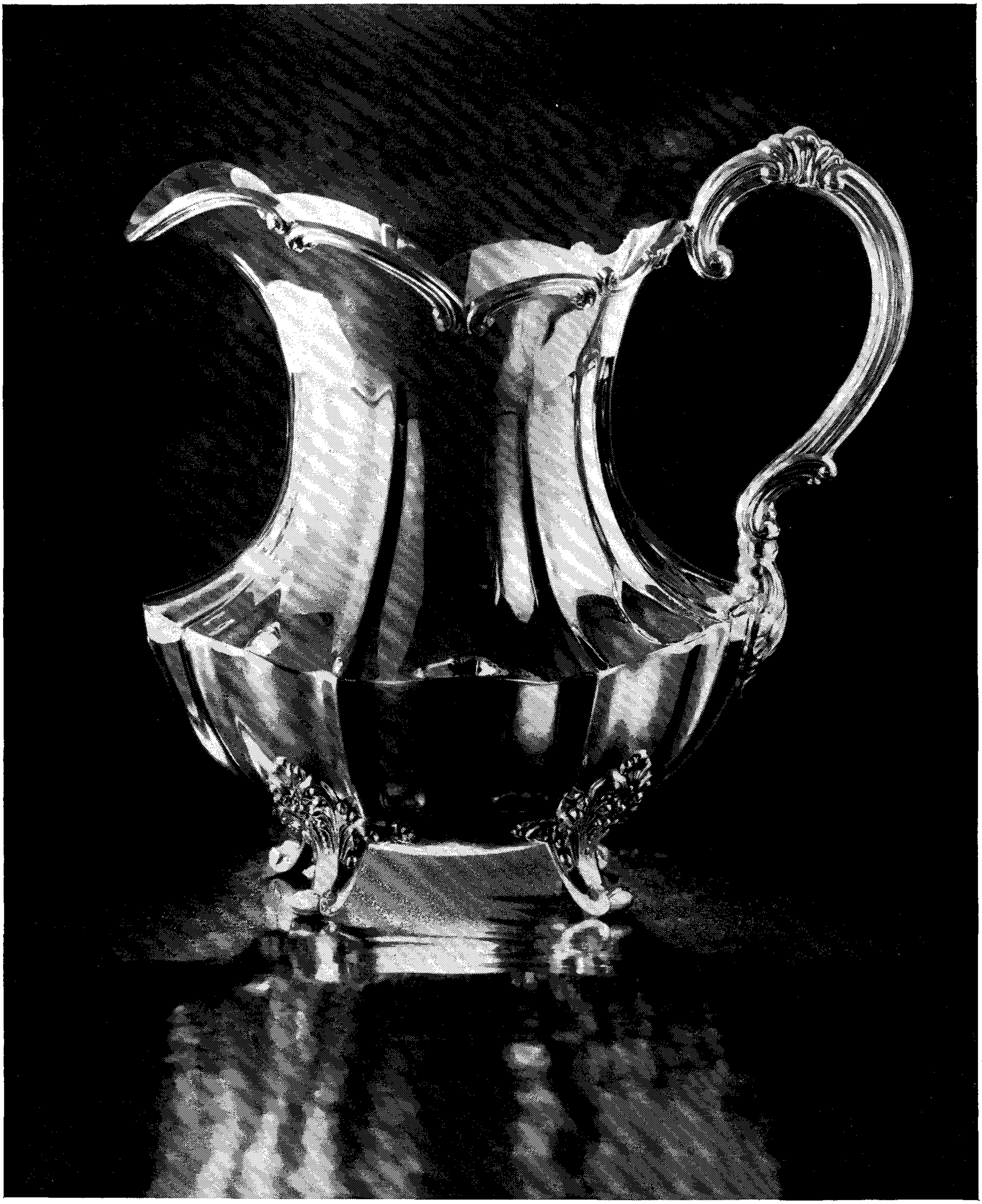
quick and get the boat up on the beach."

The man and the boy continued to hold the boat. The rest of us worked on the gear. We hauled the boxes and the bags and the cases and the rifles and the tins and the drums and the motors well up from the edge of the ice and covered them with some strips of tarpaulin. Then we went back to the boat and got a handhold on the bowline and dug in our heels. One of the women let out a wailing heave-ho yell, and we heaved. The bow of the boat lifted and hung, and then slid up on the ice. We braced ourselves, and the woman yelled again: "Hooooo-*huke!*" We heaved again. One of the Eskimos stepped through a pothole up to his thigh, and I slipped and sat down hard on the ice, but the boat came up another five or six feet. Another heave brought all but the stern of it clear of the water, and after that it was easier. With some of us pulling and the rest pushing, the boat slid over the soggy ice like a sled. There was no need now for the women to help. They got their stove and some other supplies and then went on across the ice and up the beach to the tundra. By the time we got there with the boat, the women had collected a supply of driftwood branches and logs, and even trees, and had a big fire going. We careened the boat a few feet from the fire and propped it up on its side with the oars and boat hooks. It made an excellent windbreak and a kind of shelter from the rain.

We stood around the fire and warmed ourselves and caught our breath. The wind tore at the fire, and the flames leaped and twisted and darted in all directions, and my face was scorched but my feet stayed cold. It was a hot and furious fire. It took a lot of driftwood to keep it going, and the wood that the women had collected went fast. It was the deadest driftwood I had ever seen. Years of weathering on this desert beach had dried it to papery husks, and it burned almost like paper. When the woodpile was down to a few sticks and branches, Rychetnik and I volunteered to bring in another supply. It was plentiful enough. There was driftwood heaped head high at the high-water mark along the beach as far as I could see. It must have been accumulating there forever. We made a dozen trips and brought back a dozen logs—big, barkless silver-gray logs that weighed practically nothing. As we dropped our last load, Fuller came struggling up from the ice with a box and a bag of perishables. The women had their stove set up, and they were



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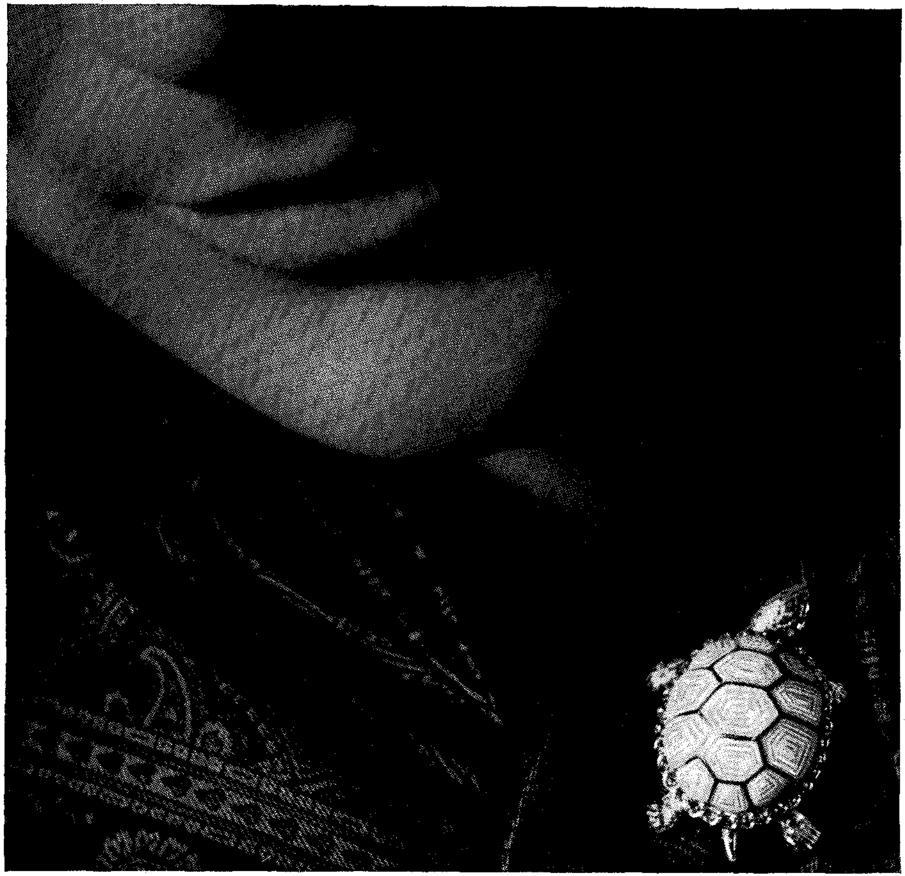

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making tea and boiling a pot of mush. Rychetnik looked at them and then at his watch.

"Hey," he said. "It's eight o'clock. What are *we* going to do about breakfast?"

"Whatever you say," Fuller said. "But I didn't get any sleep last night and I'm really not too hungry."

"Neither am I," I said.

"Besides," Fuller said, "I'm not real eager to break out the stove right now and do a lot of cooking and washing up and getting packed again. It wouldn't be worth the trouble. My guess is this weather is going to clear, and I know these cats. They'll be wanting to take right off."

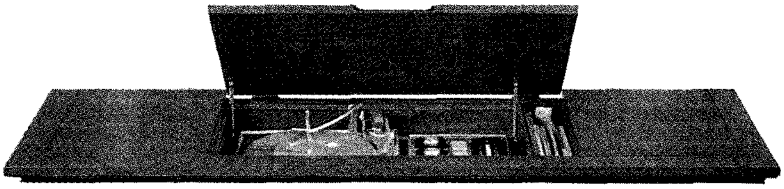
"But what about breakfast?" Rychetnik said.

"I brought up the rest of the sandwiches," Fuller said. "And we've got some cans of chocolate milk."

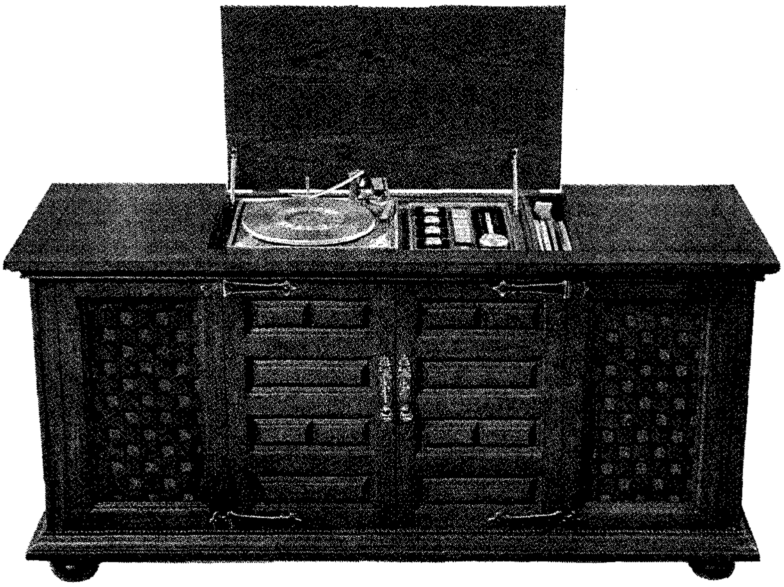
FULLER was right about the weather. The rain had stopped by the time we finished breakfast, and the clouds were breaking up. There were patches of bright sky overhead, and the air was bright and clear. Even the wind had dropped. It looked like a beautiful day, but we wouldn't be leaving soon. The sea was still running high and white. Fuller dragged himself away from the fire and lay down in the shelter of the boat. Almost at once, he was snoring. I was tired, but the change in the weather made me restless. Rychetnik was engrossed in his cameras. I got up and walked around the boat and out onto the tundra.

The tundra stretched endlessly away to the north and south, and far to the east, a smoky gray on the blue horizon, were mountains. It was an enormous, empty plain. There were no trees, no bushes, no grass. There were only weedy hummocks and pockets of bog and trickling, ice-water brooks. Some of the hollows were still drifted over with snow. I skirted a bog and stepped over a brook, and a bird flew up from almost under my foot. It was followed by another. They were tawny, long-billed birds—snipe. A few minutes later, I flushed a phalarope. The tundra wasn't as empty as it looked. There were shrieks and whistles and drumming wings at almost every step I took. I flushed more snipe and phalaropes, and also sandpipers and plovers and ptarmigan. The ptarmigan had a shabby look. Their plumage was still a confusion of winter white and summer brown. Once, in the distance, I saw a flight of sandhill cranes, and there were many strings of ducks and geese. The

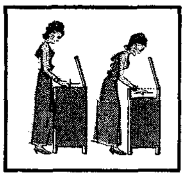
Lift the lid...



all controls and changer rise to meet you



in new Admiral "Flight Deck" solid-state stereo



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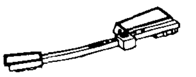

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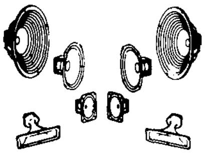

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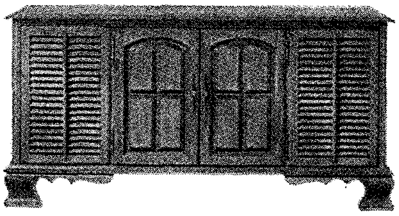

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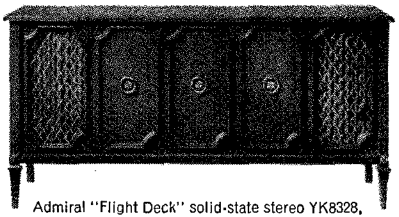

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geese were mostly snow geese, but there were also emperor geese and brant. The sun came suddenly out. It blazed down like a tropical sun. I unfastened my padded jacket, and then took it off. It was actually hot. I sat down on a hummock and folded my jacket into a pillow and lay back. The hummock was matted with lingenberry vines and tiny creeping willow, and it made a soft and springy bed. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the feel of the sun on my face.

I woke up cold and shivering. The sun was gone and the fog was back, and it took me a moment to remember where I was. I put on my jacket and started back to the camp. My head was still thick with sleep. I stopped at a brook and squatted down and splashed some water on my face. That finished waking me up. I went on, stepping and stretching and hopping from hummock to hummock. The fog made everything seem very still. The mountains had disappeared in the fog, but I could see the camp across the tundra. A small white tent now stood not far from the driftwood fire. Several men were gathered at the bow of the upturned boat. One of them was Rychetnik. I waved, and he came out to meet me. He was grinning.

"We'll never get off this beach," he said.

"Not with this fog," I said.

"I don't mean only the weather," he said.

"Now what?" I said.

"More boat trouble," he said. "One of the Eskimos was sacked out under the boat, and he happened to look up—and what do you think he saw?"

"What?" I said.

"Daylight," he said. "There was a hole in the bottom of the boat about the size of a dime. Vince and Sam Mogg are patching it up. They think it probably happened when we were dragging the boat up over the driftwood."

"What about that conked-out motor?" I said.

"I think they've finally got that fixed," he said. "But don't start getting any ideas. There's something wrong with the other motor now. It needs a shear pin on the propeller shaft. They're going to fix that this afternoon."

"Do you have any more of those little bottles you had last night?" I said.

Rychetnik laughed. "No," he said. "But I've got a big one."

I followed him around the boat and around the fire and around behind the Eskimo tent. Fuller was there, sitting

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on a log in front of our portable stove and searching through a box of groceries. He looked refreshed by his nap, and resigned to a stay on the beach. I filled a pan with water from the nearest snow-melt brook, and Fuller found some paper cups, and Rychetnik got out a fifth of Scotch. We sat around the stove and drank our drinks. The Scotch was good with the cold snow water, and it made the fog and the beach and the miles of tundra seem less bleak. Then Fuller cooked us a lunch of bacon and eggs. It was the first hot food I had eaten in almost twenty-four hours, and nothing ever tasted any better. We finished off with bread and butter and strawberry preserves and a pot of strong boiled coffee.

We spent the afternoon hauling driftwood for the fire. The Eskimo tent had been raised for the women, and we could hear them talking and laughing inside whenever we stopped at the fire to rest and warm ourselves. We also worked to the sound of shooting. The Eskimo boys roamed up and down the beach with .22 rifles, and they shot at anything that made a target—a driftwood stump, a raft of ducks far out to sea, a flight of mile-high geese. Kunnuk sat alone in the shelter of the upturned boat with a cigarette in his mouth and filed and shaped a nail into a new shear pin. When he finished, he walked down and stood on the edge of the beach and looked at the water. The next time I came back to the fire, he was sitting there with the portable radio in his lap. I sat down beside him. We listened to a snatch of Siberian Russian and the end of a talk about getting back to the Bible. A hillbilly tenor sang "Does He Love You Like I Do?" Then a voice said: "This is radio station KICY, in Nome, Alaska. The time is six o'clock. Here is the weather forecast for Nome and vicinity: Fair and cold tonight. Fair and warmer tomorrow. The present temperature in Nome is thirty-three degrees."

Kunnuk turned off the radio. "Good weather coming," he said. "Maybe we leave soon. Maybe by midnight."

But the fog hung on. At nine o'clock, it looked thicker than ever. I doubted that we would be leaving by midnight, and I didn't care. I hardly cared if we ever left. Work and the weather and a drink of Scotch had given me a big appetite, and I had eaten a big dinner of reindeer steak, macaroni and cheese, canned peaches, cookies, and coffee. All I wanted to do was sleep. Someone would wake me before we left. If we left. I found a

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corner deep under the boat and took off my boots and my jacket and my heavy survival pants and unrolled my sleeping bag and crawled in. Something poked into the small of my back. There was a stick or something under my sleeping bag. I tried to squirm it away, and it moved an inch or two. That wasn't enough. I would have to climb out and move the bag. But instead I fell asleep.

I SLEPT all night. I awoke to a crying and croaking and whistling of birds. It was half past five. There was frost on the ground, and the air was cold, but the sea looked calm, and the sun was shining in a wide blue sky. The fog was completely gone. I sat up. Kunnuk was propped on his elbow in a sleeping bag on my left.

"We make it today," he said. "Look!" He handed me a pair of binoculars and pointed out to sea. "You can see King Island."

I looked, but I couldn't see it.

"Maybe I know better where to look," he said. "I was born there."

I got into my clothes and rolled up my sleeping bag. Underneath it was the end of one of the boat lines. I stooped out from under the boat and into the bright sunlight. Most of the others were already up. The women were boiling another big pot of mush. I washed my face in the snow-melt brook. The water felt even colder than it had the day before. It was so cold it made my nose ache. I was starting back when Rychetnik came up to get some water for breakfast, and we walked back together. The stove was going, and Fuller, in a bright-red hunting shirt, was peeling bacon into a frying pan. Then, while Rychetnik got the coffee started and I got out some cups and plates and knives and forks and spoons, he stirred up a bowl of pancake batter. He fried the pancakes in the bacon pan, and we ate them with butter and strawberry preserves.

We finished breakfast at a little after six, and a few minutes later the Eskimos began to break camp. The women did the packing. Kunnuk called us over to help the men with the boat. We rolled it back on its keel and swung it around and dragged it down and across the ice and let it into the water. The glare of the sun on the frosty ice was dazzling. Two of the boys held the boat against the edge of the ice, and we went back and got our gear. The ground where the women's tent had been was littered with bones and cigarette butts. Aloysius Pikonganna direct-

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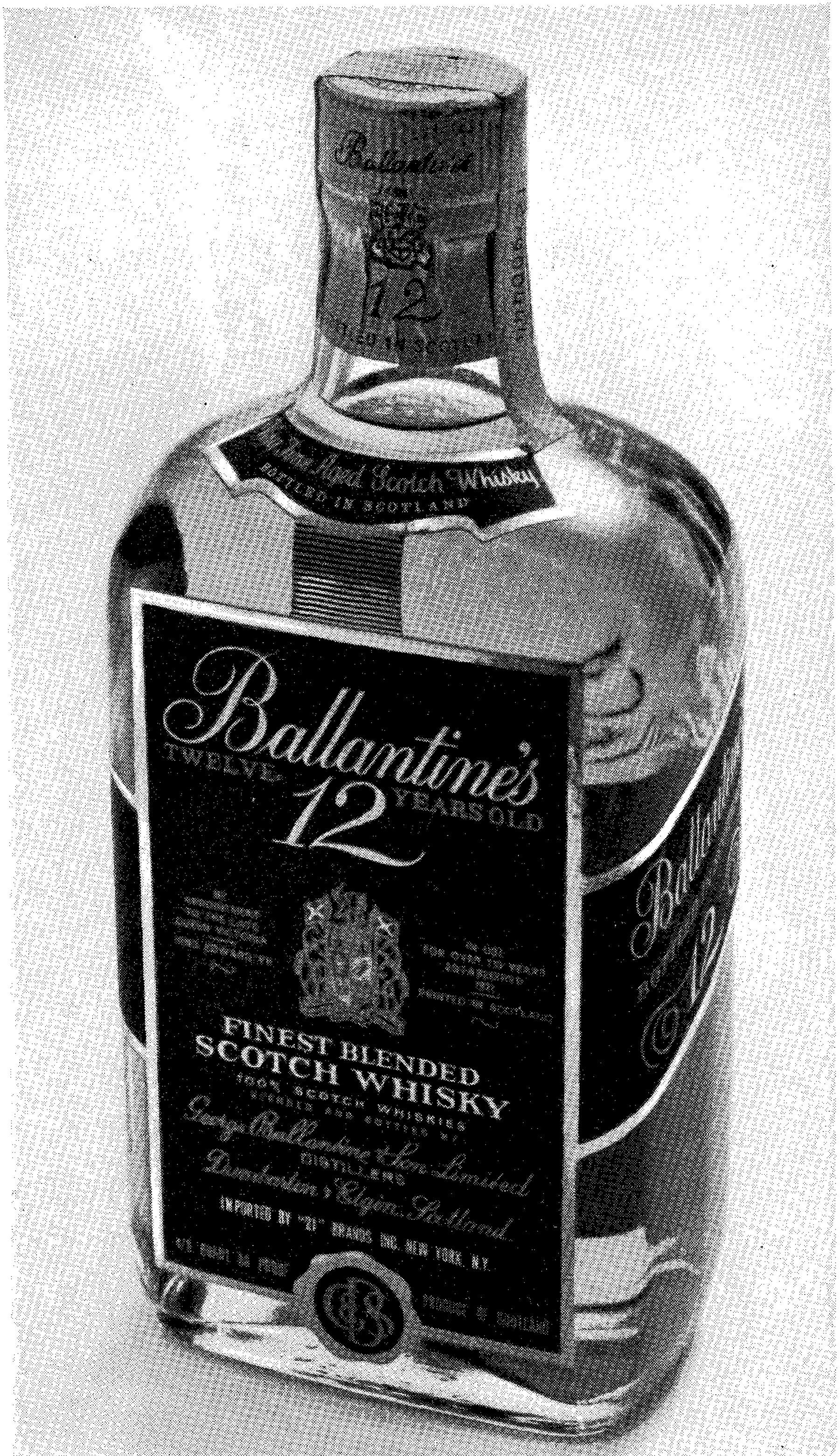
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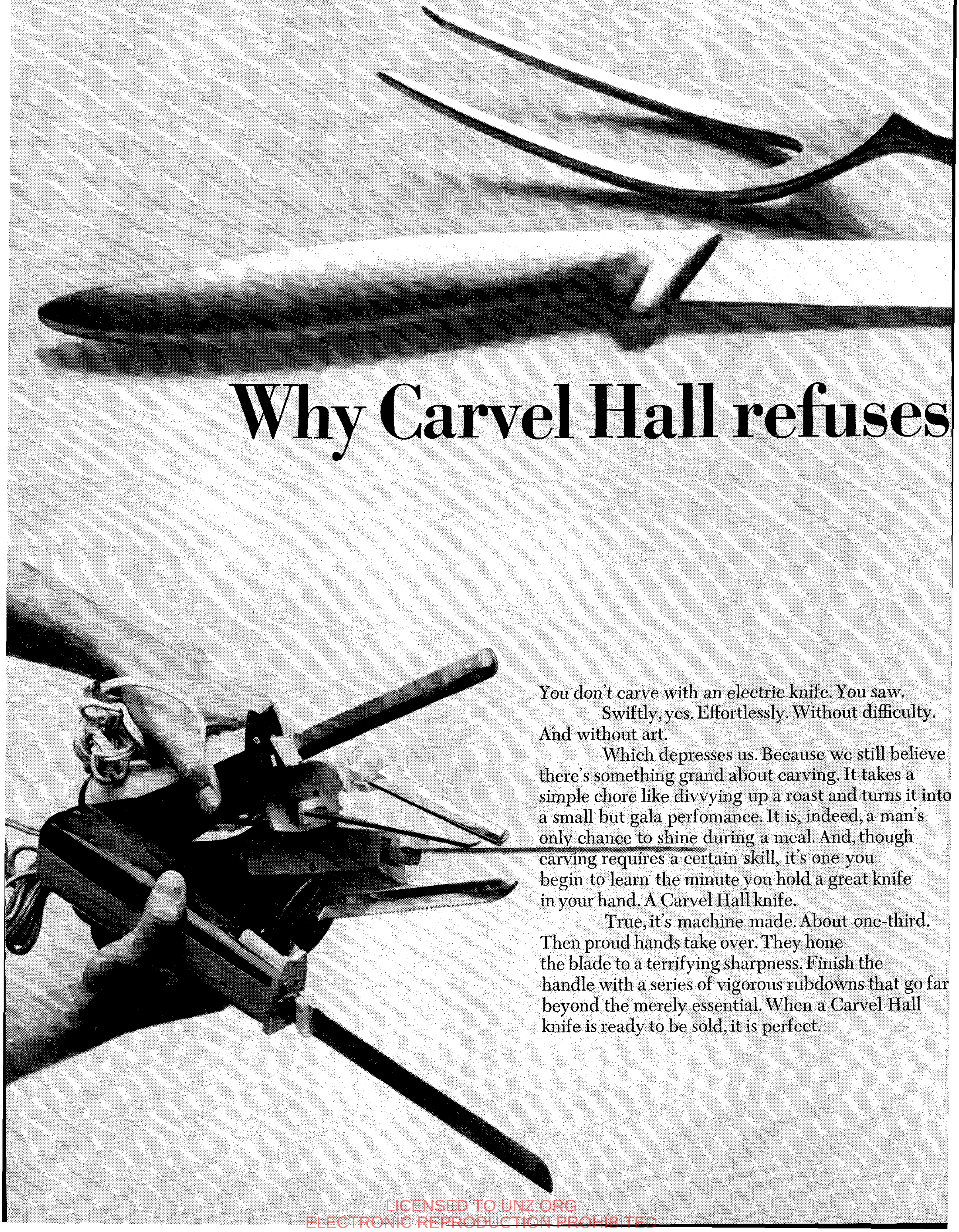

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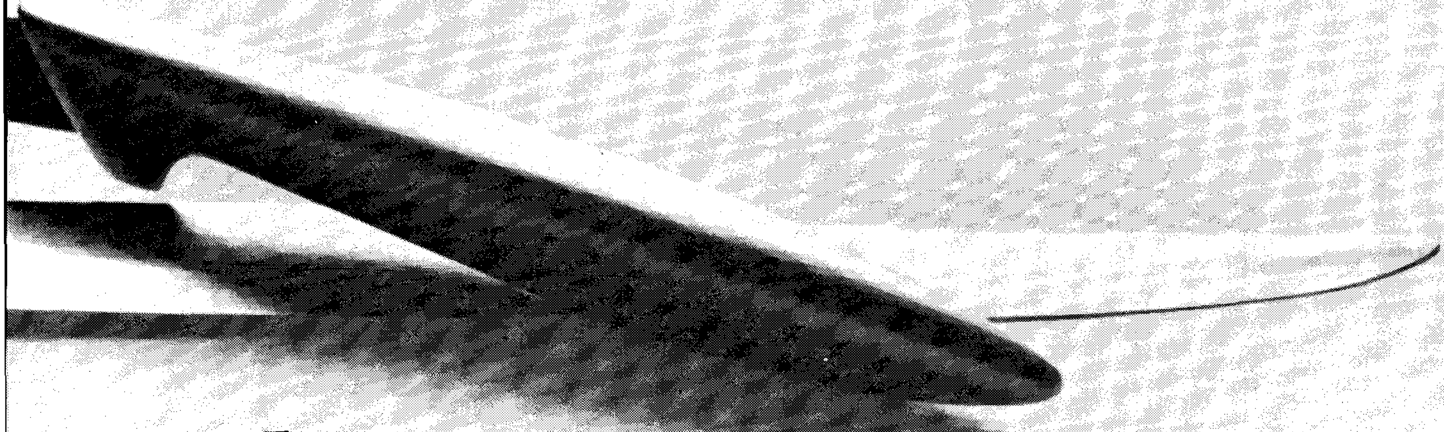

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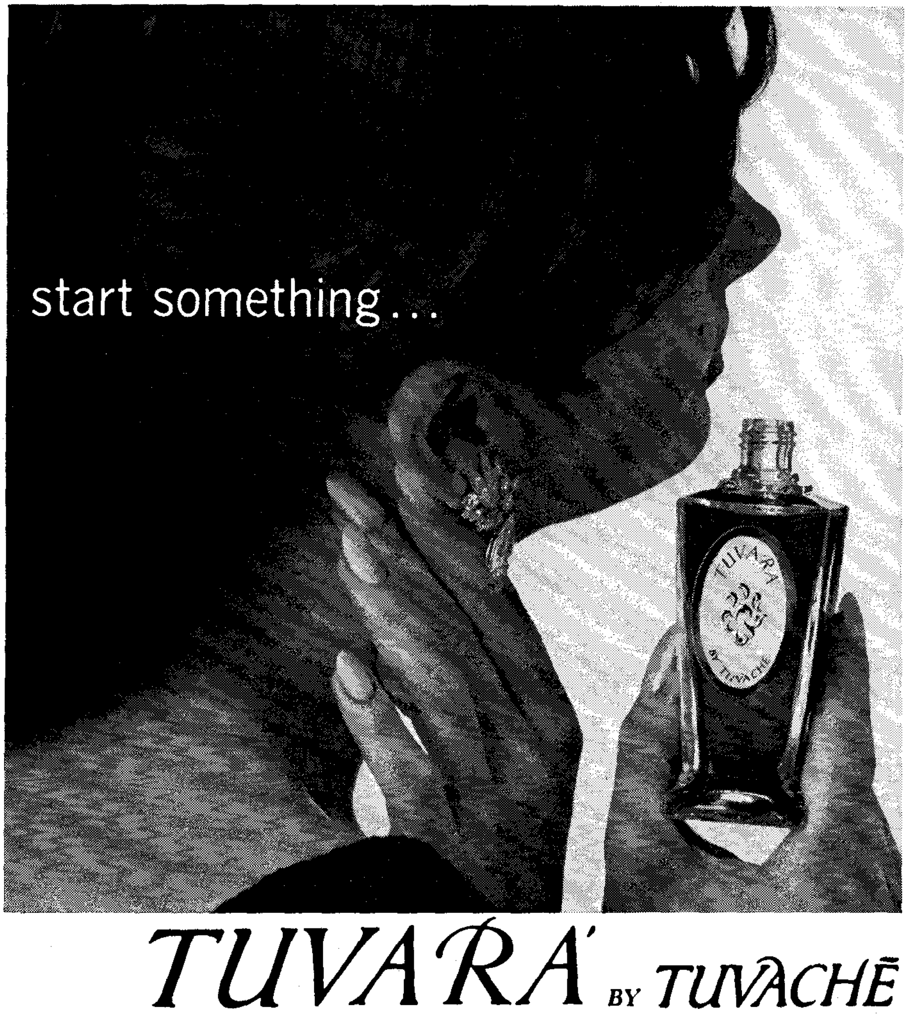


TUVARA BY TUVACHE

Laugh." He sounded very far away. When he laughed ("Ha-ha, hee-hee"), he sounded even remoter.

King Island came faintly into sight at about eight-thirty. It was just a cloud on the western horizon. I got out a pair of binoculars and fixed them on the cloud. The cloud became a bigger and darker cloud, but it was still no more than a cloud. Then it began to grow. It darkened and broadened and lifted against the sky. By nine o'clock, the cloud was visibly an island. It continued to grow, and to change. Through the binoculars I watched it shift from a little gray lift of land to a rocky mountain rising steeply from the sea.

The woman who had spoken to me before leaned forward. She was an elderly woman with a big, square face framed in her parka hood.

"King Island," she said. "You see?"

I nodded. "It looks like a mountain," I said.

"Ukivok is Eskimo name," she said. "Not King Island. Eskimo call it Ukivok."

"Ukivok," I said. "What does that mean in Eskimo?"

"We go up on top Ukivok," she said. "We go high up and pick green flower. Many green flower grow on top Ukivok now."

"What is green flower?" I said.

"Is good," she said. "Is like salad."

Floating ice began to appear up ahead. A flight of murre swung low across our bow, and in the distance a kittiwake soared. King Island rose higher and higher. I watched it through the binoculars. It looked to be about two miles long, and it really was a mountain. Its sides were weathered into crags and pinnacles, and they rose abruptly from a beach of anchored ice to a saddle summit that was still partly covered with snow and at least a thousand feet high. It seemed impossible that anyone could live there.

I turned to the woman behind me. "Where do the people live on Ukivok?" I said. "Where is the village?"

"Ukivok is name of village," she said. "Island and village is same name."

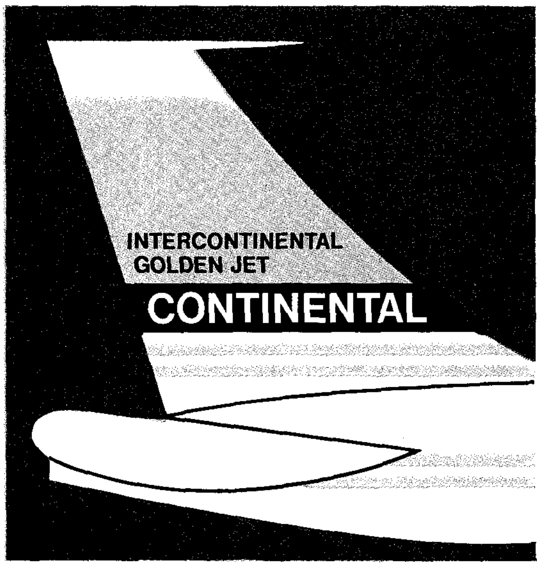
"Where is Ukivok village?" I said.

She smiled and shook her head. "Not this side," she said. "Too much mountain. On other side."

Fuller gave me a nudge. "Walrus," he said, and pointed off to the left.

I put up the binoculars again. I saw them almost at once—a row of six or eight enormous creatures sitting erect on an isolated floe. They were

a tail of two continents



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reddish brown, with big sloping shoulders and little round heads and drooping two-foot tusks. They had a prehistoric look. They also looked strangely human.

"You see them, Vince?" Fuller said.

"I see them," Kunnuk said. "Good ivory, too. But we don't hunt walrus today. No room in the boat."

The shelf of anchored ice was wider than it had looked at first. We were still two or three miles from the island when we came in sight of its outer edge. But there were stretches of open water showing within it, and it seemed to be breaking up. Pikonganna stood balanced on his lookout plank surveying the ice. He said something to Kunnuk. Kunnuk nodded and looked back at Norbert and raised his hand in a signal. The boat cut away to the right. We moved northward along the edge of the shelf through a wash of broken floes. After ten or fifteen minutes, a break appeared in the anchored ice. We turned into a calm blue lead as broad as a boulevard.

We followed the lead for about a mile. It ran between two glittering shores of tossed and tumbled ice. Pikonganna held up his hand, and the motors slowed. There was a sudden bend just ahead. We moved slowly around the bend. Pikonganna raised his hand again, and the motors cut off. Fifty yards beyond the bend, the lead abruptly ended. We drifted up to the dead-end ice, and two of the boys jumped ashore and made the boat fast with lines and lances. Kunnuk stepped over the bow and stood and helped Pikonganna down, and Sam Mogg handed Pikonganna out his crutches. Kunnuk and Pikonganna moved off across the ice. I watched them climb to the top of a big ice ridge. They stood there studying the surrounding ice with binoculars for a moment, and then Kunnuk turned and waved.

Sam Mogg gave a grunt. "Time to eat," he said.

The women set up their stove at the foot of the ridge. They filled the teakettle with melted ice from a hollow in the floe and got out a bag of dried seal ribs. Rychetnik and Fuller and I sat down on a ledge of ice nearby and made an easy lunch of bread and butter and bologna and Swiss cheese and canned grapefruit juice and chocolate bars. From where we sat, King Island looked hardly a mile away. The cliffs that formed its northern tip loomed steeper than ever. Some of them were stained yellow with lichen, and the air around them was alive with birds. Kunnuk came down from the

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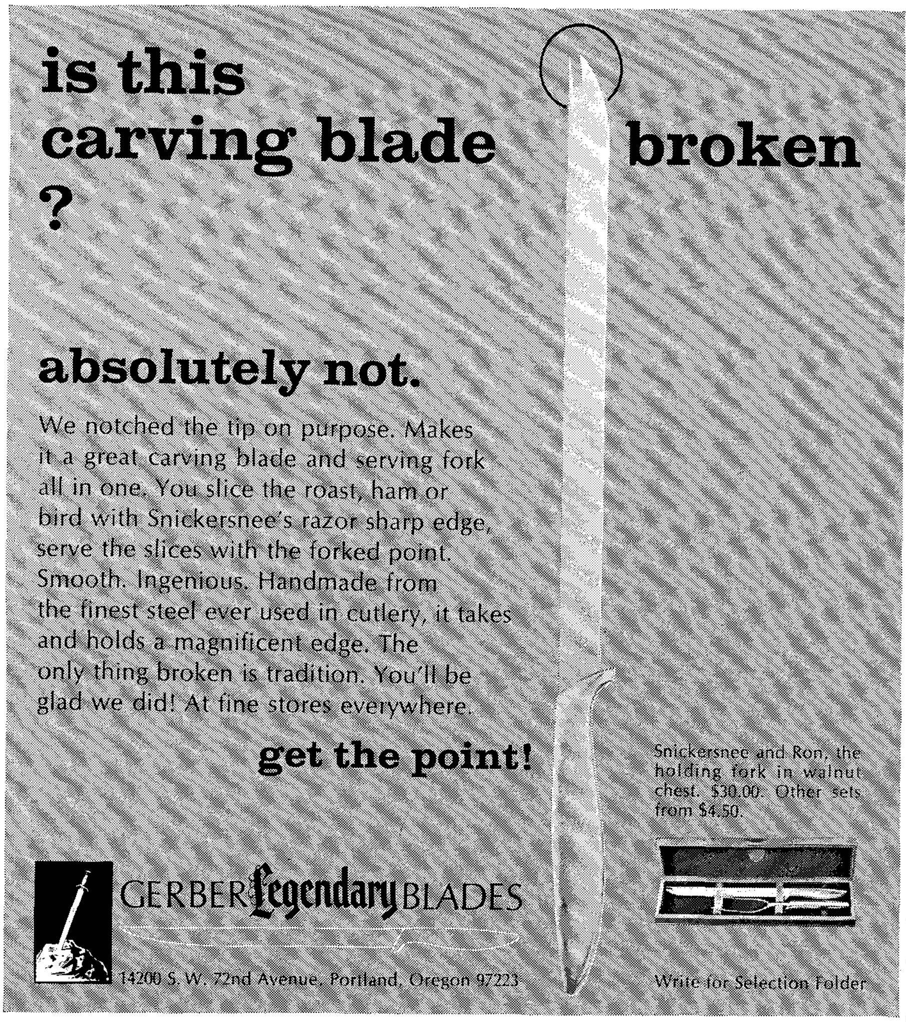
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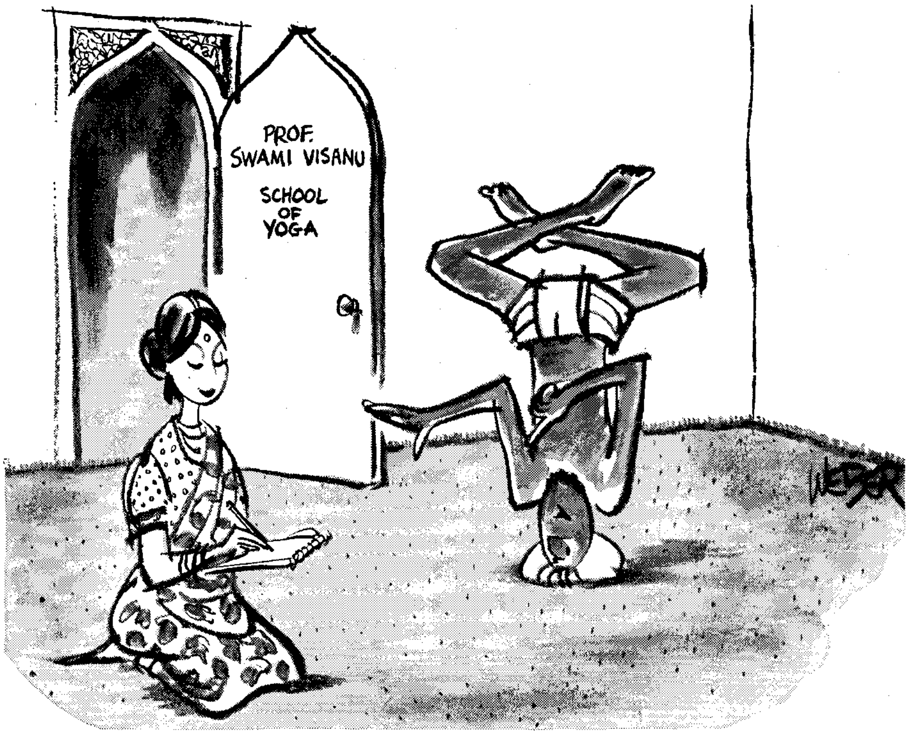

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ridge. He stopped where we sat on his way to join the other Eskimos.

"Don't worry," he said. "We make it O.K. The old man and I see plenty other leads."

There was another blue lead about a hundred yards back down the lead we were on. It was narrow and twisting, but it led in the right direction. The King Island cliffs rose dead ahead. We went up the lead, and after another hundred yards or so it opened into a kind of lake with many islands of floating ice. The lake was a haven for murre. There were murre stringing overhead and murre perched on the ice and murre bobbing on the water. They were very tame, and I got a good look at them. They were pretty birds with vivid penguin plumage and long, sharp bills. Sitting erect on the ice, they even looked like penguins.

Pikonganna suddenly stiffened, and then sank slowly down on his plank. It was an alerting movement. Everybody tensed.

"*Ooguruk*," he said, and pointed. About a hundred and fifty yards to the right, a big, silvery bearded seal lay basking on a floating floe. It hadn't seen or heard us yet. Norbert cut the motors and we drifted silently toward the ice. Nobody spoke. The most accessible rifle of adequate calibre was a Remington .30/06, and the man closest to it was Fuller. It was Rychetnik's rifle, and he motioned to Fuller to take it. Nobody moved. Fuller swung the gun to his shoulder, steadied himself, and fired. A flight of murre veered loudly away. The seal gave a start, and lay still.

The boat nudged up to the floe, and Kunnuk vaulted over the gunwale and onto the ice. He had a revolver in his hand. Sam Mogg and Fuller jumped ashore and trotted after Kunnuk. Rychetnik and I got out on the ice and watched them. Kunnuk was the first to reach the seal. Apparently, it was still alive. He squatted down and shot it in the head. He put the revolver away and took out a hunting knife and cut two belt-loop slits in the skin just above the eyes. Sam Mogg and Fuller came sliding up, and Mogg threw Kunnuk a length of rope. Kunnuk threaded the rope through the belt-loop slits and made it fast, and then he and Mogg and Fuller dragged the seal across the floe to the boat. The seal was a young female. It was about six feet long and it weighed at least four hundred pounds, and Kunnuk and Fuller and Mogg were sweating when they got it up to the boat. They were grinning, too. Everybody was

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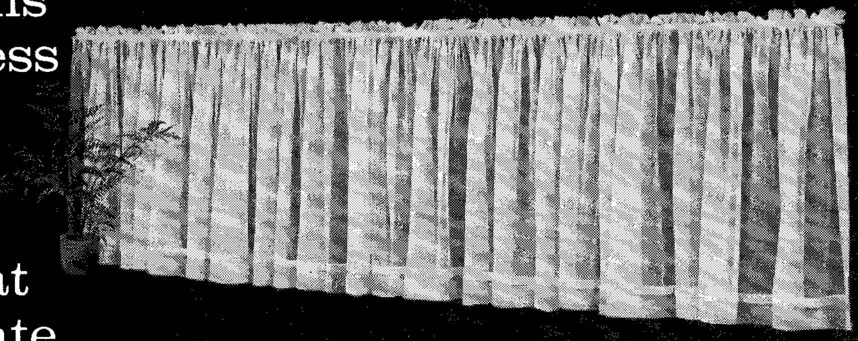

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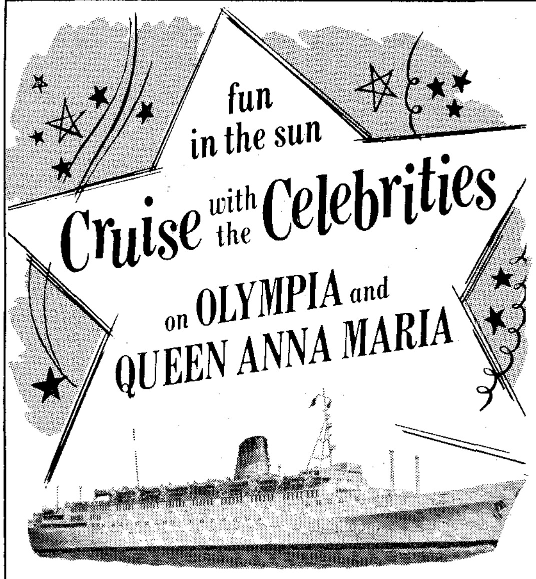

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grinning, and Mogg slapped Fuller on the back. When Kunnuk and Fuller and Mogg had caught their breath, they rolled the seal over on its back, and Kunnuk got out his knife again and gutted and cleaned it. Then they hoisted the carcass over the gunwale and into the bow. The fur looked suddenly different. The brilliant silver lustre had begun to fade. By the time we were ready to leave, it was a dingy, leaden gray.

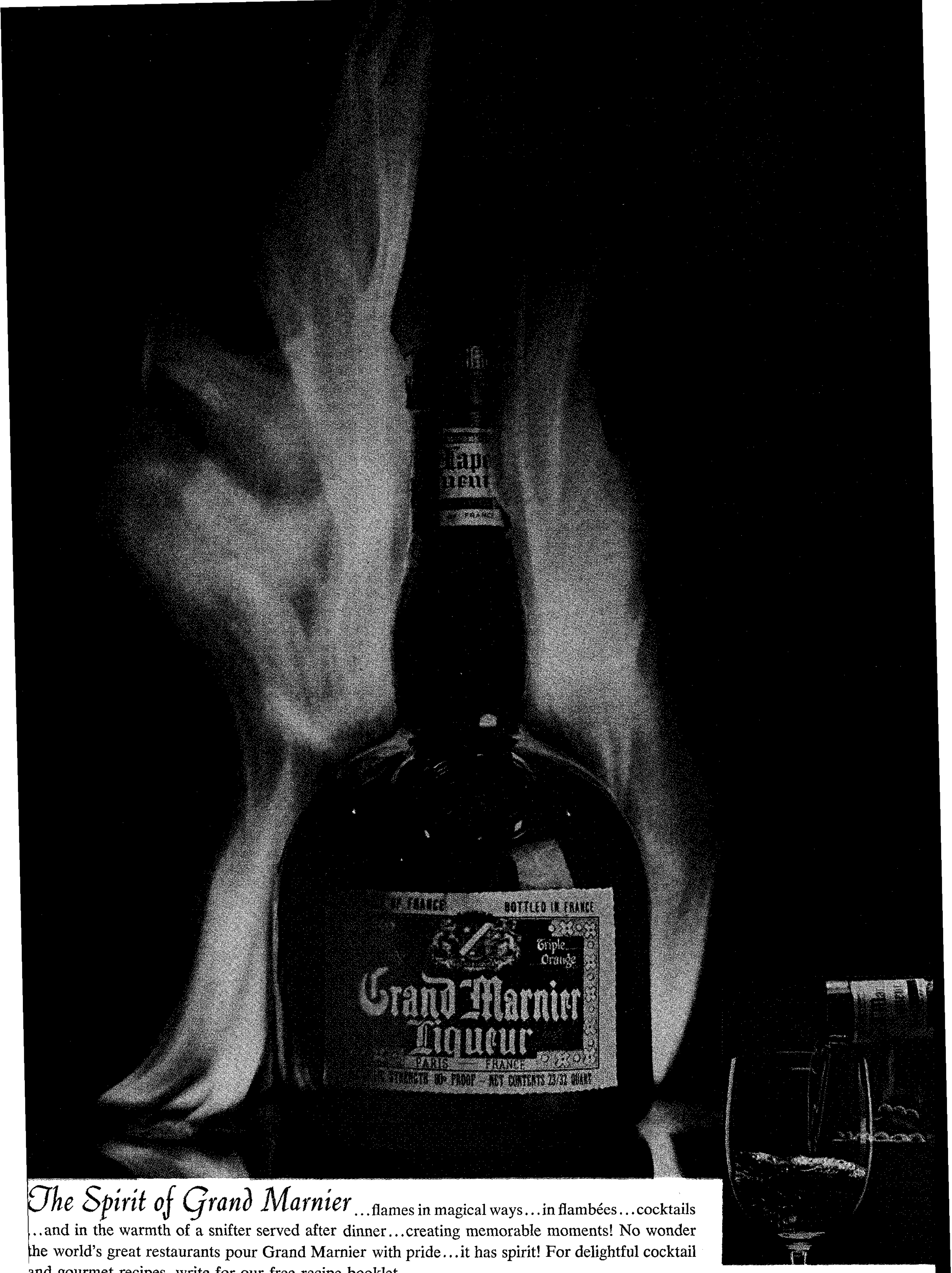
WE moved along the lakelike lead. The wind and the tide were shifting the ice, and the lead grew wider and more open. There was open water now all the way to the looming cliffs. I stood up. There was open water everywhere ahead. An open lagoon stretched for two or three hundred yards between the shelf of anchored ice and the foot of the cliffs, and it seemed to encircle the island. We moved across the open water and into the shadow of the cliffs. Then, at a signal from Kunnuk, Norbert swung the boat to the left. We headed down the eastern face of the island. I looked up at the towering crags and pinnacles. Every ledge was a rookery. The rocks were alive with perching murre and kittiwakes and gulls and auklets and cormorants and puffins and terns.

Kunnuk turned around. He had his revolver in his hand. "You like to see some birds?" he said, and pointed the revolver overhead. "Just watch—I show you something."

He fired two shots, and then a third. The revolver was only a .22, but against the sounding board of water and rock it sounded like a bomb. It sounded like a hundred bombs. The shots went echoing up and down the face of the island, and a cloud of birds came screaming off the cliffs. They flew screaming over our heads and across the lagoon to the outer ice and then veered around and came streaming back. They came off the cliffs and over the water in waves—hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of birds. It was impossible to even guess at the number.

The elderly woman leaned over my shoulder. "Ukivok is good place for eggs," she said. "All kinds of eggs." She smiled at me. "Very good to eat."

We sailed down the lagoon in a turbulence of birds. Many of them were birds that had never seen a man or a boat or heard a shot before, and it took them a long time to settle down again. The lagoon was irregularly shaped. Because of the broken line of the shifting outer ice, it was sometimes as wide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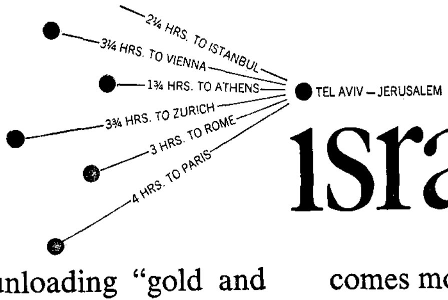

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Kunnuk came down off the plank. "O.K.," he said. "We go back. We go round the other way."

We all sat down. The motors started up, and the boat swung around, and we headed back up the lagoon. The boat suddenly slowed. Kunnuk was back on the lookout plank with Pikonganna, and Mogg was standing below them peering out between their legs. I couldn't tell what they were looking at. I didn't see anything unusual. We were approaching the upper end of the lake, and it looked much like the other end. And then I realized. The outer ice was moving in on some shift of wind or tide, and the little riverlike passage through which we had come had almost disappeared. The passage was about two hundred feet long, and ten or fifteen minutes ago it had been a good hundred feet wide. It now was hardly twenty.

The boat began to move again. Pikonganna and Kunnuk had come to some decision. We made our way across the last of the lake to the head of the passage. The passage had an ugly look. There was a ten-foot embankment of glassy ice on the island side, and the outer ice was pitted with holes and piled with pressure ridges, and it was moving fast. I could see it closing in. Rychetnik gave a kind of grunt.

"I don't like this very much," he said. "I don't think I like it at all. You know what this boat is made out of. If we get caught between the ice in there . . ."

"I don't like it, either," I said. "But I guess there isn't much choice."

"These cats know what they're doing," Fuller said. "I've never seen them take a chance they didn't have to."

The boat edged into the passage. The water was thick with chips and chunks of floating ice. We moved carefully between the embankment of anchored ice and the moving floe on one throttled-down motor. Norbert kept the boat inching along just off the lip of the floe, away from the height and bulk of the ice embankment, but every time I looked, the ice seemed higher and closer. I could already feel

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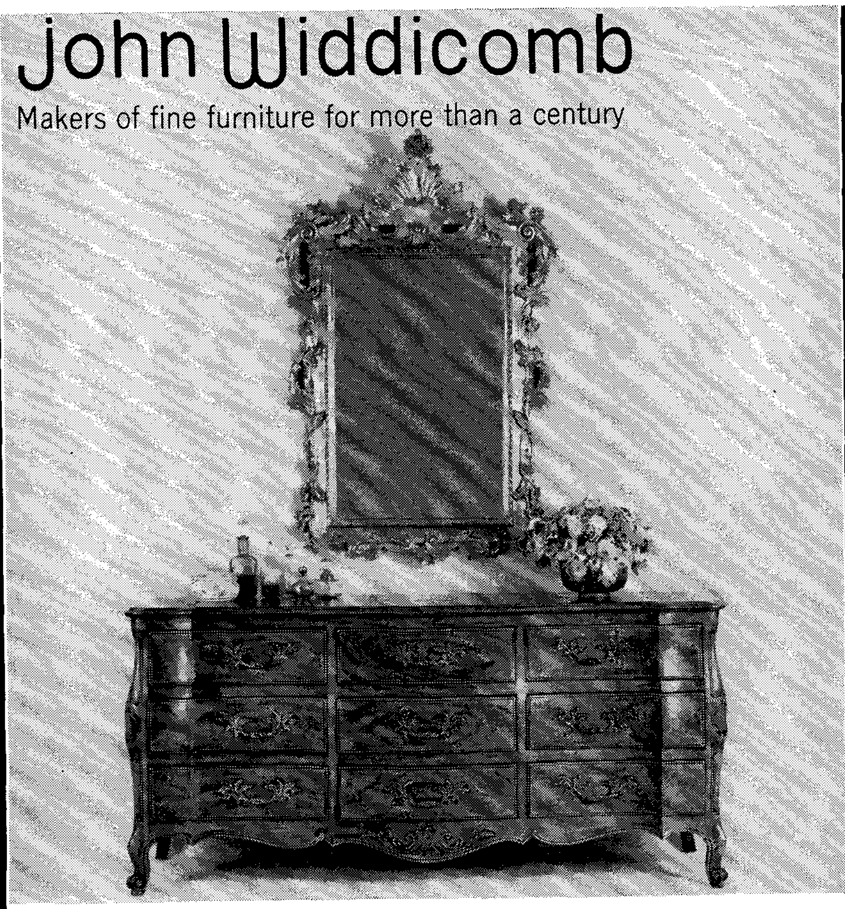
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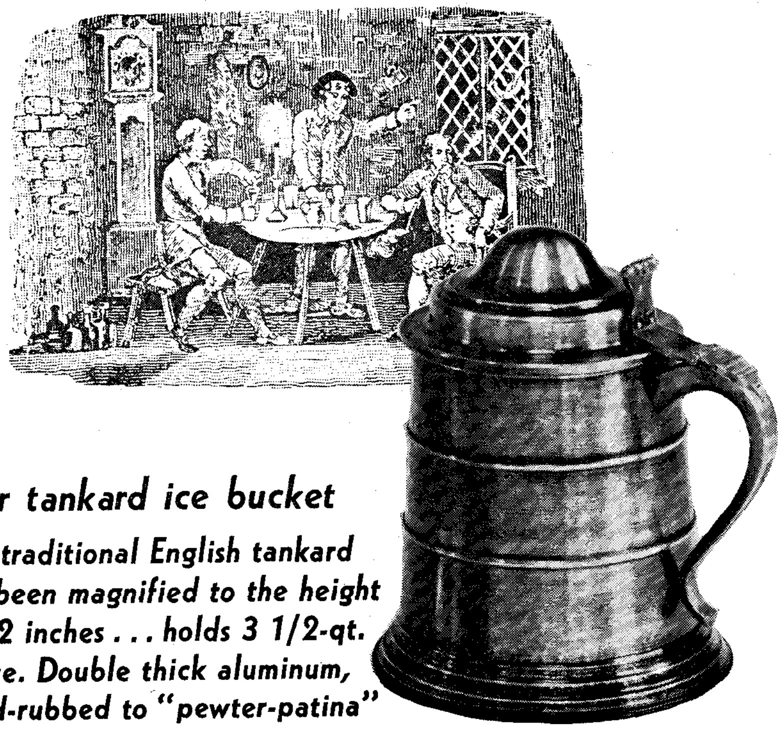
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the cold of its breath. Kunnuk reached out with an ice lance and jabbed at the edge of the floe. He jabbed again, hard, and a slab of ice came loose and slid slowly into the water. The boy at the stern with Norbert poked it safely past the boat with an oar. It was rotten ice. The whole rim of the floe was rotten ice.

Kunnuk said something in Eskimo, and stepped up on the gunwale and jumped out on the floe. Mogg and Fuller followed him over, and Rychetnik and the boy at the stern followed them. They all had lances or boat hooks, and they spread out along the floe and began hacking at the rim of rotten ice. They worked just ahead of the inching boat, and Pikonganna hung over the bow with an oar and guided the slabs of floating ice to the island side of the passage. I found another oar and kept the ice moving and clear of the boat. Some of the slabs were the size of boulders, and it took all my strength and weight hanging on the oar to push them off and away. But I kept them moving, and the boat was also moving, and finally I raised my head and looked out over Pikonganna's shoulder and there was the end of the passage and a blue expanse of open water. Norbert shouted, and the women gave a quavering wail. We were through.

WE went back up the eastern face of the island and around the northern end and down the western side. Everybody was talking and laughing. There was no ice anywhere on the western side except along the shore, but the island was the same. There were the same gray cliffs, the same patches of yellow lichen, the same thousands of screaming birds. There was no sign of a village, and no place where a village might even conceivably be built. So the village was down at the southern end of the island. We still had some distance to go. I looked at my watch, and I could hardly believe it. It had been nine hours since we stopped for lunch. It was almost nine o'clock.

Rychetnik had been dozing in the evening sun. He sat up and shook himself. "I'm getting kind of hungry," he said. "As a matter of fact, I'm starved."

"I've been thinking about our dinner," Fuller said. "I thought the first night on King Island we ought to have something real special. Anybody got any suggestions?"

"I suggest we all go down to the Four Seasons," Rychetnik said.

"We've got a ham," Fuller said.

"It's one of those Polish hams. I guess we'll have that, and maybe some spaghetti."

"And a drink," I said.

"Don't worry about that," Rychetnik said.

The village was well around on the southern tip of the island. It was built on the slope of a chute of landslidden rocks. It hung on the slope about three hundred feet above a beach of ice and tumbled boulders, and it consisted of eighteen or twenty houses. The houses were wooden shacks with tarpaper roofs, and they were stepped out from the slope on tall wooden stilts. Scaffolding walks and ladderlike steps connected the houses, and a long flight of steps led down to the boulder beach.

"It looks even hairier closer up," Rychetnik said. "But I guess it's safe enough. The house we're going to stay in is the schoolhouse—what used to be the schoolhouse. The teacher left about ten years ago. It's the house with all those windows up there at the head of the steps. That's where I stayed when I was here before. It isn't any Hilton, but it's got four walls and a roof and some chairs to sit on and a table. It won't be too bad."

The boat turned in toward the shore, and I watched the village coming clearer. It was hard to think of it as an Eskimo village. It looked remoter than that. It looked Tibetan. A man came out on the balcony of one of the upper houses. There was a green and red and purple patchwork quilt hung over the railing to air. The man watched us for a moment. Then he raised both hands high over his head and waved. Pikonganna waved back. He was grinning from ear to ear. He reached down and slapped Kunnuk on the back.

"Home sweet home, boy," he said. "There's no place like home."

Kunnuk smiled and nodded. "That's right," he said.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

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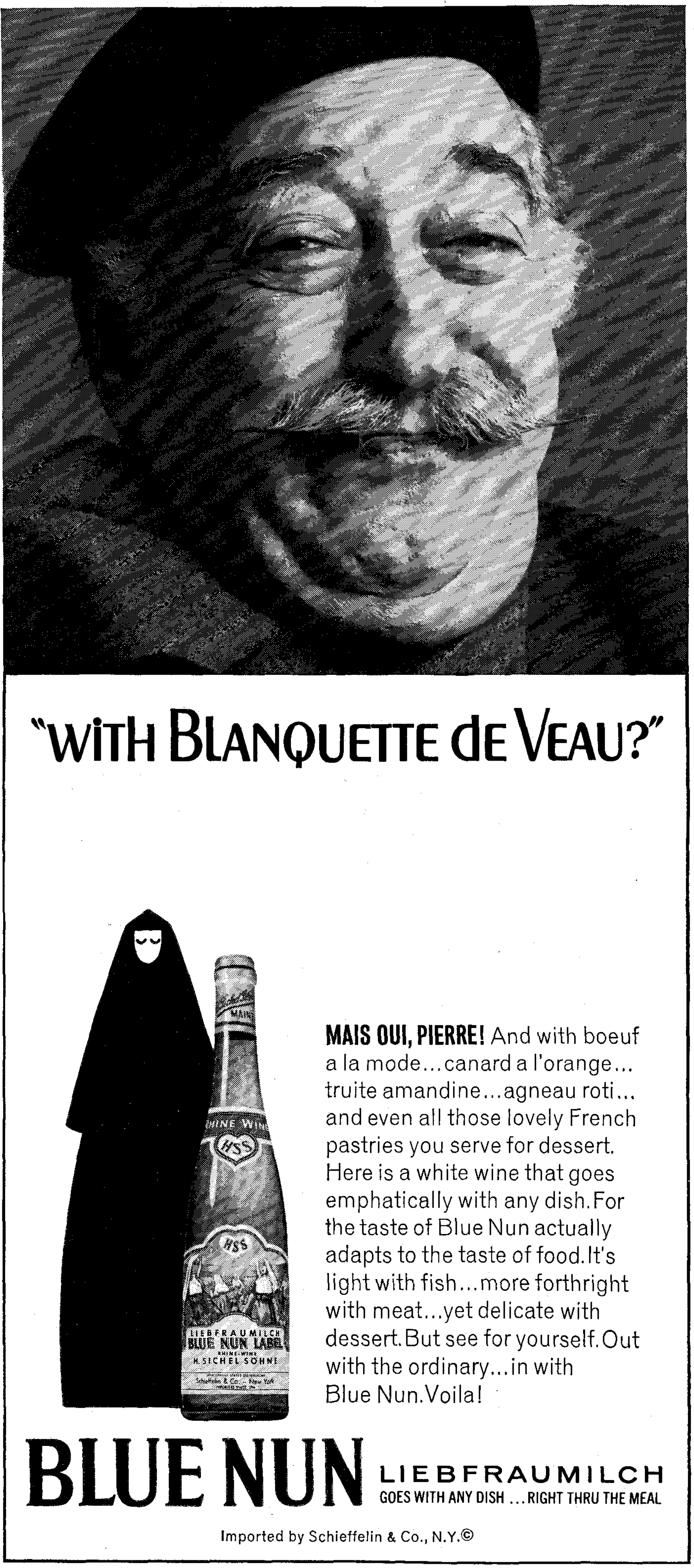

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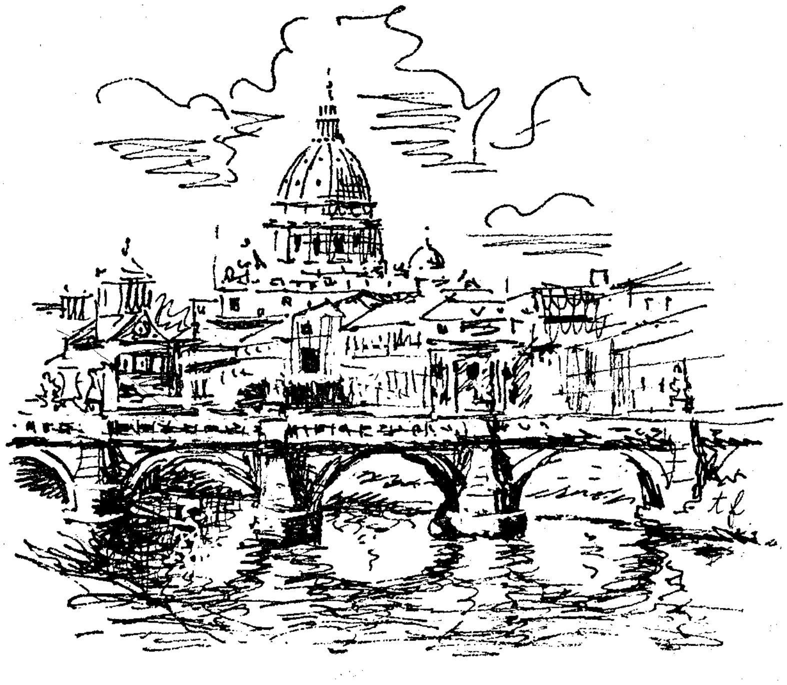
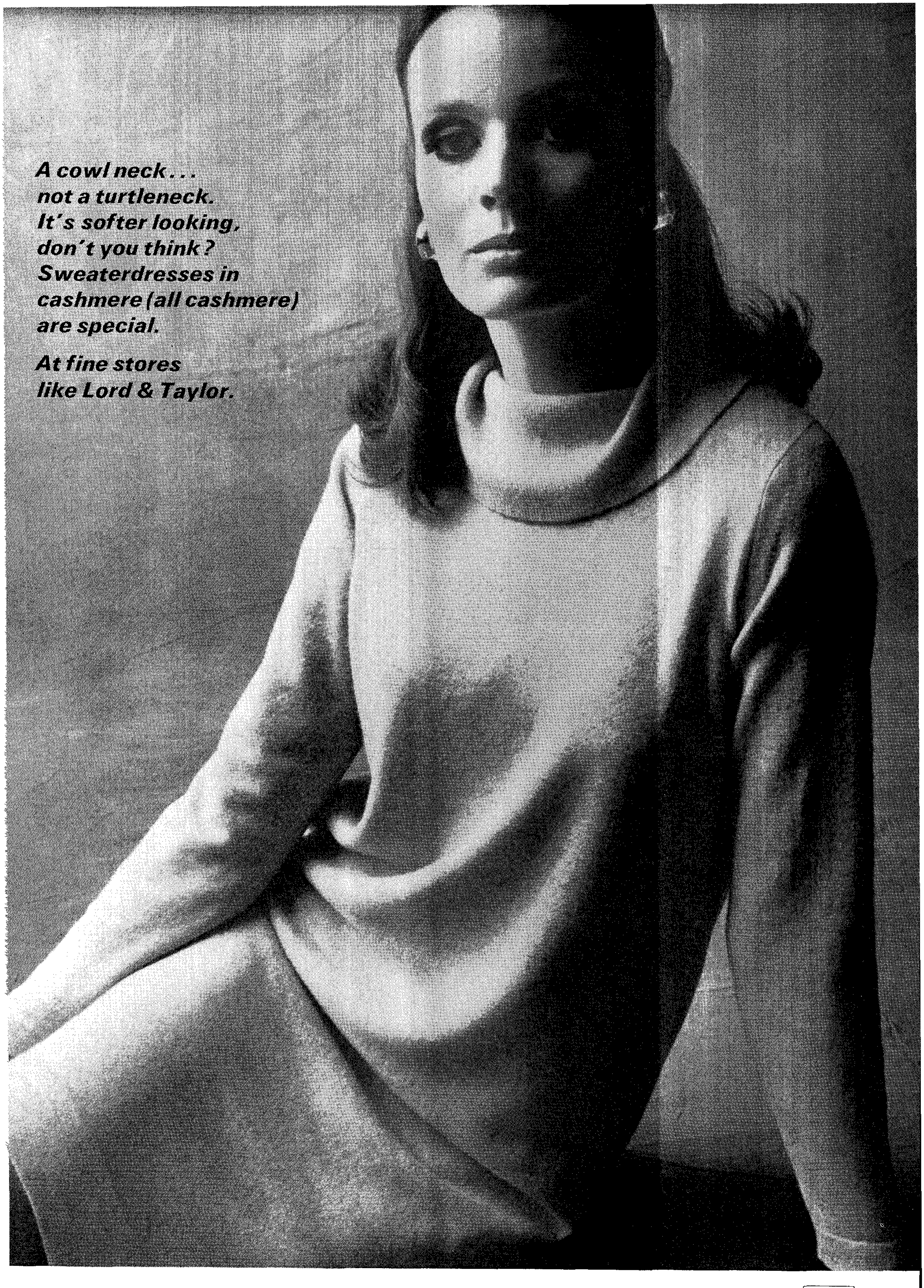


OCTOBER 12

THE hill towns of Anagni, Ferentino, and Alatri, in the Ernici Mountains, southeast of Rome, have in recent times been unaccustomed to the presence of a Pope. This was not always so. In medieval times, one or another of their battlemented castles, called *rocche*, frequently harbored a much harassed Pope fleeing either from Germanic invaders or from the wrath of contending Roman factions. Medieval Popes, in fact, seem to have spent more time wandering from hill town to hill town than they did in their Lateran palace in Rome. It was therefore a surprise when Pope Paul VI suddenly paid a pastoral visit to this area at the end of August—a visit that was followed by rumors of his intention to resign as Pope. The goal of his visit appeared to be the little hamlet of Fumone, on the road to Alatri, which is dominated by a famous *rocca* where Pope Celestine V was kept prisoner by his successor, Boniface VIII, until he died, in 1296. Celestine, a saintly hermit and the founder of an eremitic order, had been persuaded by Boniface (then Cardinal Gaetani) and other cardinals to leave his hermitage and assume the papacy, thus ending a two-year vacancy during which the contending cardinals had been unable to agree on a candidate. Pope Celestine had what was probably the most disastrous pontificate in history. It lasted only three and a half months, and in that time he innocently gave away titles and church property with a free hand, mostly to the King of Naples, in whose palace he preferred to live, unaware that he was being used for the King's own ends. Horrified at learning what the life of an executive was like, and unable to stand the bickering and the power plays, Celestine resigned. He could hardly wait for the peace and quiet of the prison cell in which Boniface put him for safekeeping until his death, two years later. He was canonized in 1313. In the parish church of Fumone, Pope Paul spoke of those days as "the darkest hours" through which the Church had passed. He also suggested that the resignation of Pope Celestine was not an act of "cowardice" (Dante consigned poor Celestine to the Inferno in the famous line "*che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto*"—"who made the great refusal out of cowardice") but was an "obligation," inasmuch as Celestine recognized that he was incapable of ruling the Church. Pope Paul's remarks, especially his statement that resignation could be an "obligation" under the right circumstances, were what set off the rumors about his own intentions. Some commentators felt, however, that he was merely using the occasion to remind those bishops who were still recalcitrant about putting the Vatican Council's decrees into effect that he might withdraw if they did not mend their ways.

The subject of retirement has been very much in the air here. A new decree dealing with this problem became official on October 11th. It sets a retirement age of seventy-five for all bishops and priests but, in typical Roman fashion, fails to make retirement automatic, merely urging bishops to call it quits at that age. It has been estimated that in Italy alone fifty-eight out of two hundred and forty-three residential bishops are, or shortly will be, seventy-five; if they all resigned because of age, the Pope could reconstitute almost a quarter of the Italian episcopal bench, but no one really expects more than a few of them to step down. Nevertheless, one of the leading progressive bishops of Italy, Cardinal Lercaro, of Bologna, who is nearly seventy-five, at once stated that he was submitting his resignation to the Pope. (The Pope has since refused to accept it.) This was in contrast to a leading conservative, seventy-eight-year-old Cardinal Ruffini, of Palermo, who adroitly let it be known that in a talk with Pope Paul he had *offered* to resign but the Pope had at once asked him to stay on. "Thus, there can be no question of my retirement, despite my age," Ruffini disingenuously announced. If the retirement rule were applied to the College of Cardinals as such—a possibility that Archbishop Felici, of the Curia, subsequently ruled out—it has been estimated that at least eighty per cent of the cardinals would be eligible. Among the American cardinals, McIntyre, of Los Angeles, and Spellman, of New York, are eligible for retirement, but so far only Spellman has announced that he has been asked by the Pope to stay on "for the present." The sole resignation of a cardinal that is known to have been accepted is that of a Spaniard, Cardinal Herrera y Oria, of Málaga, who is almost eighty.

OCTOBER 11th was chosen as the effective date of the retirement decree because it was the fourth anniversary of the opening of the Council by Pope John. Every sign indicates that the obstructionist tactics of old-line Curia officials have continued unabated since the close of the Council. Early this year, the Pope made these pointed remarks in an address to the members of the Curia: "Today our adherence to the Council's deliberations must be plain, unreserved, and willing. You must be ready to support them by thought, action, and conduct, whatever your opinions were before the conclusions were promulgated. . . . We, the Roman Church, should be the first to accept the Council's teachings." Things looked good at the end of last year when the Holy Office was given new regulations, the Index Librorum Prohibitorum was abolished, and the progressive Canon Charles Moeller, of the University of Louvain, was brought in as the No. 3 man in the Doctrinal Congregation (the new name of the Holy Office). The rejoicing seems to have been premature, however, because while Canon Moeller is free to carry on the laudable work of promoting an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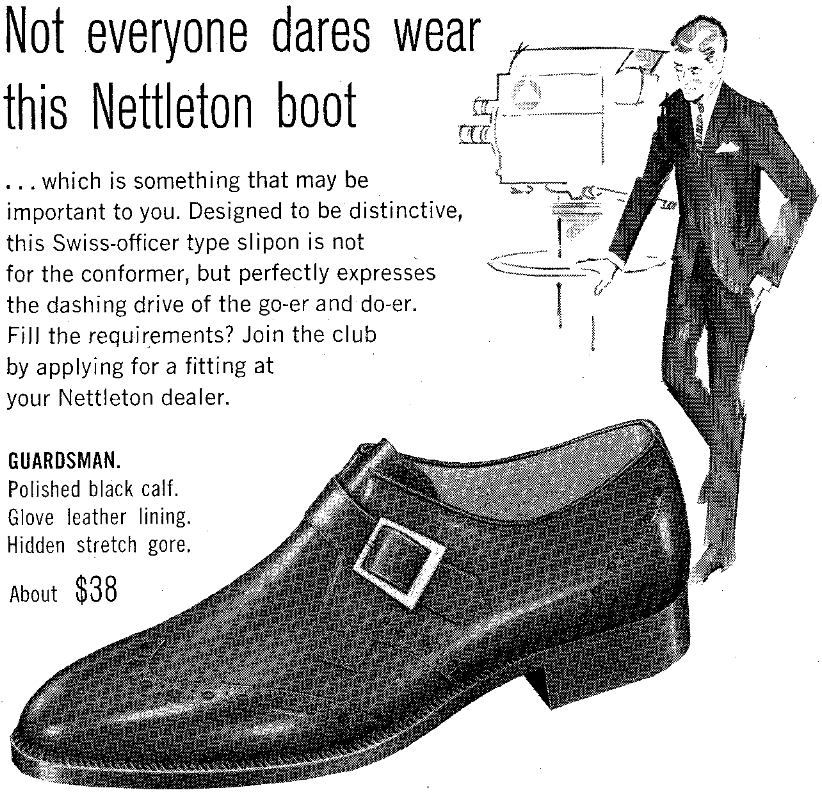

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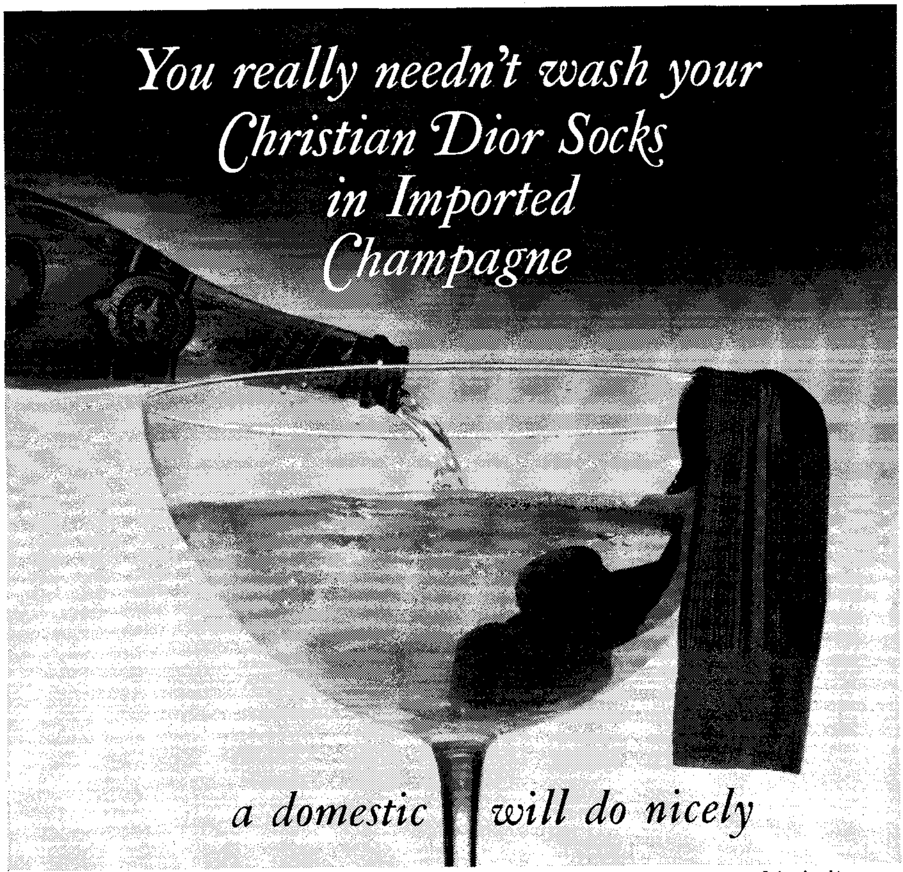
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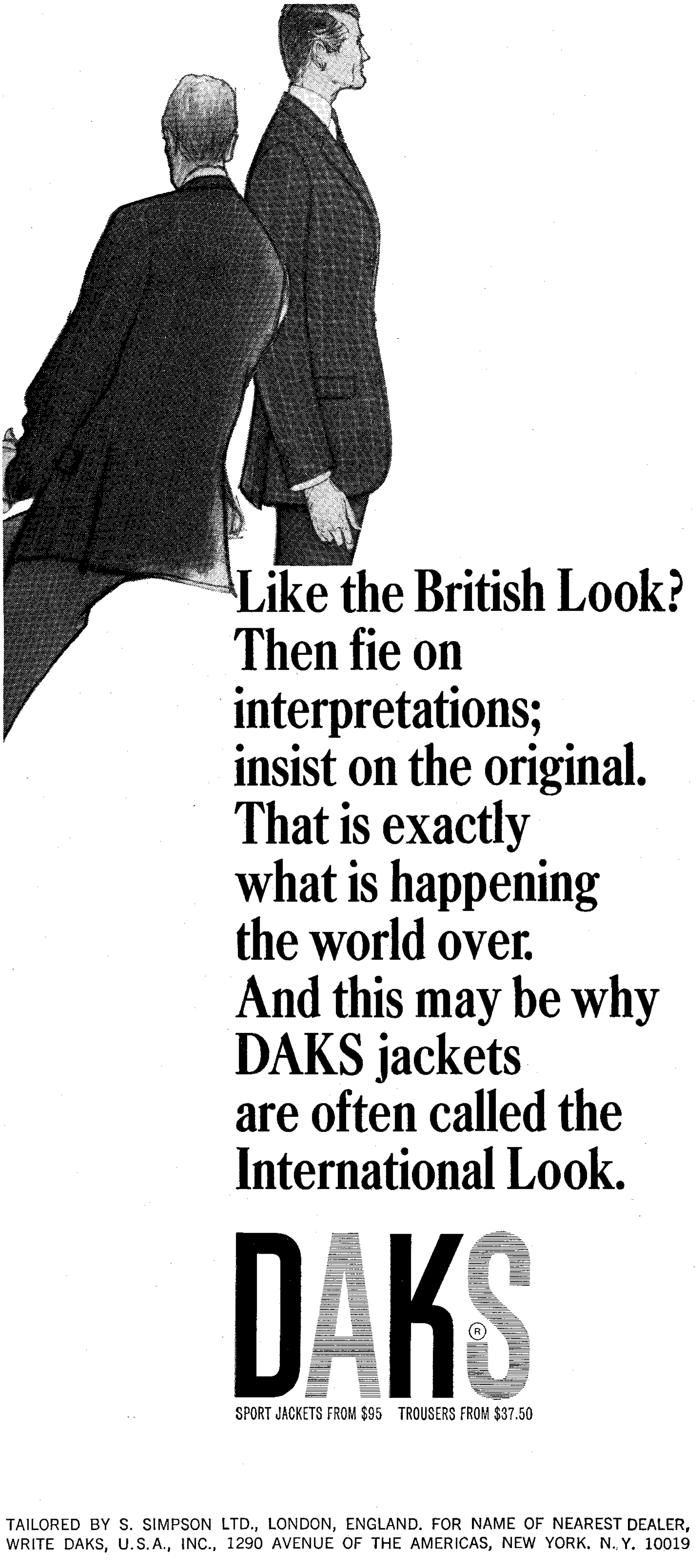
exchange of views among theologians, it does not appear that he has any influence over Cardinal Ottaviani, the No. 1 man, or Archbishop Pietro Parente, the No. 2, who together run the inquisitorial side of the Congregation. A glance at the *Annuario Pontificio*, the directory of papal personnel, makes it obvious that nothing has really changed in this or any other tradition-laden Curial bureau; there is still the same predominance of old-line cardinals and theological consultants. During the summer, as the world congress of Pax Romana, an international organization of Catholic graduates and students, was listening to an impressive roster of speakers on the theme "The Liberty of Christians and Their Responsibility in the Post-Conciliar World," the shocking news was published that the Doctrinal Congregation had silenced the Abbé Marc Oraison, a French priest-doctor and author of books on morality and sexuality, who eight years ago established a sanatorium at Cambo, in the French Pyrenees, for priests requiring psychiatric aid. In a letter to the French bishops, Cardinal Ottaviani told them not to grant an imprimatur to any future books by the Abbé. (The Cardinal had failed to stop publication of Oraison's book "The Human Mystery of Sexuality," the entire ten-thousand-copy first edition of which sold out in France in a few days in June. Abbé Oraison had had trouble with the Holy Office before. In 1951, his "Christian Life and Problems of Sexuality" came under its scrutiny, and two years later the book was placed on the Index.) It was understood in Rome that the objection was less to what Oraison had said than to the way he said it. *Le Monde*, the Paris daily that broke the news, asked, "Have we gone back to the old methods?" The point here was whether Abbé Oraison had been, or would be, accorded the type of hearing to which he is entitled by the new regulations governing the Doctrinal Congregation, Cardinal Ottaviani having promised that his Congregation would "keep in touch with the bishops to help them maintain vigilance over the printed word," and that he would be guided by the principles of Vatican Council II. So far, there is no word that Oraison has been granted a hearing. In this instance, there is also a suspicion that Ottaviani may have acted as he did in order to embarrass the French bishops, whose liberalism is heartily disliked by militant rightist circles in France.

In another case, Father William H. DuBay, of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, appealed early this summer from a ruling of the Congregation upholding a decision of his bishop, Cardinal McIntyre, who last February had found him "disobedient, contumacious, and guilty of grave scandal" for criticizing the hierarchy (and, later, for advocating a union for priests) and suspended him. The Congregation had endorsed Cardinal McIntyre's view that Father DuBay's book "The Human Church" (issued without an imprimatur), in which the priest severely criticized the Church, should be withdrawn from circulation. Father DuBay appealed to the Pope personally for reconsideration of the Congregation's decision, and asked for a fair trial with the right to cross-examine his accusers. The influential Jesuit weekly *America*, which has scant respect for Father DuBay's ideas, nevertheless felt that "for Fr. DuBay's sake—even more, for the Church's sake—he should be given due process of law." (This procedure, almost never allowed, was successful on two occasions when it is known to have been followed—in 1945, and again in 1948, when two professors of Catholic University, in Washington, vindicated themselves in Rome against charges brought by their accusers.) So far, Father DuBay's appeal to the Pope has not been answered.

Then, during July, Father J. van Kilsdonk, S.J., a students' chaplain at the University of Amsterdam who had been in trouble because of his sharp criticism of the Curia several years ago, was summoned to Rome to explain to the Doctrinal Congregation certain articles of his that had appeared in the student paper. He was interviewed by two consultant theologians of that body—the Dutch-speaking Father Edward Dhanis, S.J., rector of the Gregorianum, the Jesuit university in Rome, and Father Jan M. Visser, C.Ss.R., the Dutch-born dean of the theological school of the Pontifical Urban University. Van Kilsdonk was questioned about two subjects: whether it was permissible in the Catholic Church to discuss the biological aspects of Christ's virgin birth, and whether the divinity of Christ could be interpreted in various ways. The young priest defended the position that it was permissible to discuss these things in a pastoral context. An attempt was made to get him to swear the strict oath of secrecy that has been imposed on everybody dealing with the Holy Office in the past, but he refused. When this matter was taken to Archbishop Parente, it was acknowledged that the publicity surrounding Father van Kilsdonk's



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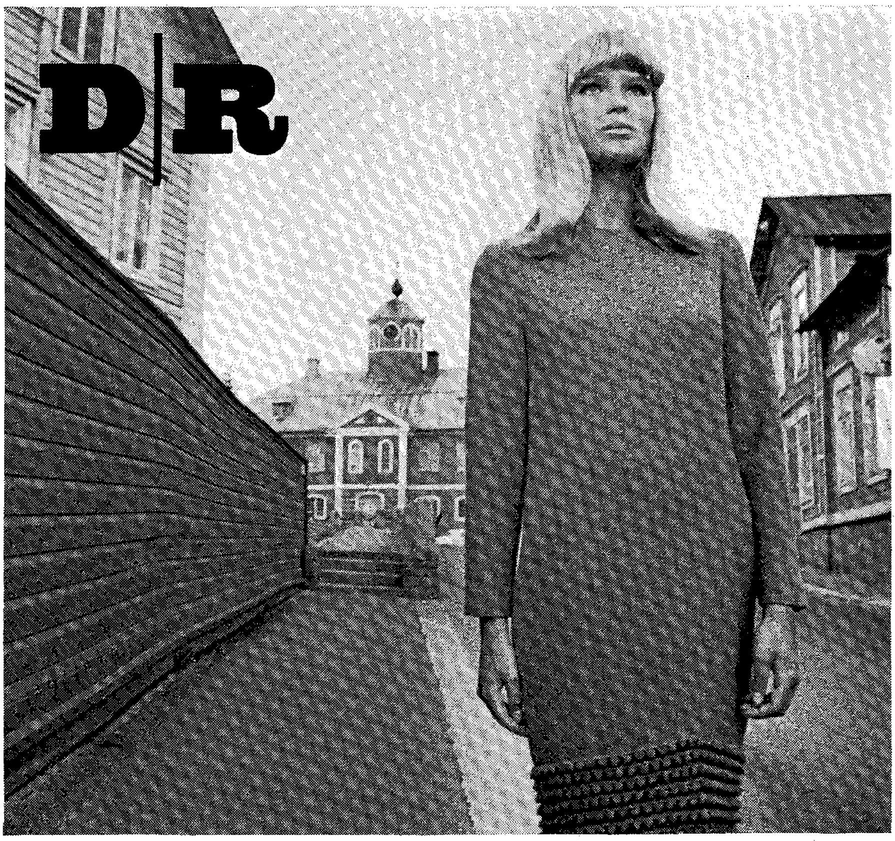

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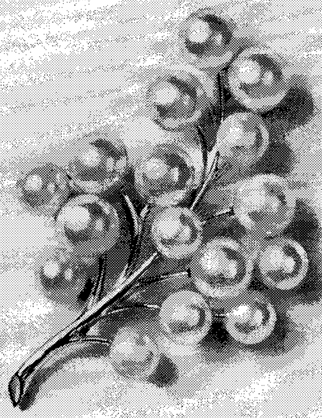

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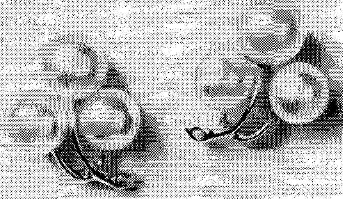

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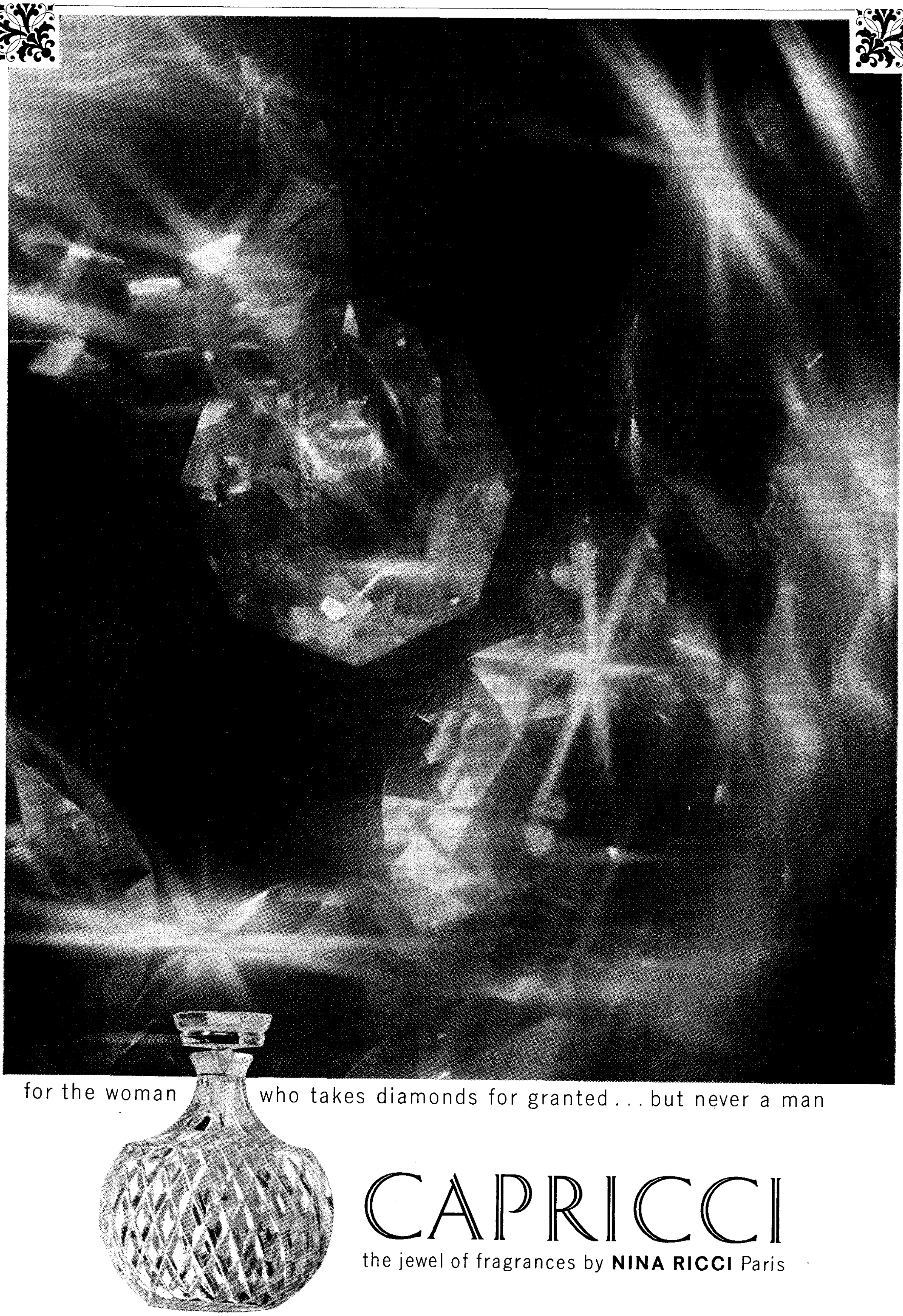
presence in Rome made it difficult for him to keep silent, and he was merely warned to speak about the interview with discretion and with respect for Church authorities. According to van Kilsdonk, he was grilled for three hours on end, and his interlocutors gave him "a hard time," but he felt that the whole experience had been mild, compared to the manner in which such things had previously been conducted. He told the two fathers that he was surprised not to have first been summoned before the Dutch bishops, in accordance with the new policy laid down by the statute reorganizing the Holy Office, and the two consultors agreed that he should have been.

IN mid-September, the Pope, continuing his campaign against war, issued an emotional encyclical containing a "cry" for peace and an appeal to world leaders "in God's name to stop" the "bitter slaughter" in Vietnam, and warning of the peril of "a more extensive and more disastrous calamity that endangers the human family . . . particularly in areas of East Asia." *L'Osservatore Romano* has also come out in strong condemnation of the bombing of North Vietnam. "Public opinion is disturbed and disorganized by American initiatives," it declared in an editorial. If the Pope's pleas have had little apparent effect on the United States, it is also true that the Vatican has no influence in the Communist camp, either. (The Peking government heaped scorn on the recent trip to South Vietnam of the papal peace emissary, Archbishop Sergio Pignedoli.) Because of the Vatican's policy of sterile aloofness after the Second World War, it had no diplomatic ties with any Communist country until lately. It was John XXIII—making his famous distinction between Communist ideas, which the Church condemns, and Communist individuals, governments, and groups, which the Church is prepared to recognize—who paved the way for Pope Paul's present policy of attempts at diplomatic understanding based on the theory that without mutual recognition it is impossible to accomplish anything constructive. One important step in the new program was the agreement concluded with Yugoslavia in June—not a formal accord but an informal agreement guaranteeing the essential freedom of the Church there. The Czech authorities now appear ready to resume the negotiations that lapsed some time ago, and it is even believed that contacts are being kept up with the Polish government, despite its ban on the Pope's visit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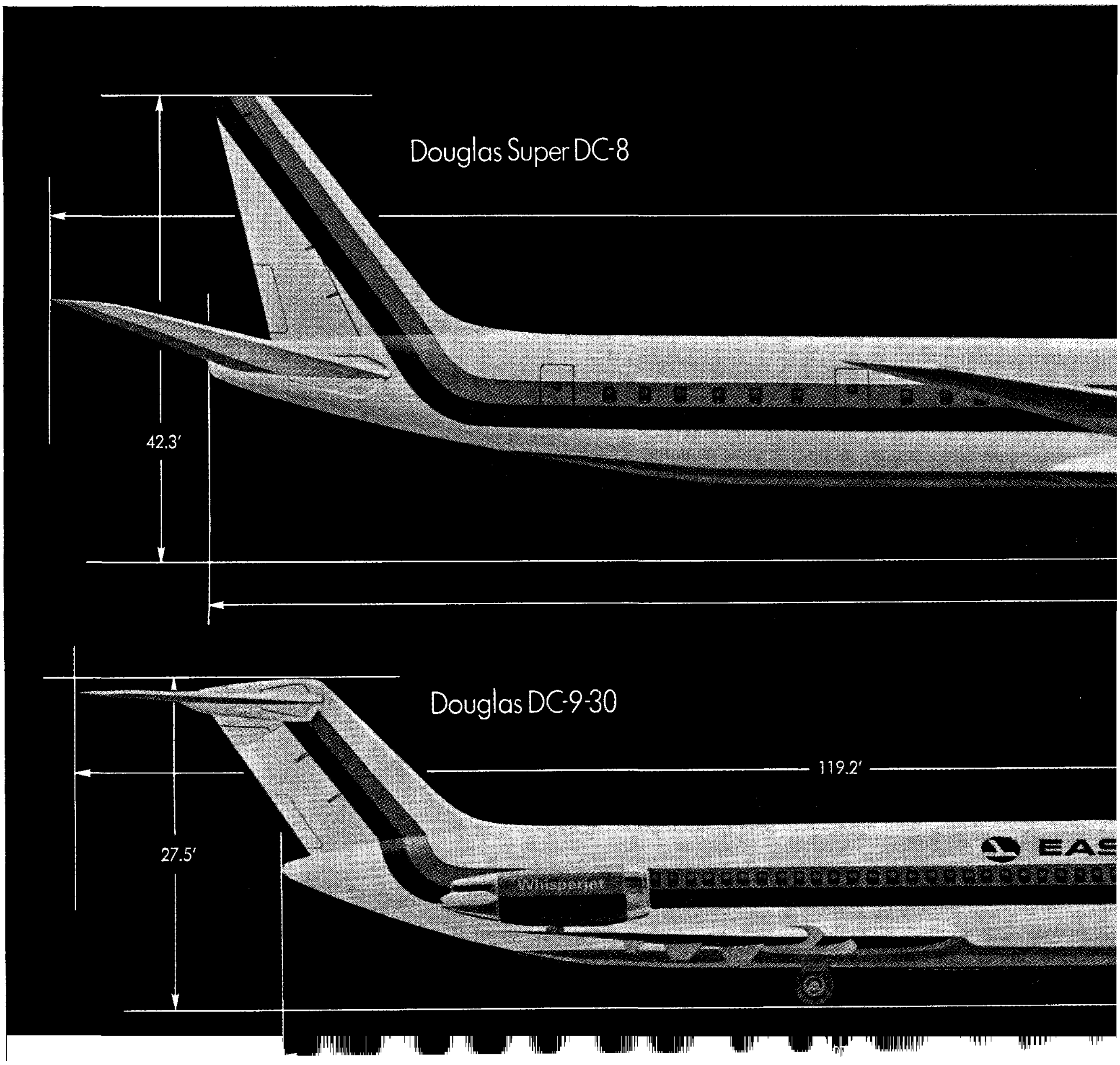
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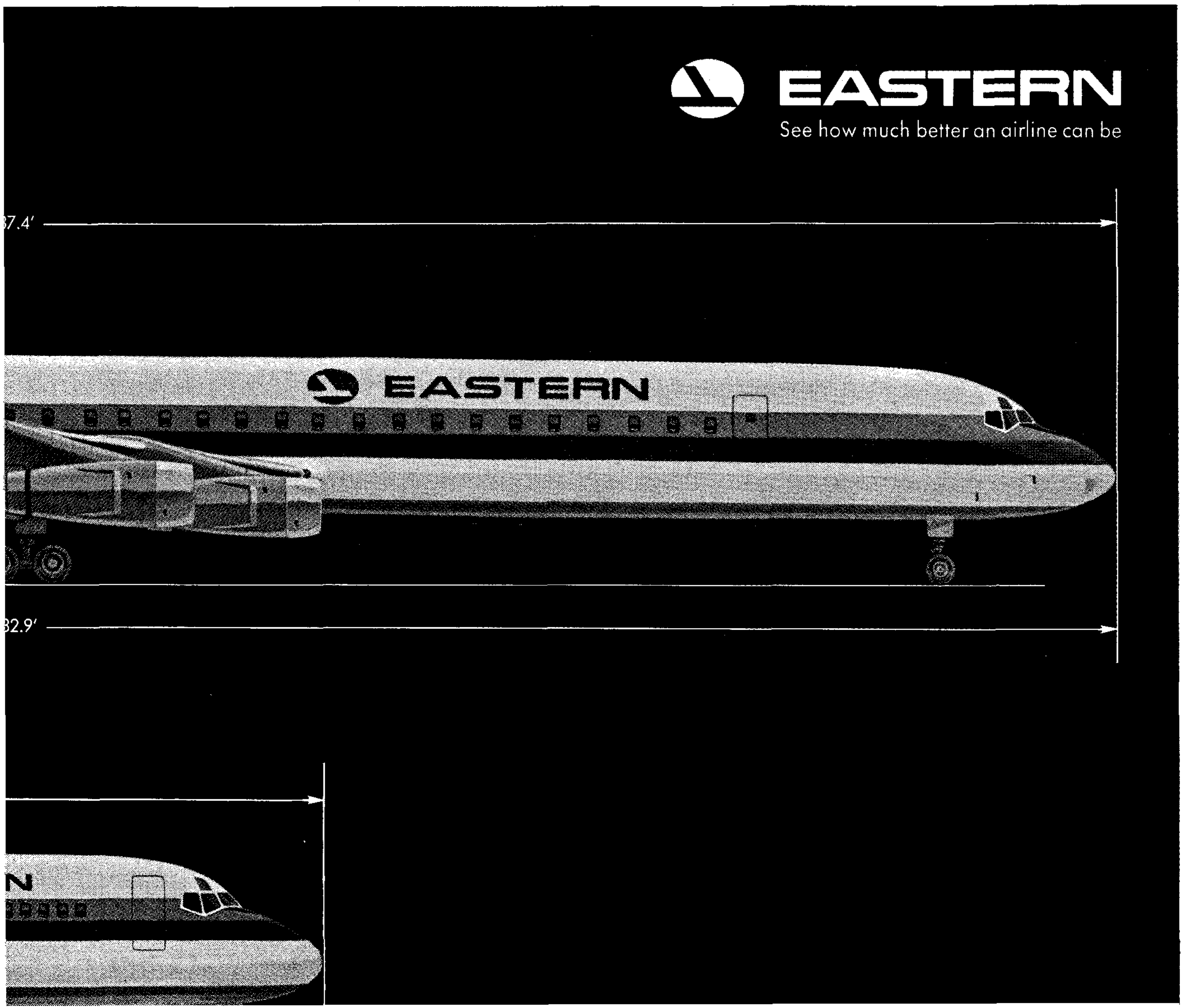

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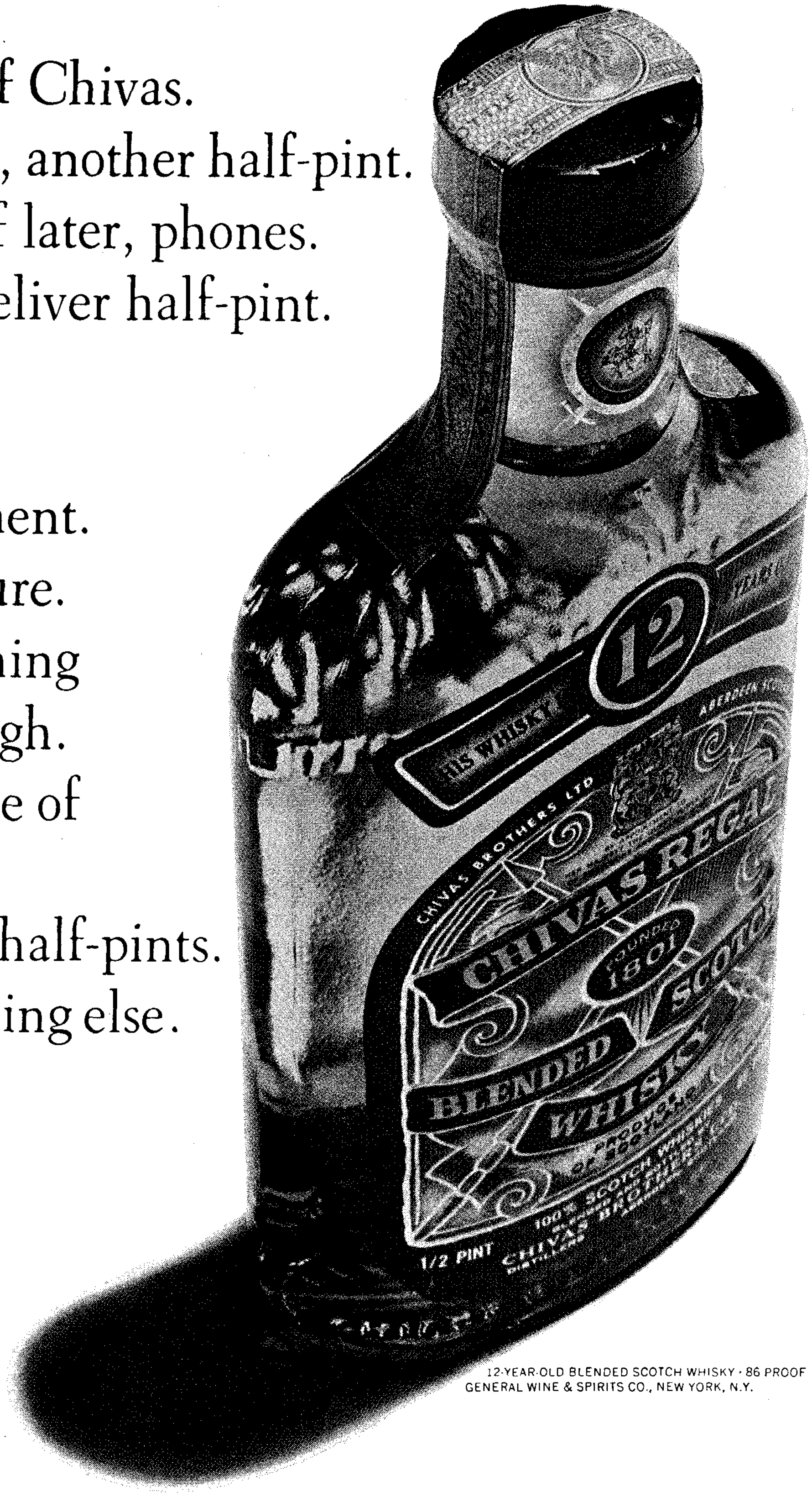
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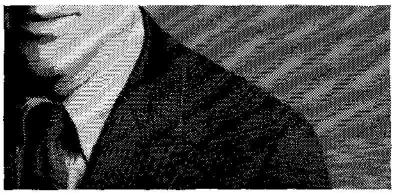
to Poland this year. There was also an unprecedented call at the Vatican by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in the spring. On the local political front, the rightist predictions of a Communist victory in the elections here this summer proved to be wrong; it was the middle-of-the-road Christian Democrats who were the victors. As Cardinal Ottaviani put it, "There are many Italians who vote Communist who are not Communist at all." He did not explain (perhaps he does not know) the reason for such votes. They are protests against reaction made in the one form that Italians know will annoy and upset the most familiar representatives of reaction—the majority of the Italian clergy.

Early in August, a two-page letter went out from Cardinal Ottaviani's office to all national conferences of bishops and to the heads of religious orders expressing concern over the "singular and bold opinions" and "abuses of doctrinal interpretation" that had been circulating since the close of Vatican Council II. There was a significant difference between the letter sent to the bishops and that sent to the religious orders. The bishops were told merely to gather information about such abuses and report to Rome by Christmas. The religious orders were asked what they were doing about priests who were airing strange opinions, the implication being that those who were rocking the boat were mainly members of the various orders, rather than secular priests. Accompanying the Cardinal's letter was a list of ten points that were causing worry, most of them theological questions on which the Council had refused to rule. Ottaviani's top-secret letter came to light as the result of one of the "indiscretions" in which the history of Italian journalism abounds. An article in the rightist newspaper *Il Tempo*, a frequent front for the Holy Office, attacked materialistic-minded priests who were contaminating the Church; made fun of Pope John, who was blamed for "ruining" Mother Church; and treated Cardinal Lercaro to the usual verbal abuse. The Vatican organ, *L'Osservatore Romano*, replied with a mildly worded article by its editor, Raimondo Manzini, calling attention to the changed purpose of the new Doctrinal Congregation and observing that while some erroneous ideas were being circulated, it would be wrong to exaggerate them. *Il Tempo* came back with an article mentioning the ten points specifically contained in Ottaviani's letter, exaggerating them outrageously, and railing against the



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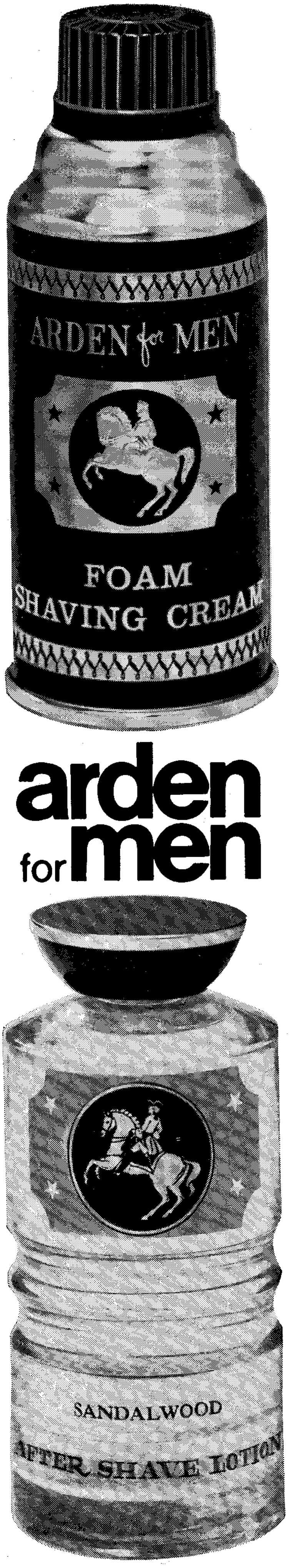
modern vogue of what it called "mini-dogmas" in France, Holland, and Germany. *L'Osservatore Romano* had no comment on this detailed bill of particulars, but then, on August 28th, *L'Avvenire d'Italia*, Cardinal Lercaro's organ in Bologna, printed a long article virtually quoting Ottaviani's letter, and ignoring completely the fact that it was supposed to be secret.

To quiet some of the fears aroused by the airing of this whole matter, the Pope himself apparently took the unprecedented step of ordering the publication of Ottaviani's letter in the September issue of the official *Acta* of the Holy See. What is disturbing and curious about all this is not so much that the new Doctrinal Congregation is acting like the old Holy Office as that Pope Paul, wittingly or unwittingly, is lending himself to a campaign intended to prejudice—and, if possible, undermine—the authority of the national conferences of bishops (who have primary responsibility for questions of orthodoxy) before they have begun to function. Ultimately, it is the Council itself that is being attacked.

Things have not been going smoothly with regard to the implementation of the Council's decrees, and not only the obstructionism of the Curia but the Pope's own unwillingness or inability to force issues has been responsible for the slow pace. When the Council ended last December, the target date set for the administrative decrees to go into effect was June 29th of this year. Five commissions were set up in January to work out the details of the decrees, yet in late February, when the commissions managed to meet for the first time, a great deal of absenteeism was noticed; as many as a third—or even, in some cases, a half—of the bishops did not bother to attend. The principal causes were general lassitude and—since the Holy Father was no longer footing the bills for needy prelates—the inability of some to pay their fares to Rome and back. The result was that the commissions were naturally dominated by the Curial bishops on hand. There was also a tendency to do only a minimum amount of work. Some of the commissions contented themselves with drawing up a bare list of things that the Council had already decided. Others became involved in lengthy discussions about points they could not resolve and had to pass on to two important new papal commissions—one for the Revision of the Code of Canon Law, and the other for the Reform of the Curia. The members of the original



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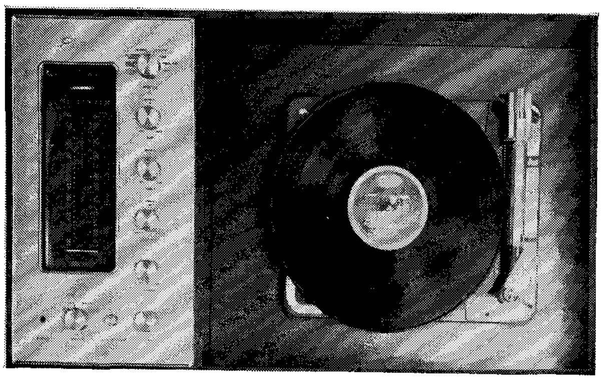

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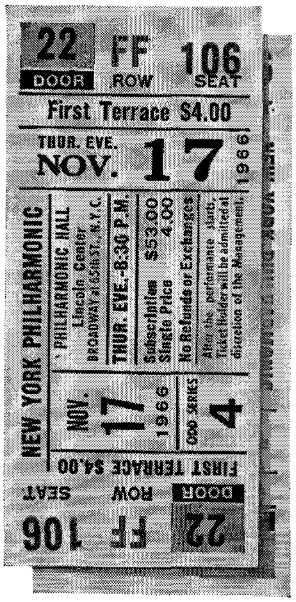
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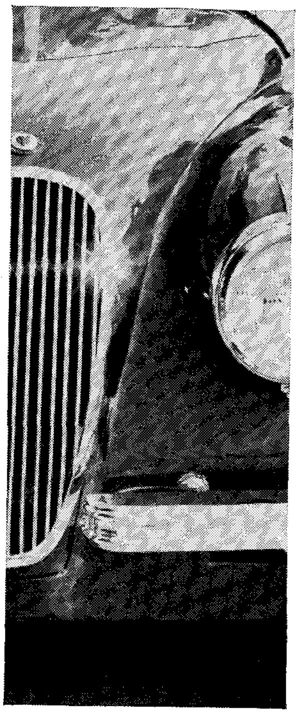

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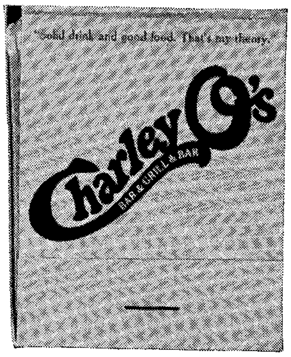
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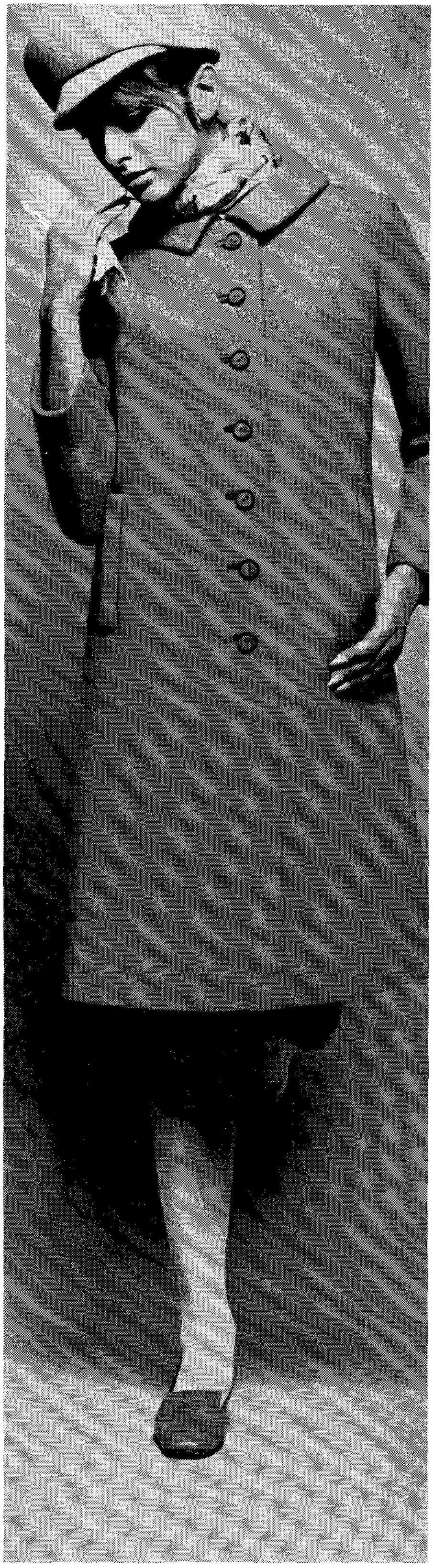
commissions found themselves divided along familiar lines—progressives vs. conservatives. Not all these commissions were intimidated by the Curia, however. Though the American-born Curial official Archbishop Martin J. O'Connor, recently appointed Nuncio to Malta, still heads the body working on Communications Media (the decree prepared under his direction is considered the worst document promulgated by Vatican Council II), the first plenary session of this group rejected a proposed draft of directives for journalists that was as banal and old-fashioned as the original decree. New directives in this field cannot now be expected before the spring of 1967.

In early August, an important papal decree was finally promulgated. At a press conference, Archbishop Felici declared, with as much truth as irony, that, in addition to the urgent need to get things moving, the Pope had been influenced by "psychological factors," so people would not conclude that "we have buried the Council." Among other things, the decree provides for the establishment in each diocese of priestly "senates" and diocesan "councils" (the latter consisting of clergy and laity) to advise the bishop. In time, this new pattern of church government is bound to make local organizations of the Catholic Church more and more like those long familiar in Protestant and Orthodox bodies, where the laity has traditionally played a strong role. According to the decree, the names of new bishops are to be proposed to the Holy See by national conferences of bishops, instead of being picked somewhat at random by Rome; religious orders that have not shown sufficient strength in recent years are to be disbanded, others are to be combined, and all are to be updated; efforts are to be made to see to it that clerical personnel are better distributed throughout the world and funds apportioned more equitably; and bishops and priests are to be urged to retire when they reach the age of seventy-five. One principal effect of all these new rules will be to place more of the responsibility for running the Church in the hands of the national conferences of bishops, making recourse to Rome less necessary. An interesting development is that the new rules will be applied on an experimental basis for a limited period, during which the national conference in each country is to forward its various recommendations to the Commission for the Revision of the Code of Canon Law. This indicates that canon law will not be revised for many years—perhaps a



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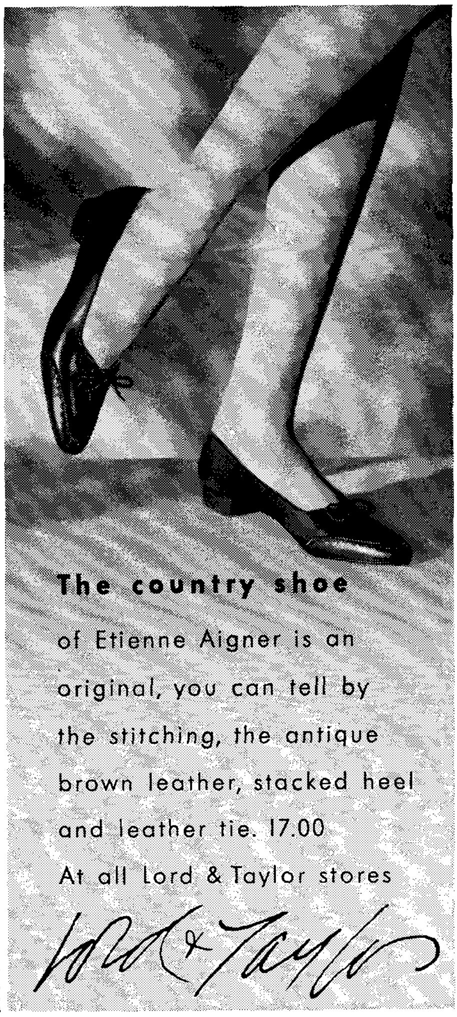

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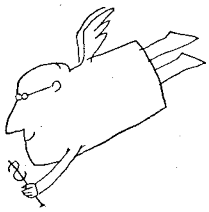

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good thing, in view of the pronounced juridical outlook of the present majority of the Curia.

Last summer, Canon Charles Moeller declared in a talk at La Mendola, in the Italian Dolomites, that the Council had brought about two "Copernican revolutions"—the new definition of the Church in Biblical terms as the "People of God," and recognition of the laity not only as a part of the Church but, quite simply, as *the* Church. Consequently, it was wrong, he maintained, to speak of the laity as a "bridge" between the clergy and the world. But while the laity has won theoretical recognition, it seems to be encountering difficulty establishing a toehold in the bureaucratic world of the Vatican. A behind-the-scenes controversy has flared up over the makeup of the proposed Curial congregation that will look after the laity's affairs. Pope Paul now has two contradictory plans on his desk: one, submitted by the commission for the Apostolate of the Laity, urges that a single Congregation for the Laity include a subordinate secretariat dealing with the problems of world justice and poverty; the other plan, worked out by a group of experts in the field of world justice, recommends that the secretariat be an entirely separate organ, responsible directly to the Pope and bypassing the other Curial offices. Faced with this dilemma, Pope Paul has made a compromise decision that has left everybody unhappy. He has appointed Cardinal Roy, of Quebec, head of a new provisional commission to study the complex question of how the two bodies should be constituted and how they should be related to each other. Advocates of an independent secretariat believe that the Pope's compromise is a sign that a decision has already been made in favor of a single Congregation for the Laity. Much time has already been lost, as Père François Houtart, a specialist in the affairs of underdeveloped countries and professor of economics and sociology at the University of Louvain, points out. He rejects as preposterous the idea hinted at by Vatican Radio that reasons of economy dictated the suggestion to have a single body.

There is something ironic about the notion of the wealthy Vatican balking at the establishment of a secretariat to promote ways and means of combatting poverty, especially since the money that has been spent on the acquisition of several lavish new nunciatures in underdeveloped countries would be enough to finance the secretariat for several years. (On the walls of a luxurious villa bought recently in Montevideo for

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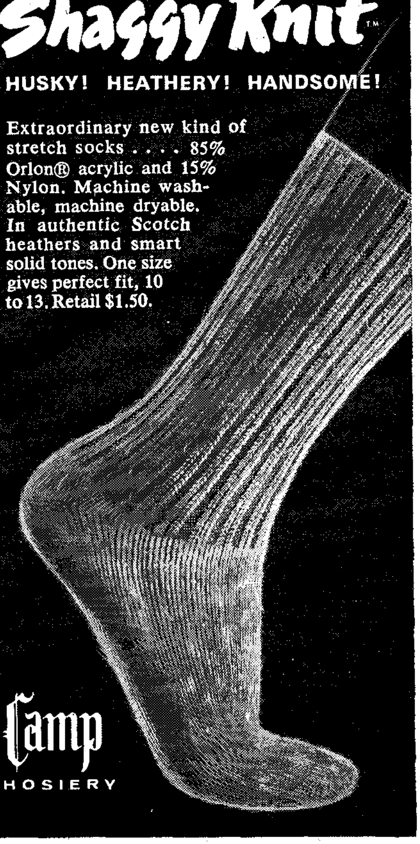

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a nunciature, someone scribbled the words "Blessed are the poor!") On the subject of Vatican finances, Dr. Marga Klompé, a member of the Dutch Parliament, told the Conference of International Catholic Organizations in London last June, "We cannot succeed in working effectively without a sound financial basis. I see only one body that has big finances—the body that gives us hope—the Catholic Church." She then mentioned that the London *Economist* had given a "conservative estimate" of the Vatican's shareholdings as reaching roughly five billion six hundred million dollars. "Nobody knows exactly what happens to all this money," she said. "I wonder whether even the Holy Father is informed." She proposed that the conference suggest to the Holy See that it reorganize its whole financial structure and that of the Church in such a way that the demands of the many Church institutions can be properly met. Père Houtart on another occasion suggested selling the Vatican museums to either the Italian government or UNESCO. Those who favor a single coördinating body for the laity—among them such groups as International Caritas, long engaged in charitable operations—fear that if the secretariat becomes independent, its work will conflict with theirs. The picture is complicated by the desire of the Vatican Secretariat of State to retain and strengthen its control over other organs of the Curia; an autonomous secretariat staffed largely by lay experts enjoying international renown and with its own budget would not suit Archbishop Dell'Acqua, No. 2 man and probable successor to Cardinal Cicognani, the Secretary of State. Meanwhile, the calibre of the lay members appointed to Cardinal Roy's provisional commission indicates that the new single organization, when, or if, it comes into being, will be staffed primarily with tried-and-true functionaries, and not "idea men." Irked by all the publicity surrounding this painful controversy, *L'Osservatore Romano* has come out with an Olympian editorial casting blame right and left but failing to come to grips with the fundamental issue.

BELIEVING that the Bishop of Rome should be the first to set an example, Pope Paul has been busy all year "preaching" the Council on every possible occasion. He has also taken a keen interest in various colloquies and symposia that have been held around the world to explain the Council's im-

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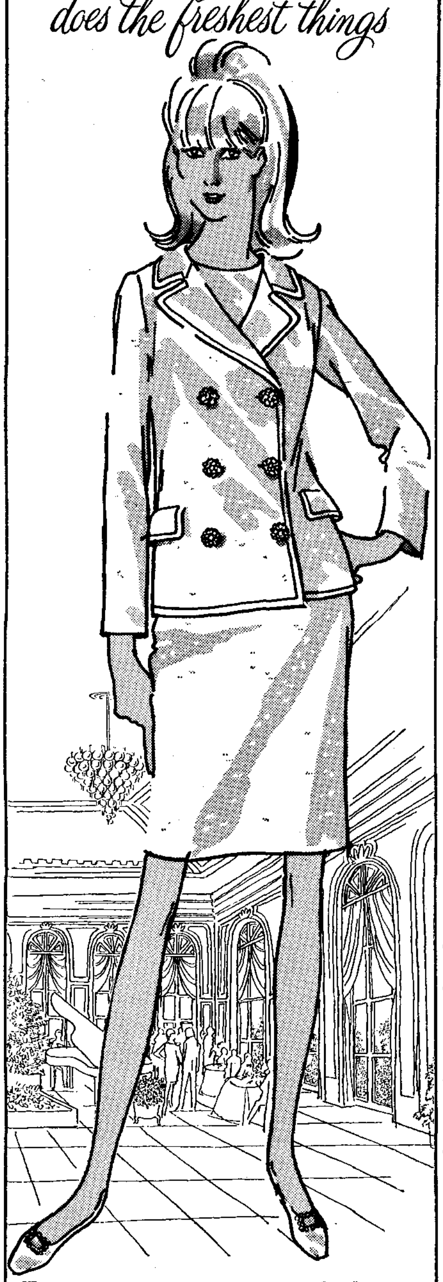

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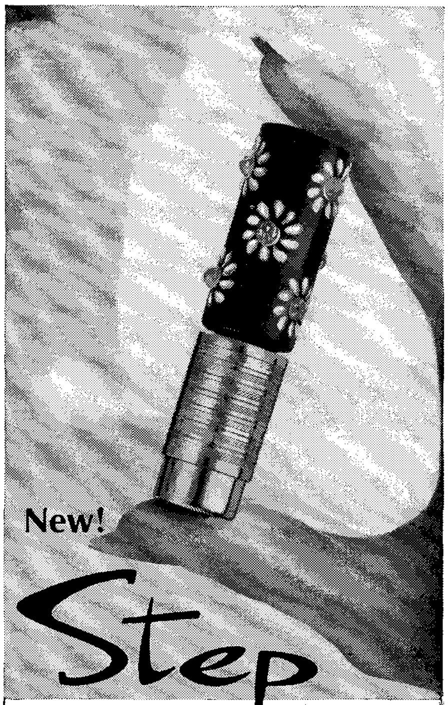
portance. In an attempt to impose an official interpretation of the Council that would be heavily tinged with conservatism, certain Vatican circles asked the Pope to schedule a Roman symposium last spring, but when Paul told them that it could not be held unless speakers of all persuasions were given a hearing, the project was temporarily shelved. On the other hand, when a select group of theologians met in Rome to discuss questions relating to the dogma of original sin—specifically, whether the theory of polygenism (the view that man had not one progenitor, Adam, but many progenitors) is compatible with Catholic teaching—Pope Paul, always eager to bring persons espousing different points of view together for discussion, readily gave his consent. The Pope met with the theologians and attempted to lay down guidelines for their discussion, but, unfortunately, his language was so restrictive that, instead of opening doors, he appeared to be closing off discussion of the very point being reviewed. Immediately afterward, Father Dhanis and other theologians requested a private audience and persuaded him to change the wording of certain passages to make them susceptible of a more liberal interpretation. (This episode reminded some observers that in 1950, while Pius XII was drafting his encyclical "Humani Generis," which touched on a similar point, he is said to have been persuaded by Cardinal Bea to change a sentence reading "Such views cannot be held" to "It does not now appear how such views can be held.") Compounding the confusion, Vatican Radio began to broadcast the original text of Pope Paul's speech as he had delivered it, only to have to substitute the revised version when this became available, and *L'Osservatore Romano* did not print the corrected text until five days later.

The person who wrote the Pope's speech, and is therefore ultimately responsible for this *gaffe*, appears to be Bishop Carlo Colombo, Paul's personal theologian, who constantly hovers around him like an *éminence grise* and often gives him poor advice. (He is known in Rome as "the holy spirit.") Colombo, who has rarely been out of Italy and appears to be unaware of what is going on in the rest of the world (like most Italian ecclesiastics), fancies himself a theological expert. He visited the United States last March to attend a symposium on the Council held at Notre Dame, and he made a bad impression there, because he was unable to give satisfactory replies to



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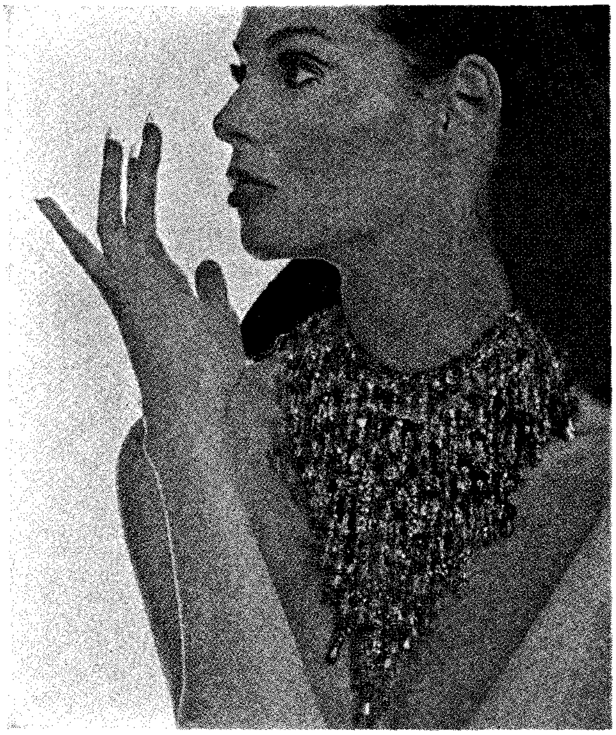

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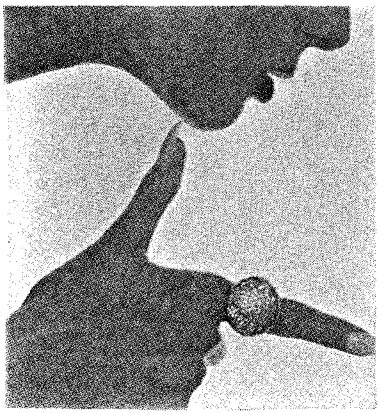

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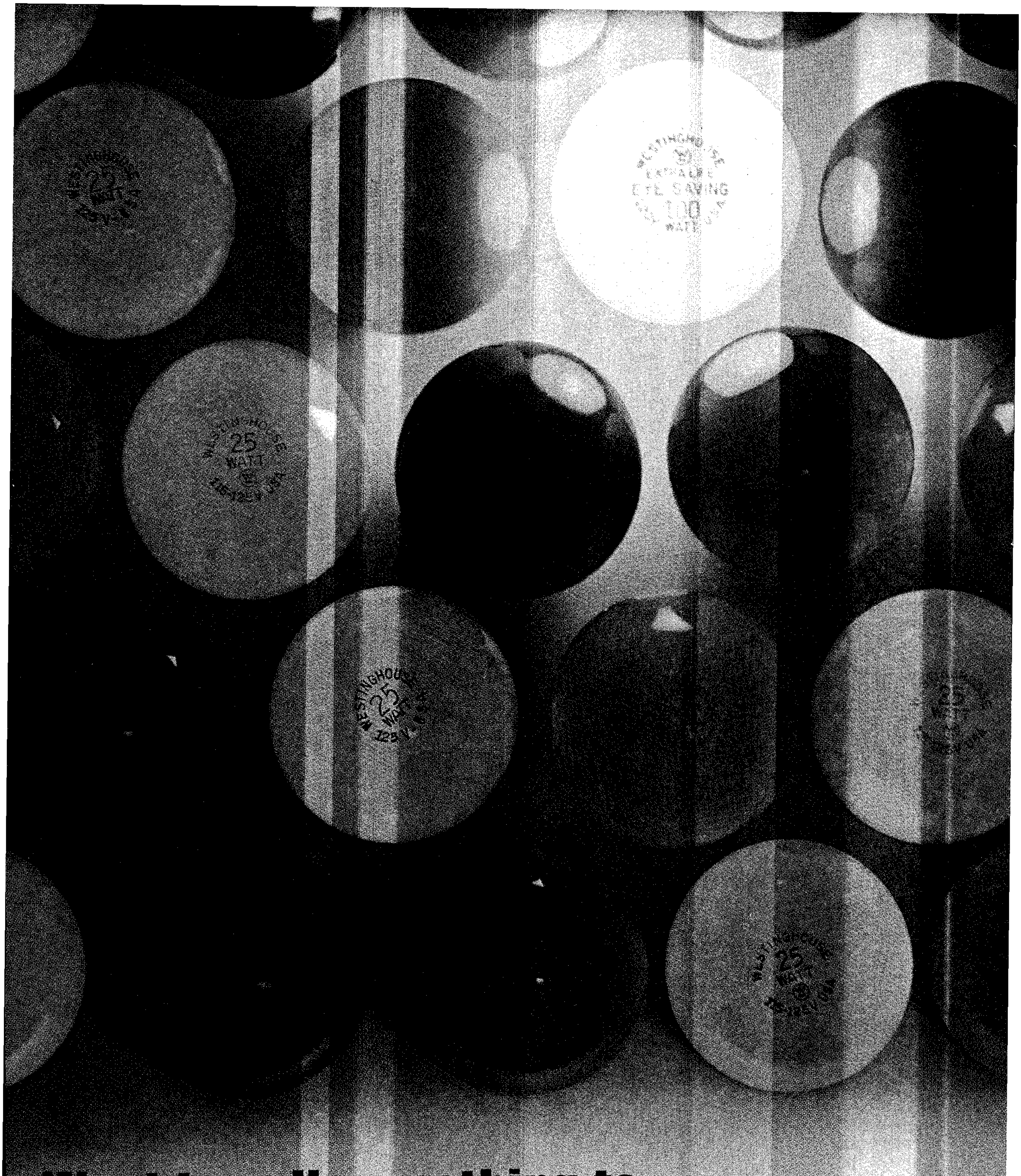
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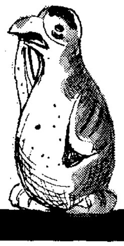
many sharp questions following his delivery of a paper on authority in the Church. It is believed that he had a lot to do with the "explanatory note" asserting papal authority in rather uncompromising terms, which was added by the Pope at the last minute to the Constitution on the Church—a move that almost wrecked its passage by the Council. Of a volatile disposition, this dilettante trouble-shooter for the Pope has a reputation for switching sides at awkward moments. At first counted among those who feel that the Church should change its teaching on birth control, he is now said to be arguing against change. It was possibly with his help that the ill-advised Instruction on Mixed Marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics was promulgated at the last minute. The timing of the Instruction could not have been worse, occurring, as it did, just before the historic meeting in Rome of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Arthur Michael Ramsey, and the Pope last March. (Inexplicably, the Instruction was announced as an answer to a request for clarification made by the Council a year and a half earlier.) By refusing to recognize the validity, in general, of all Christian marriages not performed by Catholic priests, it amounted to a gratuitous insult to Protestants and endangered the ecumenical movement. Critics pointed out the strange logic that permitted the Church to recognize the validity of non-Catholic baptisms but refuse that of non-Catholic marriages. The embarrassing consequences of the new decree soon made themselves felt. When the Anglican Bishop of Portsmouth applied to Rome for permission to officiate at his daughter's marriage to a parishioner of the local Roman Catholic Church, he was refused. The upshot was that the Bishop, exercising the privilege of a father, gave his daughter away in the parish church and afterward held a service of blessing in his own Anglican cathedral, since this is allowable under the decree. Anglican circles were indignant, of course; there were angry voices saying that the Bishop should not have demeaned himself by applying to Rome in the first place. After Dr. Ramsey paid his visit to the Pope, he disclosed that he had been told that the decree was provisional and might be revised, and this no doubt removed some of the sting. The text of the Instruction itself showed that it had been hastily prepared; while it spoke of "Our Predecessor, John XXIII," it was curiously signed not by Pope Paul but by Cardinal Ottaviani and Arch-



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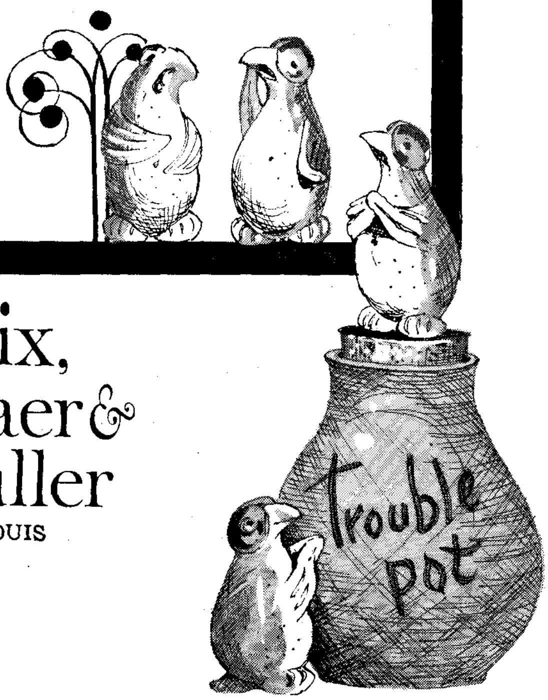

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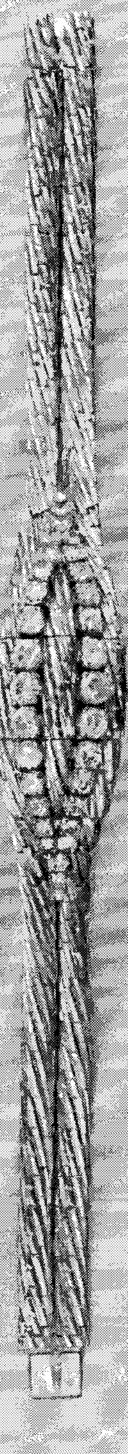

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bishop Parente, of the Doctrinal Congregation. To his credit, Pope Paul has not adopted a pharisaical attitude toward the defects that are daily coming to light in his government of the Church. He has asked the faithful for sympathy and urged them not to be unduly perplexed by the spate of conflicting reports emanating from Rome as he struggles with the Sisyphean task of trying to implement the Council without upsetting routine or treading on anybody's toes.

POPE PAUL still has to deal with the knotty problem of birth control. Last spring, a stir was caused by the publication in the English press of a pastoral directive, issued two years ago under the authority of Cardinal Döpfner for priests of the Archdiocese of Munich, authorizing absolution to be given to those who used artificial means of contraception but were trying to comply with the norms of the Church. This occasioned a correspondence between the German cardinal and Cardinal Heenan, of Westminster, both vice-presidents of the commission of bishops that the Pope had newly appointed to advise him on this question. Heenan let it be known that Cardinal Ottaviani, as president of the new commission, was a mere figurehead, and that he and Döpfner were running the show. Both had been chosen, he surmised, because their views on the birth-control question were not public knowledge. Before leaving for Rome for the final sessions of the new commission, the English cardinal issued a pastoral statement stressing, in popular language, the distinction that the Church always tries to draw between the truth of essential principles and moral laws, on the one hand, and the interpretation of these principles, on the other. Actually, the point that Cardinal Heenan made in popular terms has been spelled out by Cardinal Suenens, of Brussels, also a member of the new commission, in much greater detail and more scientific language in a long speech delivered to the 18ème Semaine des Intellectuels Catholiques in Paris, which Vatican Radio significantly rebroadcast. Speaking on the provocative theme "Is Christian Morality Changing?," the Belgian cardinal concluded that it is, in the sense that there is always need for the Church to reformulate its moral laws in the light of a deeper knowledge of fundamental principles and of truths that do not change. The latter he called "essential values," which the Church has always tried to defend. For example, regarding marriage, he said that the

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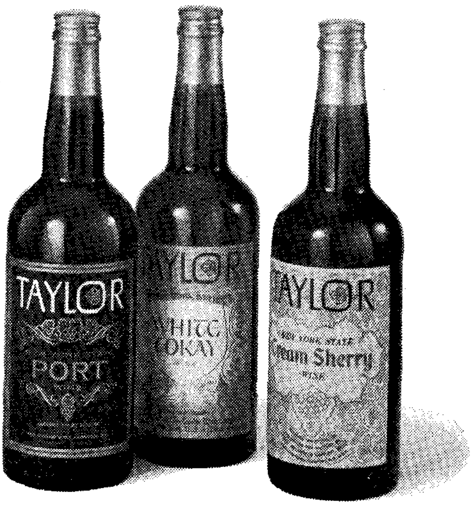

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Church had always tried to defend the sacred value of life (hence it would always be opposed to abortion and euthanasia), respect for the sacred value of conjugal love, respect for the procreative function, and respect for a generous fecundity. Absent from his speech was any statement that the Church has always condemned the use of artificial means of contraception, so confidently claimed by conservative theologians. Suenens insisted that it was a "delicate matter" to distinguish between what was essential in Christian doctrine and what was not, but that the Church would be guided by the Holy Spirit in whatever decision was made. The important thing was that the changes take place "within the continuity of a living tradition." Both immobilism and a feverish desire for novelty were opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, he said, and those who make the changes must be animated by "*une foi très pure*," which is "constantly going back to the sources in order to understand the message, always renewed and always disconcerting, that the Spirit has for each age." At the root of the present upset in the Church the Cardinal saw a faulty understanding of what the Church is and what its relation to divine revelation should be.

It is unthinkable that Pope Paul, in his long-awaited message on the subject of birth control, will content himself with a bare reaffirmation of the present confusing teaching. The odds are in favor of a generally positive pronouncement, carefully nuanced, not closing any doors, but also not satisfying everybody completely, either. The dilemma faced by the conservatives would then be whether a Church that proclaims itself infallible could live with an about-face in its moral teaching. A spokesman for this group, Father Francis J. Connell, Redemptorist retired dean of the theological faculty at Catholic University, Washington, put his finger on the issue when he commented, "In the extremely hypothetical event of such a change [in birth-control teaching], it would seem to call for a radical modification of the doctrine of the Church's infallibility, or the admission that the natural law of God can change." But this dilemma is false. These theologians will not admit the fact—a very creditable one—that the Church has changed its moral teaching down through the ages whenever a deeper understanding of all the elements involved (including a better knowledge of the natural law) required it. There have been changes in the Church's teaching with respect to

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usury, to forms of warfare, and to certain types of medical operations. Even on the papal level, the Church has not been against birth control, as such, at least since Pius XII gave his approval to the so-called "rhythm" method of achieving it. At issue is not birth control as such but the question whether the use of contraceptives violates the natural law. In the opinion of many other theologians, the Church's moral authority (and the papal claim to infallibility) would really be shaken if the Pope should fail to come out with approval of some reliable method of contraception demanded by present-day medical, demographic, and theological knowledge.

The hope now is that when Pope Paul finally makes up his mind on this problem—probably not before Christmas—he will be guided by the sentiments expressed in a touching prayer for Pope John XXIII's beatification that was recently composed by the dean of the College of Cardinals, Cardinal Eugène Tisserant: "May the Lord glorify Pope John even on this earth, and fulfill all that he intended for the Church and for mankind."

—XAVIER RYNNE

•

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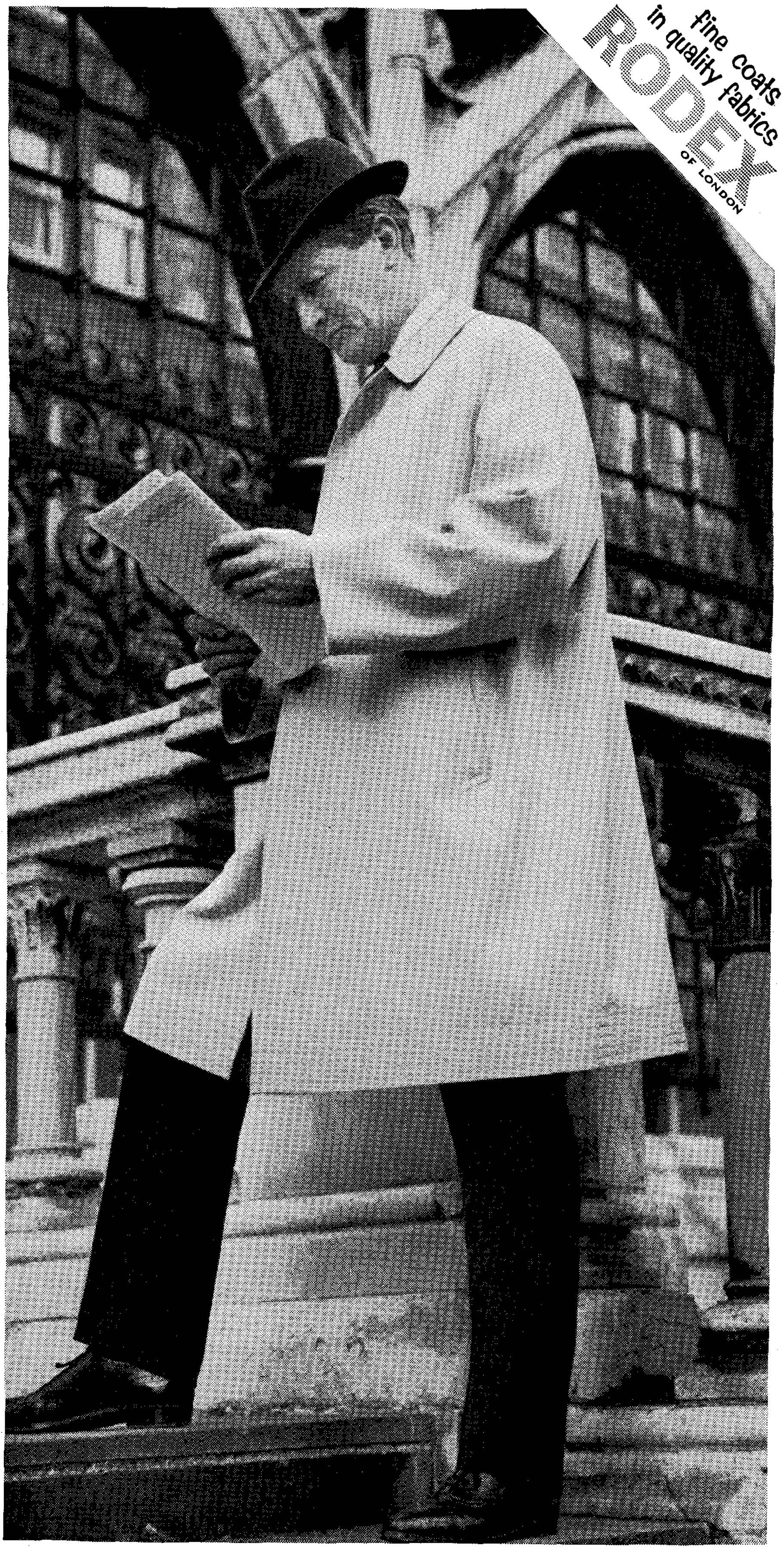
•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Report of the Special Subcommittee on Defense of Southeastern United States, Committee on Armed Services, House of Representatives*]

> Central and South America present many areas of political foment with the conflict between freedom and democracy remaining in doubt.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Rich Harvest

FOR reasons I don't understand, feast or famine is the rule of local movie distribution, and this week and next are feasts that oblige me to be curt even in praise. "Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round" is an extremely clever melodrama, and I should have liked to dawdle over its many virtues; instead, I am able to say little more than that there is something in it for everybody, including professional safecrackers. The movie concerns a bank robbery that succeeds—in our last glimpse of James Coburn, the debonair and heartless wretch who masterminds the heist, we observe him on his way to Mexico with a suitcase full of greenbacks—and surely there is a certain fittingness in the fact that a movie which, almost unprecedentedly, permits evil to triumph itself triumphs. Not that Bernard Girard, who wrote the movie's witty and complicated screenplay and who has directed it in a fashion that makes the most of his wit and complexity, has failed to provide it with a moral. On the contrary, he has provided it with several. If he seems to be arguing that crime, far from not paying, pays very well indeed, he indicates at the same time that it is much harder work than being honest and requires prodigious amounts of courage, imagination, self-discipline, technical knowledge, and energy. Moreover, in an adroit anticlimax he warns that life has such wanton tricks of good fortune up its corkscrew sleeve that even the most gifted crook is well advised to go straight.

TWO FEA
THEY WE

Mr. Coburn, who appears to be having his usual good time, is supported by an amiable and, except for the ladies, able cast; Robert Webber is especially admirable as a State Department man of unflagging testiness and ineptitude. The settings of "Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round"—prominent among them the sunstruck International Airport at Los Angeles and a snowbound Boston—have been ravishingly photographed by Lionel Lindon.

I LIKE the movie version of "Any Wednesday" better than I did the immensely popular Broadway original. Muriel Resnik's comedy had lots of funny lines, but the heroine, as played by Sandy Dennis, was at heart a sad creature. The play had only a single set, and one feared that Miss Dennis was not so much being kept by her ruthless lover—a married, perennially unfaithful businessman—as being imprisoned by him; a girl thus stifled and shut off from the world was entitled to consider the advent of her thirtieth birthday a serious matter, well worth the tears Miss Dennis shed. Julius J. Epstein, who wrote the screenplay of "Any Wednesday" and also served as its producer, in abandoning the device of the single set has not merely "opened up" the play (a Hollywood convention that sometimes does more harm than good, as in the case of the unlucky roadhouse scene in the movie version of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?") but has radically altered its nature. We start with the meeting of the girl and the businessman and observe her gradual seduction; it is plain that she has air to breathe beyond her front door and at least the possibility of an attractive life beyond the grimly regular Wednesday of every week that her protector exacts from her. Mr. Epstein has had the further wisdom to cast Jane Fonda as the heroine, and Miss Fonda makes, to my taste, a more cheerful presence than Miss Dennis; she portrays a girl capable of being kept but not of being imprisoned, and I welcome the difference.

Jason Robards is the efficient womanizer. Watching Mr. Robards play a comic role, I am inclined to feel that almost anything except comedy must be his proper métier, but he does the movie no real harm. His urbane, much put-upon wife is played with gusto by Rosemary Murphy, and the clean-cut young man who lures the girl from her life of tedious sin is played by Dean Jones, who speaks with an accent unnervingly reminiscent of James Stewart's. The director of "Any Wednesday" was Robert Ellis Miller, and the photographer was Harold Lipstein. The setting is New York, and Mr. Lipstein has made our city shine with a beauty that most of us are too familiar with to see. If only our eyes, like the camera's, always saw everything as if for the first time!

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM," with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, Buster Keaton, and hundreds of pretty girls, is the celebrated Broadway musical translated into Lesterese. By now, we have become familiar with most of Richard Lester's bag of directorial tricks, and since in many instances they are *only* tricks, they have understandably lost some of their first lustre; nevertheless, "A Funny Thing . . ." lends itself well to the pell-mell, harum-scarum, shoot-from-the-hip-or-the-lip-or-from-practically-anywhere-else school of movie directing, and I laughed my way mindlessly through ninety per cent of the picture. The ten per cent that palled was a chase scene by chariot that went on and on and on, until the last imaginable collision and somersaulting pratfall had been accomplished. The screenplay is by Melvin Frank and Michael Pertwee, but the calculated incoherence of the movie is such that I am at a loss to know what they would like credit for—surely not the jokes, which are both awful and exactly right for Mostel, Silvers, and company? Mr. Mostel has a face that, on the screen, looks approximately the size of Brazil, and he makes it assume expressions few of which we think of as human; a frightening performer. Since "A Funny Thing . . ." must have cost zillions to manufacture, I wonder how the producers, so lavish in every other particular, can have been satisfied with its imperfect sound. The voices of the actors on the soundtrack and the movements of their lips on the screen are often, and very irritatingly, at odds.

"Mister Buddwing" is a competently put-together mystery about a man who wakes up one morning in Central Park not knowing who he is. He carries no telltale scraps of identification on his person; in a jacket pocket is an unfamiliar telephone number. From this promising start we are shuttled rapidly back and forth in time, pursuing clues that seem to lead nowhere but that at last, in the midst of a desperate crap game in Harlem, point straight to a solution. If Dale Wasserman's screenplay has some sticky lines—once, on his knees, the hero prays that his wife's lips may always taste of clover, and at first I hoped that what he had in mind was a new dentifrice called Clover, but no—the direction, by Delbert Mann, is suitably brisk and bold. James Garner is the befuddled hero, and the four ladies who help him find out who he is are Jean Simmons, Suzanne Pleshette, Angela Lansbury, and Katherine Ross. Miss Pleshette is *very* good. The photographer was Ellsworth Fredricks, and the setting is again New York, again beautiful.

—Brendan Gill

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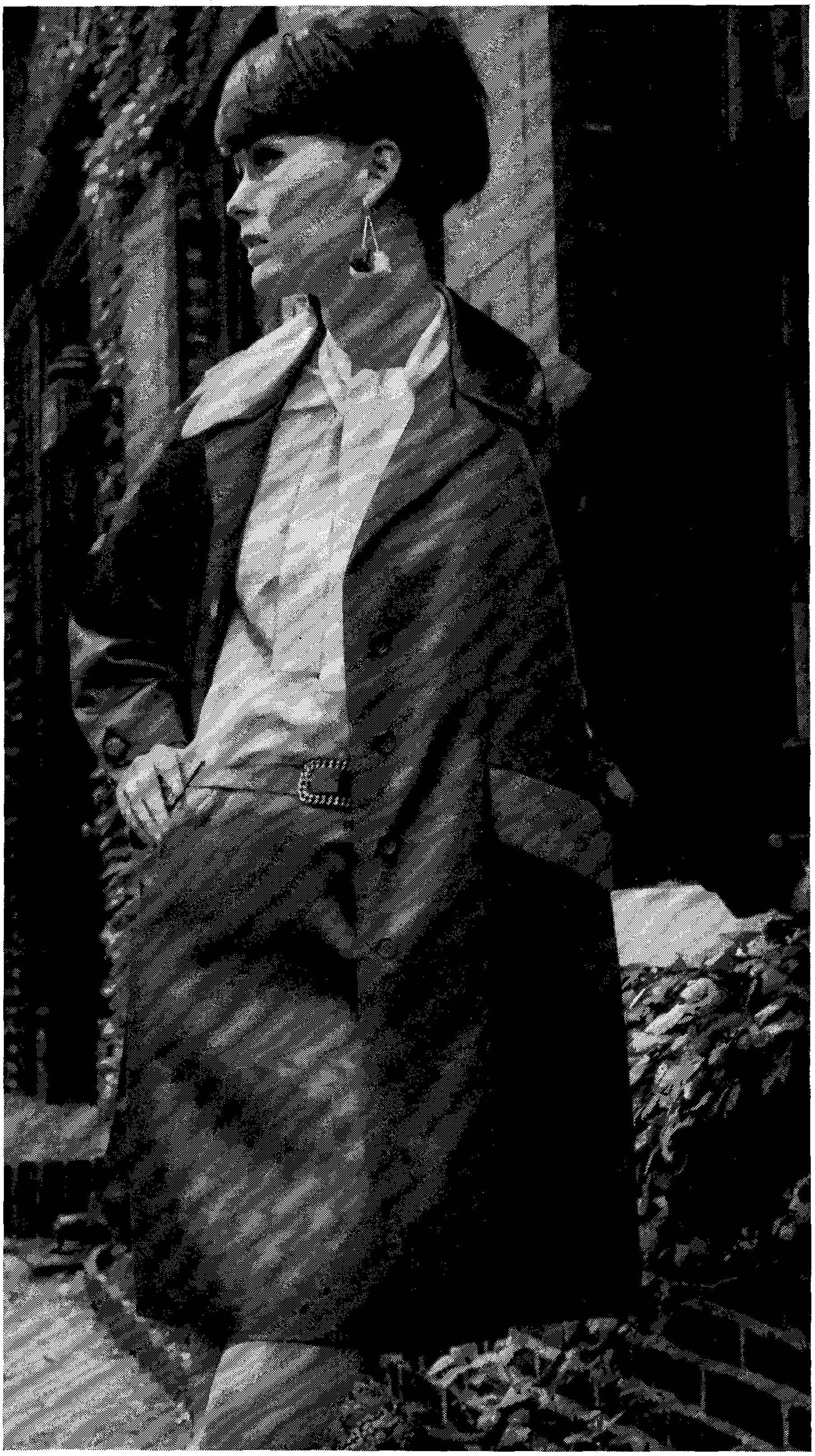

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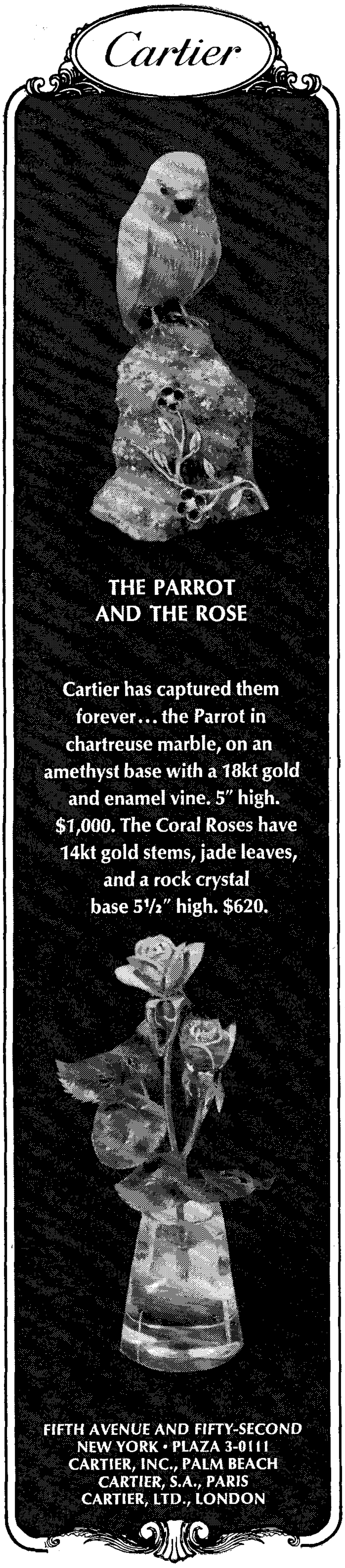

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FEMININE FASHIONS

It happens too often. I traipse around to a number of the lairs of our custom furriers, our *best* custom furriers, and assume that I know exactly which way the wind is blowing. Last week, at the end of a lot of traipsing, I was trumpeting, in E flat and with absolute confidence, my discovery that the high-waisted dress silhouette, snug at the top and swerving outward below the diaphragm into an A-line skirt, is practically a uniform, and, furthermore, that flat and puffy furs worked *horizontally* are everywhere. But then I visit a few more establishments and find that my conclusions ain't necessarily so. Embarrassing. Though I did notice, last week, that many of the furs I saw were beginning to edge closer to the normal waistline, I did not for one minute dream that numbers of subsequent furs would be substantially nipped in there. An extreme of this sort—one that I admit has become an obsession with me—was splendidly designed by Cardin and splendidly executed by Gunther Jaeckel, and in black Russian broadtail. It's a band-collar dress with a fencing-jacket sort of top, and from the tips of its shoulders long folds, front and back, zig in to that normal waist and then zag out to make a flared skirt. It is put together by snaps under one shoulder and a zipper under one of the rear folds. Decisive and pert is what it is; in the words of the trade, It Is to Perish. Revillon, that old Parisian (its home away from home is Saks Fifth Avenue), caters to that waistline by adding savage leather belts, some with vast buckles, that go all the way around, and the skins are often worked vertically—jaguar, tiger, and even fluffy furs like mink and (fluffiest of all) snow leopard. Maximilian recognizes the existence of this waist with a suède belt, but his furs are still likely to be worked horizontally. His coat of ranch mink with pockets low down on the seams wears a pompon at the neck, and his coat of tourmaline with a sharp turnover collar recognizes the waist with a chain belt of tortoise shell, below which, in back, a vertical pleat descends. There is more tortoise in front—double-breasted buttons, the lowest pair below the belt. (I don't mind at all letting Maximilian hit *this* way below the belt.) Ben Kahn greets the natural waist with a coat of pale Swakara lamb, but the waist is normal only in back, above an inverted pleat; in front, it defects by evidencing a slight tendency to rise hungrily toward the diaphragm.

Kindly old Dr. Zhivago has become a general practitioner; he seems to be all over the place. I must say that the several mid-calf-length Zhivago coats I have studied look good to me; I can't help it. Such as Georges Kaplan's, which is of green kangaroo fur. This has a wide and deep crossed collar, and the band that goes down the front curves to one side and then surrounds the hem. This, too, wears a narrow waistline. A number of the Revillon Zhivagos ask for leather boots. One is of gray horse (not old gray mare, though); another is of biscuit Persian (a high back belt and a fold on each side of it to make a broad panel down below); another is of nutria, and single-breasted. Further notes: The cape back is done beautifully by Maximilian. One example is a coat of black mink that dips and flares arrogantly in back; a second, with a flat collar and a fastening at the neck, is of tourmaline, and this also sways outward in back to make your profile look like a going-away present. And strange beasts have been coming two by two into the ark. These I shall attempt to describe, pelt by pelt, as I get to them in one shop or another, but I shan't wait until then to talk about the completely fascinating turtle leopard owned by Revillon—quite a deep pile on a tan ground, with actual black turtleback markings all over it. It doesn't come from any part of the world *I've* ever been in. The greatcoat it produces has three buttons down the front and a loose panel, a very wide oval one, at the rear, below the back belt. But this is only one of many glories. To wit:

Sumptuosity, Unltd., should be the name for Maximilian, for it has everything, from opulent-luxurious to skinny-luxurious, and dear to both the heart and the pocketbook. The most opulent-luxurious there is is a floor-length burnoose with a deep cape back. It can be draped over one shoulder in all its grandeur—in this case, tourmaline. For skinny-luxurious, consider a basic dress of ink-blue Russian broadtail with a small standup collar that

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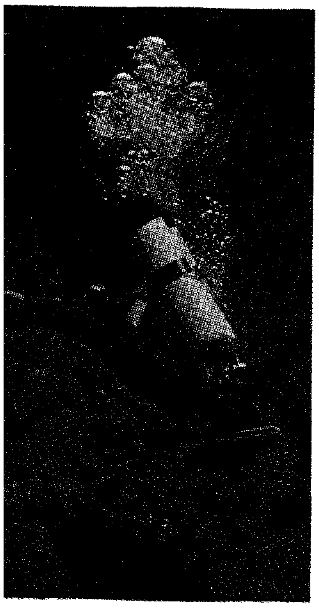

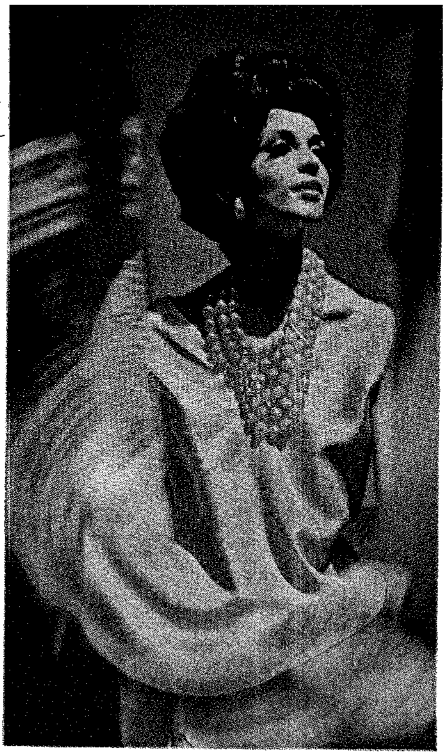

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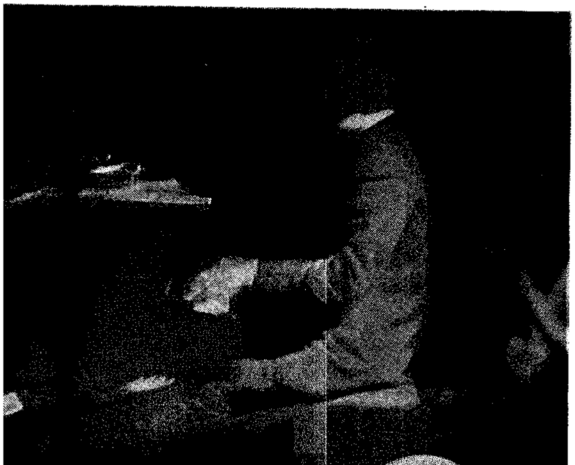

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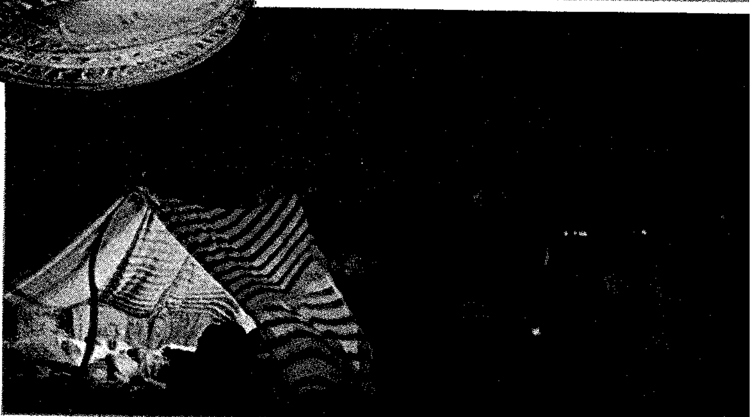

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does not hug the neck. Over this goes a Chanel sort of coat of the broadtail, with white wool rope and gold thread at the tips of the long sleeves, and a deep inverted pleat low down on each side in front. For what Maximilian thinks of as "informal" purposes, there is pony in a chiffon pattern—very fine etched lines on a tan ground. The coat this makes is given a military split band collar, four buttons in square array high on the chest, and a deep fold well below this square. A tent raincoat of pony lined with brown-and-white striped skunk is equipped with a fly front, low-down big patch pockets, and a four-inch hem of suède that matches the pony. Nothing I have seen anywhere is more subtle than the light shades of Maximilian's Persians. One is violet—so delicate that I couldn't tell it was violet until it was placed next to something that brought out the color, but it's violet, all right. It is used for a coat with a tight waist and a fly front; equally subtle fox makes the round collar and the hem. Another coat is between brown and beige (this is also shown in ermine), with high, wide lapels. A third Persian is biscuit with a hint of apricot or yellow, this for a single-breasted deal that has sharp lapels. Maximilian does not fear chinchilla for daytime. Witness a horizontal affair with a roll collar and four navy leather buttons at the top. Four-square, I might say. An oddity in this emporium is called Cross Mink—very pretty, despite its foul temper; that is to say, white with black streaks all over it. The coat it becomes has that snug top and that A-line below I had thought was universal. Tourmaline has its say in a coat with another snug top (narrow, narrow shoulders) and a suggestion of A-line in that there's a panel set into those shoulders that widens noticeably as it nears the hem. With this goes a ring collar, and brown buttons occur inside the edges of the panel. We all know about the splendor of Maximilian's Russian crown sables and Russian ermines and Russian broadtails, but we may not all know that Maximilian can be a touch informal, even when skiing is not being contemplated. As in a street-length coat of hair seal dyed lemon sherbet and looking iridescent. It carries a low-slung tie belt of brown leather, and brown boots are rostered to go along with it. Boots of cheetah that come well up on the thighs are rostered to go along with a cheetah tunic that has a border of white lynx. (The boots are a David Evins brainstorm.) Cheetah reappears in a rajah

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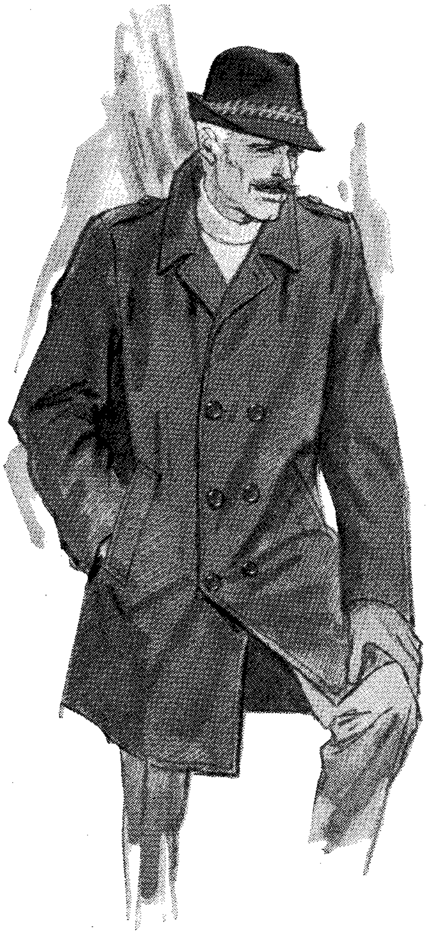

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tunic that has pockets with inverted pleats below the flaps, all ready for you to stuff quail into. For full-blown evenings, a knee-length stunner of a coat, reversing from pale-white broadtail to ermine dyed taupe on the other side, stands ready; so does a most imperious full-length coat, reversing from crown sable to one or another ancient Tatar ceremonial-robe fabric—always a ferociously emphatic one.

GUNTHER JAECKEL, which has its own enclave at Bonwit's, serves up some of the most original designs extant. One of the things I have in mind is a coat of gray Russian broadtail that comes absolutely straight down to a low waistline, where it receives a casual self belt; beneath this is a box-pleated flapper skirt. (The top has a fly fastening, by the way.) Another thought is a coat of brown Persian lamb swerving out into another A-line skirt, this with a wide hem of sable. The round collar is far enough away from the neck to show an incongruous turtleneck sweater; sable must be for skiing, I guess. Rodriguez of Spain is a contributor, with a coat of cheetah or American broadtail in a subdued princesse cast. Double-breasted buttons go from the diaphragm to the waist, and the whole thing is bound in black leather. A double-dealing operation involves an undercoat with long, straight sleeves that curves neatly into the waist before it flares below (black Alaska seal is the ingredient) *and* a detachable round-necked, elbow-length cape of Russian broadtail. Among the less expensive furs is Kalgan lamb, which is a deft mimicking of miniature white poodle. Because of customs rules, it cannot be imported skin by skin, but it *can* be translated into coats (this happens in Switzerland) and imported. (The beast is Tibetan, I believe.) One darling coat, at the darling price of just $425, is piped with tan leather, even including the belt, which is placed low and weaves through loops; another coat is an endless black-and-white checkerboard in inch-and-a-half squares, this one with a white turnover collar and a hooked side fastening, at a cost of $475. Comes now a tailored coat of unplucked nutria (a shaggy surface and a bit bristly, like five-o'clock shadow), and timber wolf (white with gold-to-gray markings), speaking of odd furs. The wolf ends up as a coat, straight and shaggy, with a big collar; $550. And among the formal-length evening coats is a fitted, tiered one of black monkey fur or of Canadian ermine dyed black, gathered to the rear

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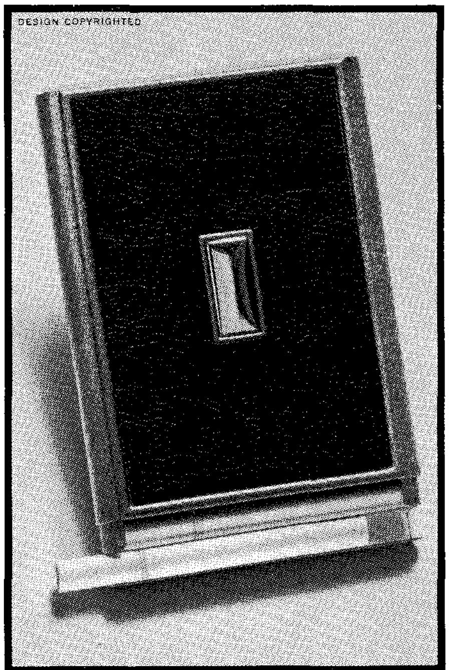

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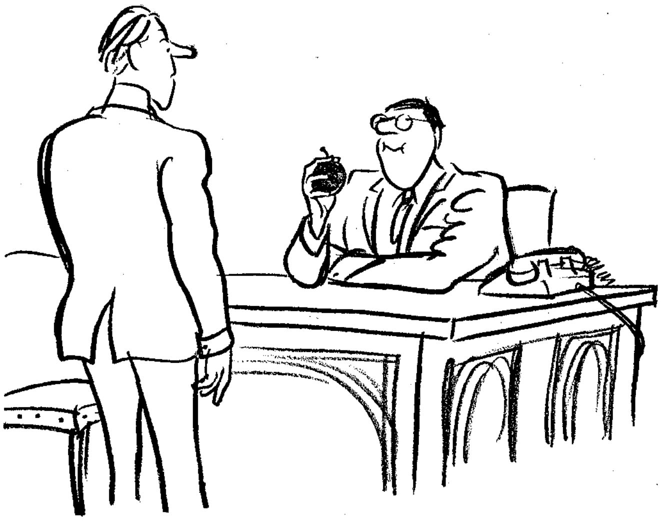
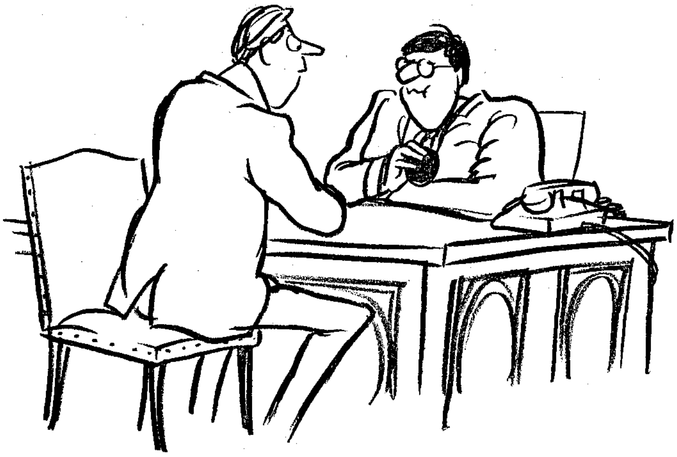


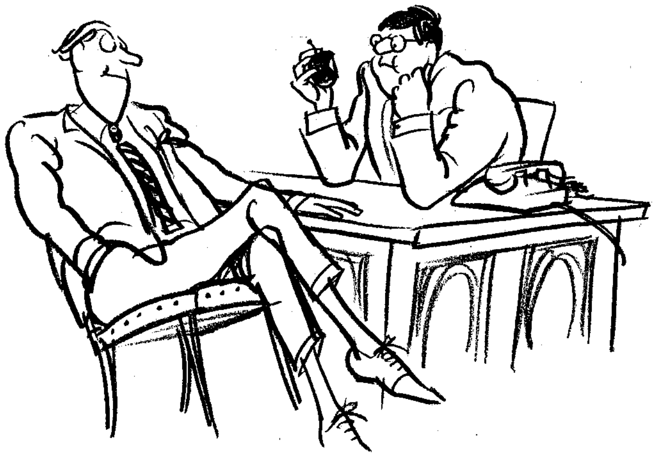
1. You must be nuts about apples. You've had one every day this week.

Actually, I prefer pears.



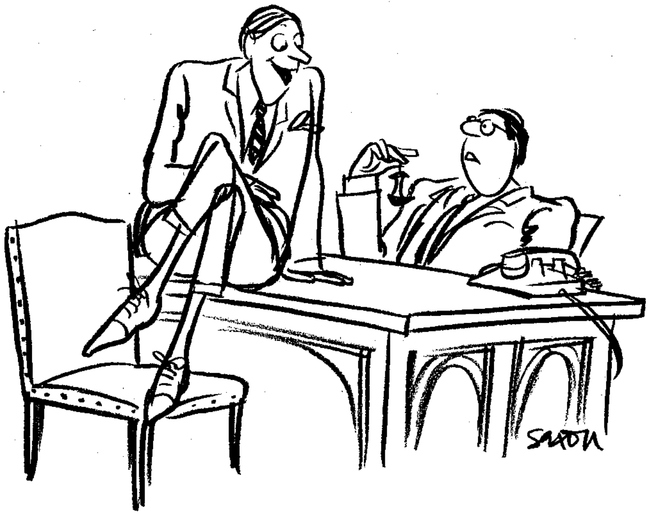
2. So what's with apples?

Well...uh...you know what they say about keeping the doctor away.



3. You can't believe that old one.

Listen, with all the mouths I have to feed, I can't afford to get anything more serious than a splinter.



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on an extremely low yoke seam and topped by a high band collar.

EVERY year, Georges Kaplan declares that it is out of date to be prankish, and every year his handiwork is more prankish. This does not mean that he cannot make one of the most entrancing coats I have seen—mink with the wide stripes split vertically twelve inches above the hem, so that they can swing outward in a trumpet flare. Or a coat of very dark ranch mink with a buttoned band all the way down the front, plus a split band collar of grosgrain. Then Kaplan shoots back to prankery, as in a wraparound coat that is all three-inch-wide spirals of black and gray mink in barber-pole array, and as in a three-tone mink coat of butterscotch, vanilla, and whipped cream (this is going whole hog off the diet) in slender horizontal stripes. What Kaplan terms Freehand coats (they look like children's blackboard graffiti) may appear in black mink with very thin white lines in every direction; he even supplies white stockings with similar black markings. White rabbit is the substance of a kind of nightshirt coat, except for the sharp turnover collar and the shirtband down the front; these are of uncompromising *red* rabbit. And more for-heaven's-sake than ever are his pants of white Mongolian lamb with sheepdog feet. These, and the big stole that accompanies them, are trimmed with raspberry suède. Black mink is sometimes bordered in front, and hemmed, too, by sea panther (I *said* we were going to meet strange animals), which comes from Greenland and is black with white splotches. The panther also forms the formidable collars, four inches high. If anyone remembers Fanny Ward (that would be maybe thirty years ago), that anyone should be able to imagine her in a slender Kaplan coat of tan wildebeest with a hood of Icelandic lamb, which is wild the way it drips, drips, drips (brown with tan tips, and resembling ostrich). The lamb also serves as the deep hem.

REVILLON is enthusiastic about floor-length hostess gowns of fur that are planned to go over silk pajamas but that, for all of me, could sally forth at night as coats for formal, drifting evening gowns. Many of them are slit up the sides and in back to hip level. They happen in just about everything—black calf (a trifle humble for the opera but mighty effective most anywhere else), India broadtail dyed pink, navy India broadtail (this is cut like a man's dress-

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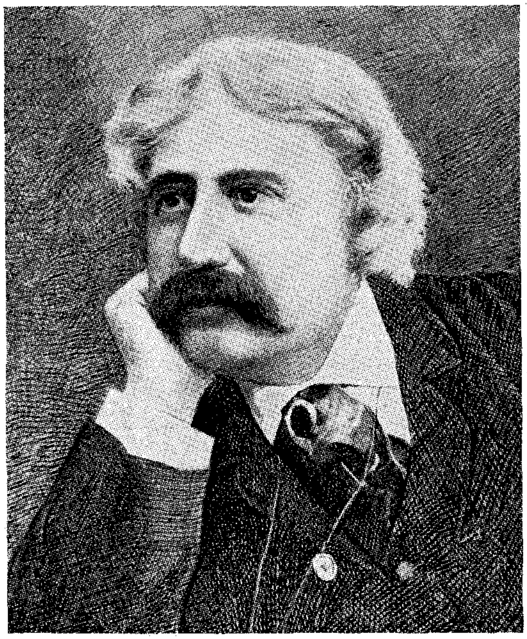
Bret Harte might have found plenty of local color in this story about a gambler from The National Observer.



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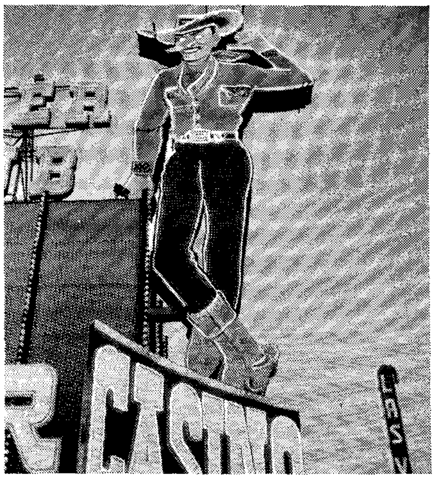
"JACK Binion earns $60 a day and gives away $45,000 a month in free drinks, $3,000 in cigars and cigarettes, and $12,000 a month in free money. Yet he always manages to come out ahead.



He's the owner and manager of the Horseshoe Hotel and Casino in downtown Las Vegas, one of the bigger clubs in town. The $60 a day he earns, of course, is only the salary he pays himself. The $720,000 a year he gives away to the customers is a large part of his business expense, necessary, he says to meet competition from the other clubs in town."

In the tradition of Bret Harte

This story about a gambler in the West, appeared in The National Observer on July 18, 1966. The author is Jude T. Wanniski, a journalist who has absorbed every shade of the very special local color of Las Vegas—from politics to police.

All our writers reflect the great tradition of American journalism which produced Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Jack London and practically any of the big ones you can name. Whether they write about the West, or all points North, East and South, they know their locale. And the people who live there. Their stories have the depth and immediacy of a living experience that our readers can identify with. Their range of human interest is universal. Rather than tell our readers what to think, they invite them to think for themselves. And that is just what our readers do.

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In the tradition of great American journalism

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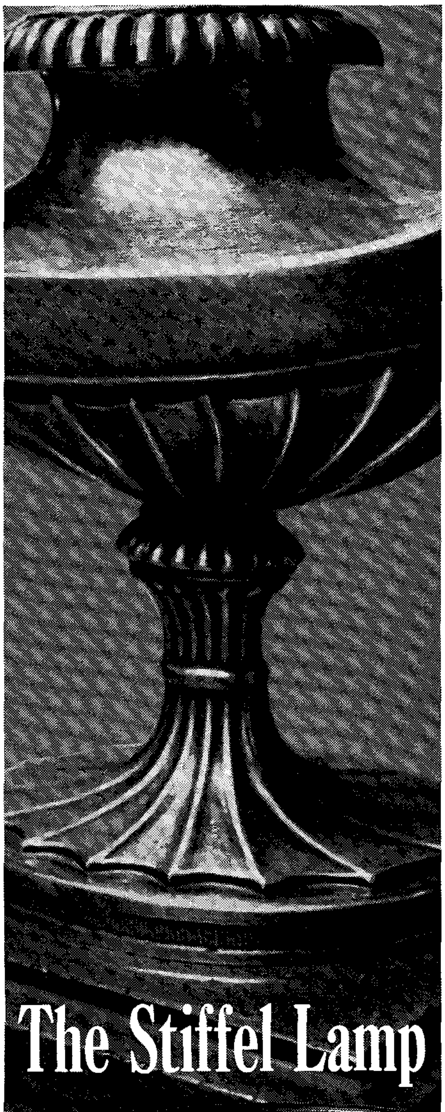

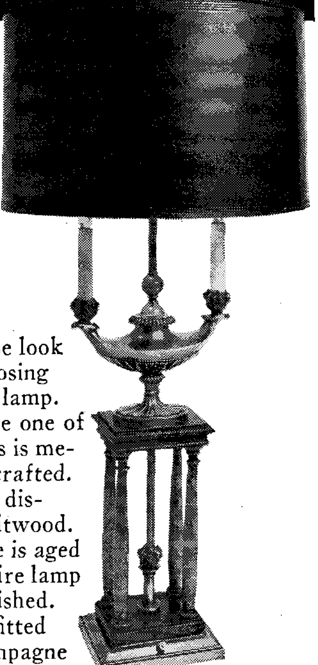

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ing gown), white ermine (zipped up the front), tiger, ranch mink, whatever. It all goes to show that it is not compulsory for a hostess to wear pants for lounging around. Among the sports furs here is snow leopard, with a ground of pale cream and splotches that are black-to-charcoal. A full-length coat of it has a leather belt; a mid-thigh coat that has frog fastenings of black leather is to be worn above narrow pants and snow-leopard boots and below the turtleneck of your pet sweater. Cheetah arrives in a winning straight young dress with low pockets and a zipper down the front, and, more importantly, in a coat with five square patent-leather buttons at each side, ending almost at the hem, and considerable fullness in back, held in by a low-riding belt of the leather. Really dressy daytimes are taken care of by a coat of brown Russian broadtail that, for once, can accommodate a fairly substantial outfit under it. Its characteristics are a turnover collar, a fly front, and a loose, easy flare. Still, the aim at Revillon, as everywhere else, is to keep broadtail of any sort as slim as satin. A suit of the stuff, in black, concerns a fairly long jacket and a straight skirt; with this goes a sleeveless overblouse of white mink. Another costume begins with a dress of the same broadtail and ends with a hip-length jacket of white ermine, gathered a little in back under the collar. This shop is high on an India lamb in near-white, particularly for a sort of officer's coat with epaulets, upon each of which sits a tiny round black button. More of the buttons go down the front. This could weather a long campaign of committee meetings for charity balls. A male trenchcoat is the genesis of a coat of navy India broadtail with a belt, silver buttons in all the appropriate places, and a low fold across the shoulder blades.

Ben Kahn has, as he always has, the greatest variety of pelts and shapes possible, and he is revealing a strong leaning toward really long jackets for sports and for other daytime occasions. A jacket of African lion has revers, four pockets, and a fastening of three brass buttons. A Norfolk aspect is apparent in a jacket of taupe calf; it has a high yoke seam and buttoned bands above the tips of the sleeves. This, it happens, is part of a suit. An odd fur is this calf, still in taupe, after a black zebra pattern has been stencilled on it. The end product is a coat with a low back belt and an inverted pleat underneath it at each side. This coat is full

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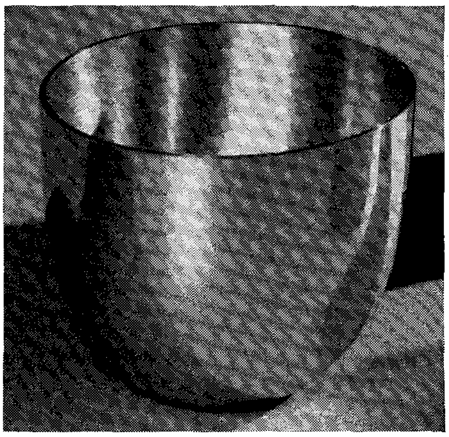

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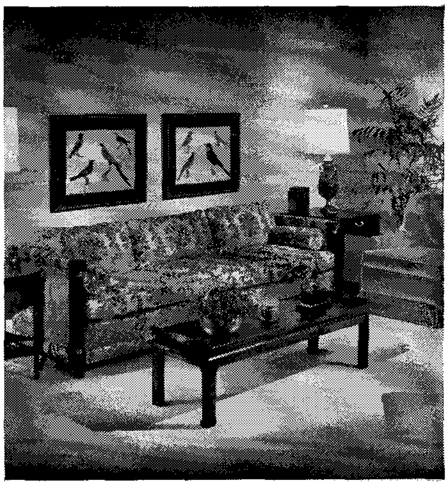

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length, and so is a coat of Golden Glory opossum with a slight flare toward the hem, and a straight back, and a leather tie across the stomach. Chinese cloud leopard (a very blurred black pattern on a ground of dull green gold) is around, and stone marten is being revived here, the way Gunther Jaeckel is reviving baum marten for tawny, fluffy, downright cuddly coats. Ocelet appears in a coat with Kahn's favorite loose panel at the back of the skirt. This has dolman sleeves and a wide leather belt, and there is a collar, deep and round, of Canadian fisher. Fisher all by its magnificent self shows up in a horizontally worked coat with dropped shoulders and a long waist. An urge for something more sporting leads to a tennis sweater of vertically worked white mink with a band, three-quarters of an inch across, of black mink down its cardigan closing. Fine for your moments of splendor on the courts, but wouldn't you prefer to wear it with black velvet slacks? A noble, noble coat of cheetah is here, with a band collar that stands away from the neck, six double-breasted jet buttons, and a band of black mink, all of six inches across, that starts at the bottom and ascends in front in a highly irregular way when the coat is wrapped. But Kahn has not given up broadtail. Black and Russian it is when it makes a coat with a full cape back and a mink tie across the front; black it is when it wears a convertible collar above three round rhinestone buttons and a separate back panel; white and black it is as an ensemble—a skinny dress in black, with a white attached top that has a small band collar, plus a short black jacket that has a white shirt collar and white facings. You may be just as torn, if you are thinking about formal length, between two goodies—a straight coat with a roll collar (this deal is of golden sable) and a coat with round pearl buttons down the front (this of Russian ermine).

AND now, if you'll excuse me, I'll put furs aside for this season and get back to my knitting. What am I knitting? Well, it's a tennis sweater of vertically worked white mink with . . .

—LOIS LONG

•

"I'm pooped!" Gordon told Conrad minutes after he slipped into the strange, eerie world of California. He breathed hard and quickly as he tried to work.
—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

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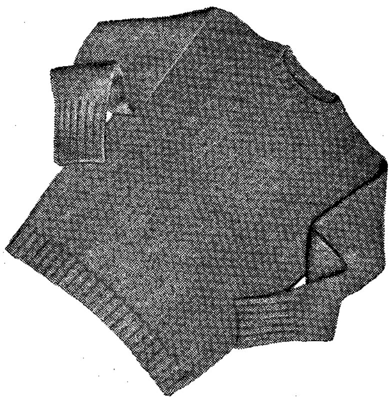

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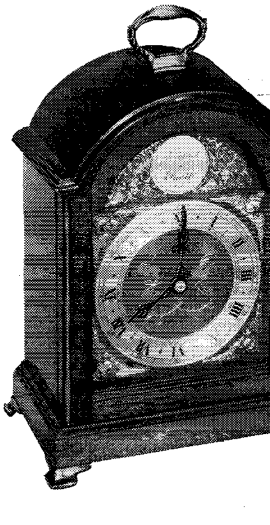

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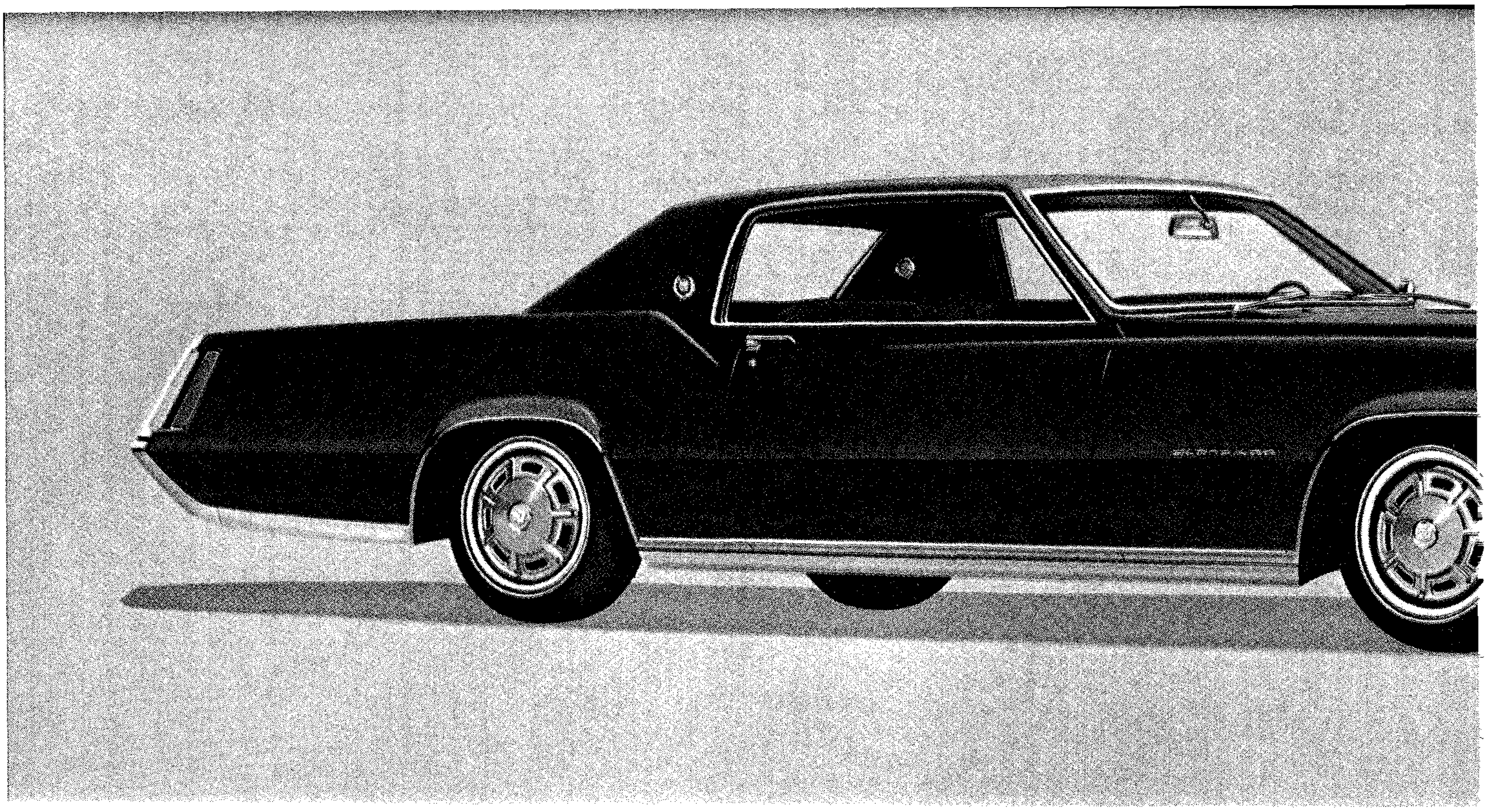

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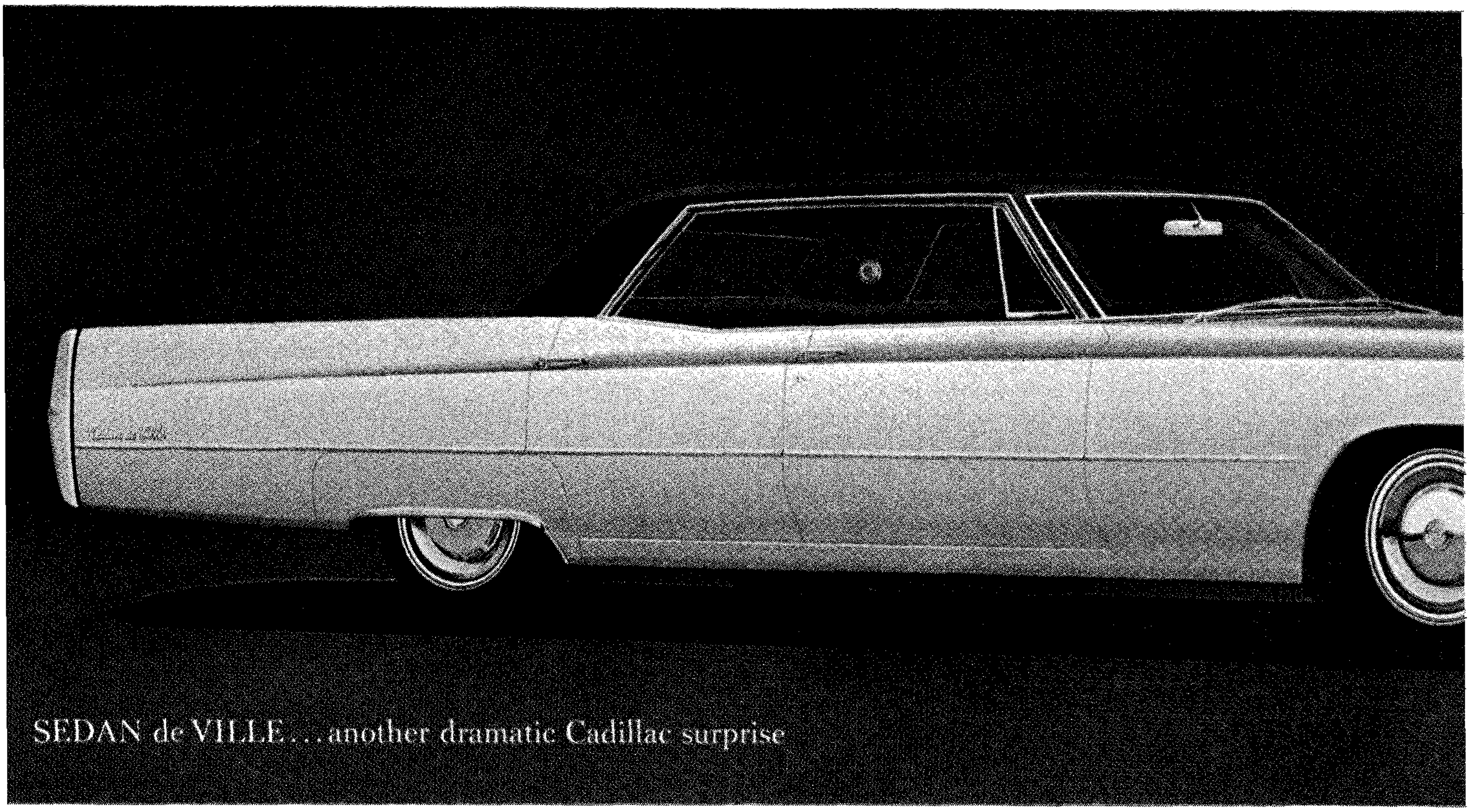

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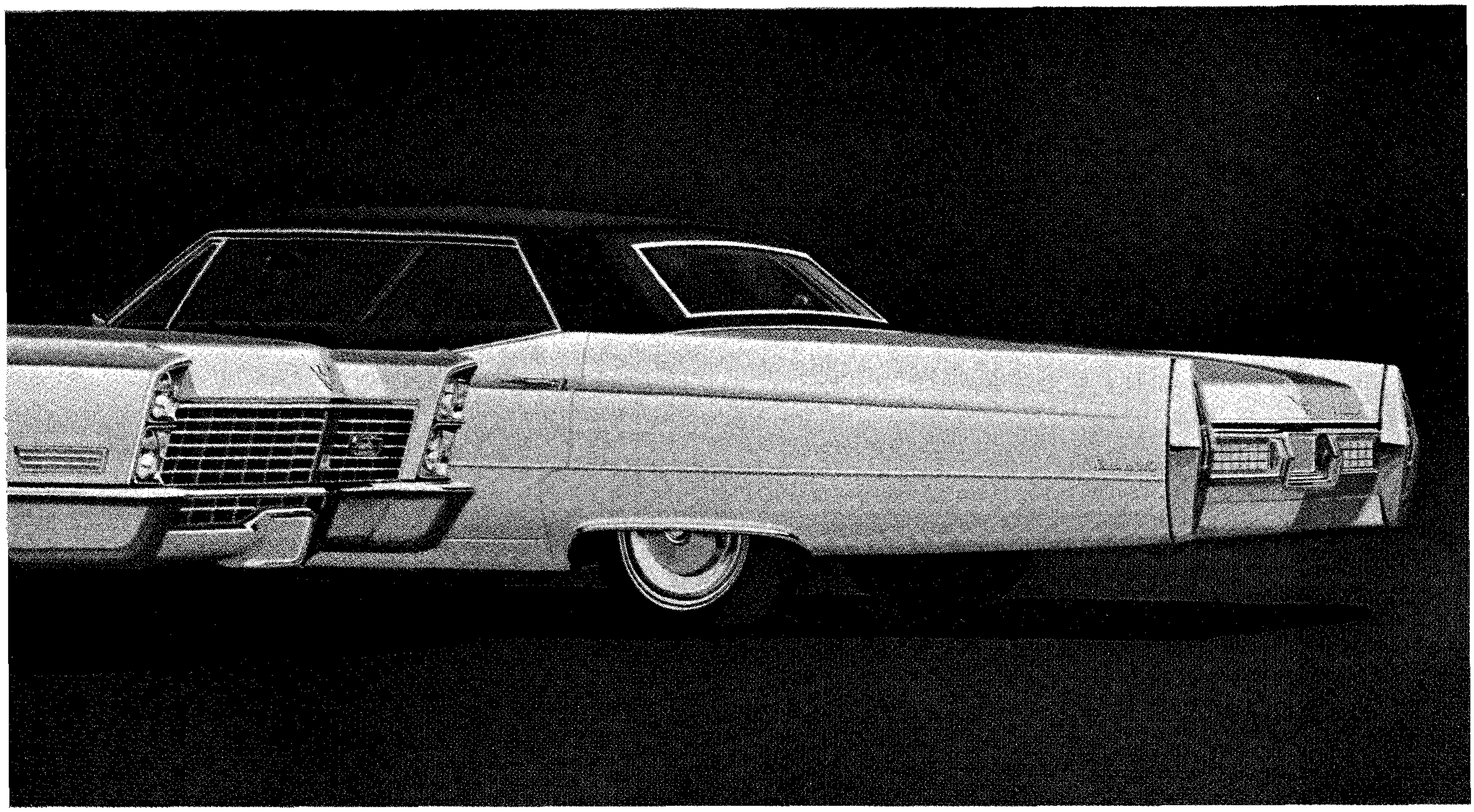

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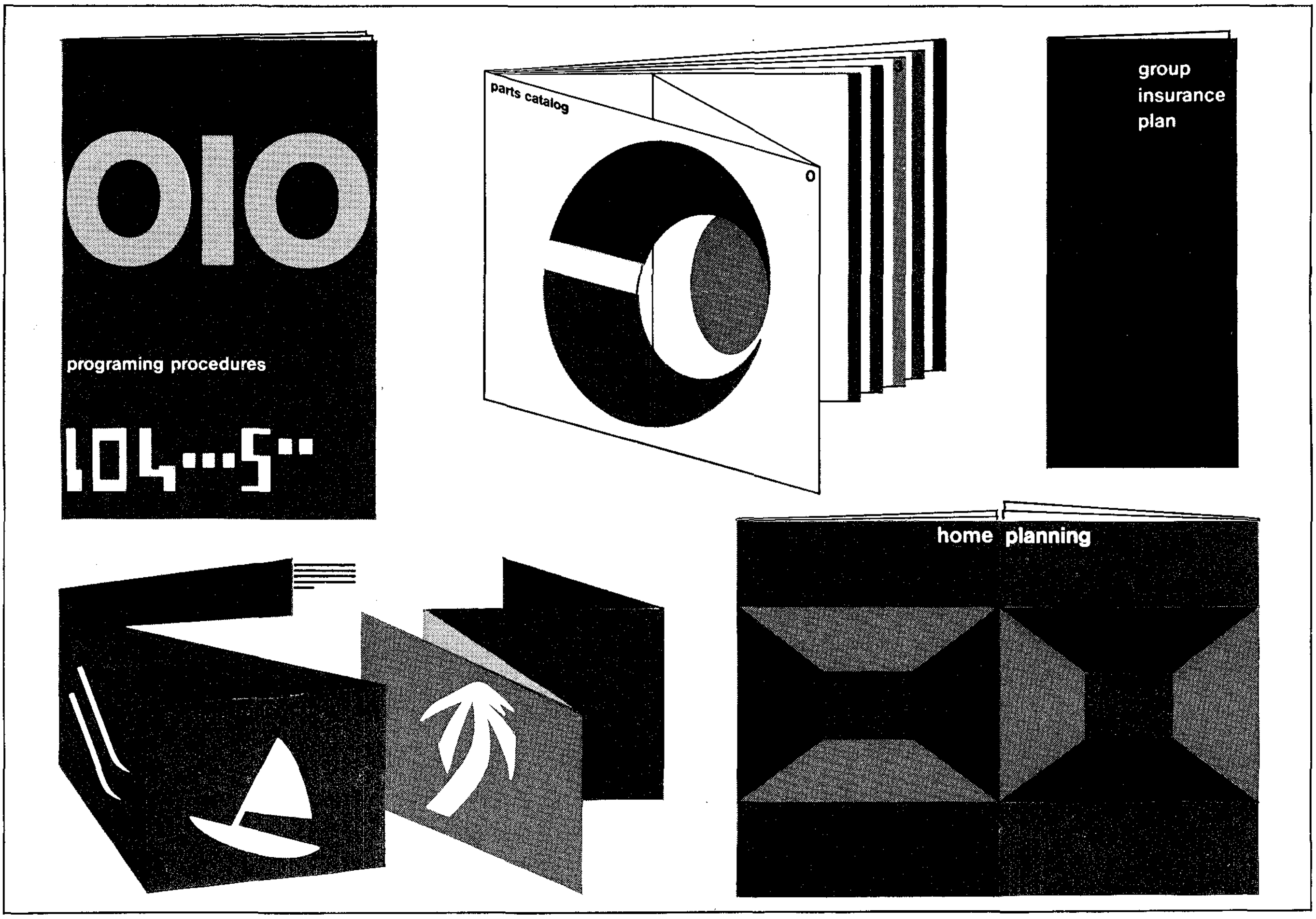

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

BEST

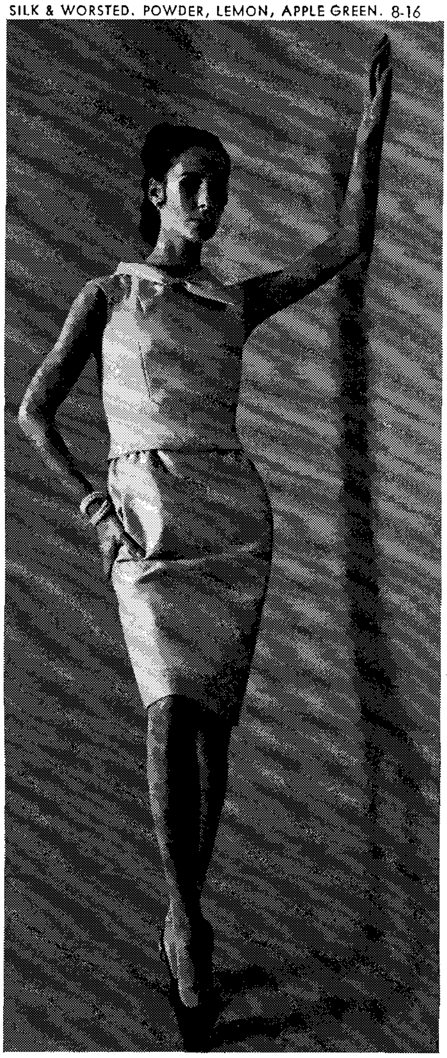
IN the spring of 1965, while New York City planners were working out their first anti-poverty proposals, James J. McFadden, who for more than three years had been serving as Acting Labor Commissioner under Mayor Robert Wagner, crossed geopolitical boundaries to pay a call on Thomas J. Riley, an old friend of his, who was (as he still is) superintendent of skills training for the Port of New York Authority. What McFadden wanted was to discuss a joint venture by the city and the Authority to train unemployed men in undermanned vocations, and the project that resulted from that meeting now ranks second in size to HARYOU-ACT, the enormous Harlem undertaking, in New York City's commitment to the War on Poverty. The title of the project is Basic Essential Skills Training, known acronymically as BEST, and it operates through a contract under which the city pays the Port Authority for training men in the fields of heavy-vehicle driving, general building maintenance, building-and-grounds sanitation (commonly called plant sanitation), oil-burner installation and repair, air-conditioner installation and repair, and gardening and outside maintenance. The total annual cost to the city is about two and a half million dollars, and the project is the only one of New York's major anti-poverty efforts that is being carried on without assistance from either the federal or the state government.

At the outset, McFadden opened the program to all unemployed male city residents over seventeen years of age, regardless not only of race, color, and creed but of age, education, fluency in English, and criminal record, thereby rushing himself into a position that even the boldest poverty fighters have usually avoided. Unlike various federal programs, BEST offered its first students no training allowances but only the assurance that those who were drawing welfare subsistence or unemployment payments would continue to receive them during the training period of eight weeks—or, in the case of the general-maintenance students, twelve weeks. There was no guarantee of work for graduates of the program, but McFadden told reporters that there were "fifty thousand jobs paying ninety dollars or more a week going begging" and promised to use the resources of the City Labor Department to place BEST graduates in those jobs. On May 6th, the contract was signed by Mayor Wagner and Austin J. Tobin, executive director of the Port Authority, and on May 14th McFadden announced that BEST was accepting applications and that classes would begin in about three weeks.

It had already been decided that the program would be housed, rent-free, in two Port Authority buildings. The driving and gardening students, who would need a lot of room, were sent to Building 196 at Kennedy Airport, a one-story former instrument factory standing alone in the midst of acres of brush and tumbleweed but relatively close to an abandoned airstrip off Rockaway Boulevard, where the driver training was to be conducted. The remoteness of the airport building put a burden on most of the students sent there, especially those from Manhattan, the Bronx, and southern Brooklyn, who faced at least an hour-and-a-half trip each way by subway, elevated train, and bus. No such difficulties were presented by the other site, a building at 30 Church Street, which served as downtown headquarters for the Authority's own training programs, for it was easy to reach from all three subway lines. Its sixth floor, recently vacated by a firm of marine architects, offered space for the oil-burner, air-conditioning, general-maintenance, and plant-sanitation courses. In addition, the Port Authority opened its own classrooms on the second floor to several BEST classes in remedial English and mathematics. At McFadden's insistence, the curricula for the program had been drawn up to include a minimum of a hundred hours in the two remedial subjects, the time to be divided between them; general-maintenance students, whose course lasted a month longer, would get a hundred and fifty hours. The small minority of students who met high-school-equivalency standards could, it was decided, forgo the remedial instruction and devote the extra hours to additional work on trade skills, thereby perhaps shortening their training period.

WHEN I first read about BEST in the newspapers, I found it impressive that a program so swiftly approved and put into operation should work according to so specific a blueprint, and when I first met McFadden, a moonfaced dynamo of a man, in his office at 93 Worth Street, I asked him about this. "It *should* be specific," he said. "I've been working on it for five years." He explained that BEST was the culmination of a long effort on his part to expand the role of the City Labor Department from that of a mediation agency to that of an active employment service. Two of his previous programs—a twenty-week televised course called Operation Alphabet, and a classroom course called Operation Second Chance, to teach illiterates to

SILK & WORSTED. POWDER, LEMON, APPLE GREEN. 8-16



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read and write—had received national attention. In fact, McFadden said, an earlier attempt of his to interest the city in training men for skilled trades had also borne fruit, but, as far as he was concerned, *the fruit was on the wrong* tree. This program, which he worked out in 1962 under the Federal Manpower Development Training Act, was placed under the administration of the Board of Education, and now offers forty-eight courses to qualified applicants, who receive training allowances of up to seventy-two dollars a week. With the declaration of war on poverty in 1964 and the formation of New York City's Anti-Poverty Operations Board, McFadden decided to make another foray into the vocational-training field, and his first step was his call on Riley at the Port Authority. He and Riley leafed through the catalogue of industrial courses the Port Authority offers its employees, and, after checking with both employer and union groups, McFadden selected six that seemed especially promising in terms of job opportunities. Paul Screvane, then President of the City Council and chairman of the Anti-Poverty Operations Board, approved the program, and McFadden was authorized to open negotiations with the executive director of the Port Authority. "I called on Mr. Tobin cold," McFadden told me. "I had never met him before in my life. After five minutes, he said, 'You can have our facilities.' " While Tobin was at it, he offered the services of Riley to administer the program—a job he would be undertaking in addition to his regular duties with the Port Authority, at no extra salary. When I had a talk with Riley, who is forty-seven and looks more like the policeman he once was than like a principal—his formal education ended at P.S. 95 on the lower West Side—he told me he was wholeheartedly behind the BEST program. "I knew if we couldn't make this kind of program work, there was something wrong with the whole anti-poverty concept," he said. Riley was given slightly less than a month after the signing of the contract to start making it work. In that time, he had to prepare the two sites offered by the Port Authority, recruit teachers, draw up curricula, and round up equipment.

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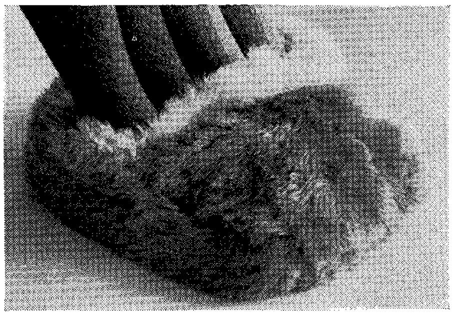

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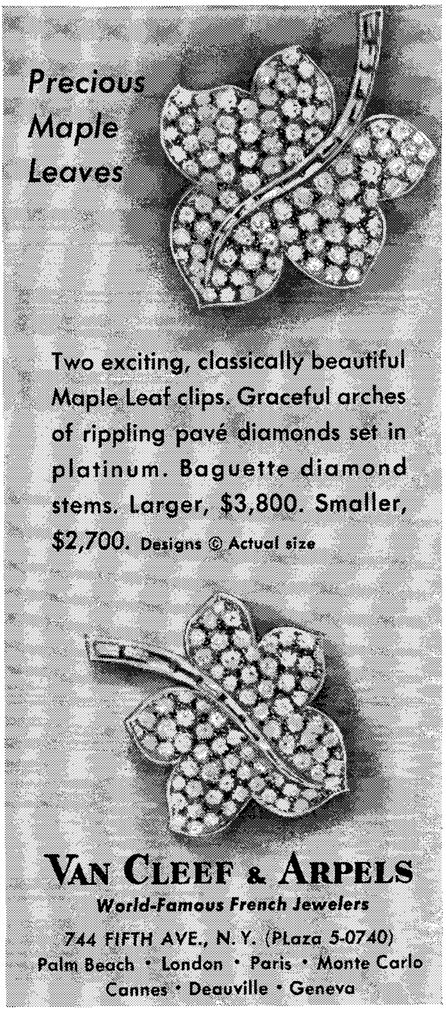

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placement agencies." To handle placement, McFadden set up a bureau at 325 Broadway, around the corner from his own office, and put it under the direction of Robert Mosher, a young labor lawyer. Although the City Labor Department had received assurances from employer associations that there were plenty of job opportunities in the fields covered by BEST, Mosher soon reported to his chief that placing graduates was going to involve a good deal more than merely pairing available jobs and newly skilled workmen. "We're getting the response from some bosses that 'all government programs are no damn good,'" he noted. "But if we're lucky, they'll keep talking, and after a while they may say, 'Send us out one or two guys. We'll take a look at them.'"

Mosher was anything but lucky in placing graduates of two of the courses. By the time of the first graduations, on August 19, 1965, it was practically impossible to find jobs for either the air-conditioning or the gardening students. McFadden, in his survey of labor shortages, had not foreseen the continued drought and the subsequent necessity for water restrictions, which had forced employers in both fields to lay off workers. McFadden was convinced that the situation was only temporary; lawns would require men to rebuild them, and air-conditioning firms would need workers to convert existing units so that they could recirculate water and meet the restrictions. The disappointed trainees wanted jobs right away, however, not in some vague future. Some of them picketed the graduation exercises at 30 Church Street and also City Hall, charging that they had wasted two months on a program that, as far as they were concerned, was a complete flop. Newspaper photographs of their misspelled protest signs did nothing to enhance BEST's reputation.

BEST carried on. The air-conditioning graduates were offered an opportunity to learn other skills at night, and the program rocked ahead, plagued by shortages of tools and other needed equipment. Folding chairs, and even chalk, were in such limited supply that they were bartered between classes. A further complication was that since neither the building at 30 Church Street nor the one at Kennedy Airport had been designed with education in mind, it was sometimes necessary to put two or more classes in a single big room, and since some of these classes involved shopwork, and metal shopwork at that, the noise made it impossible for students in other classes to hear, much less to con-

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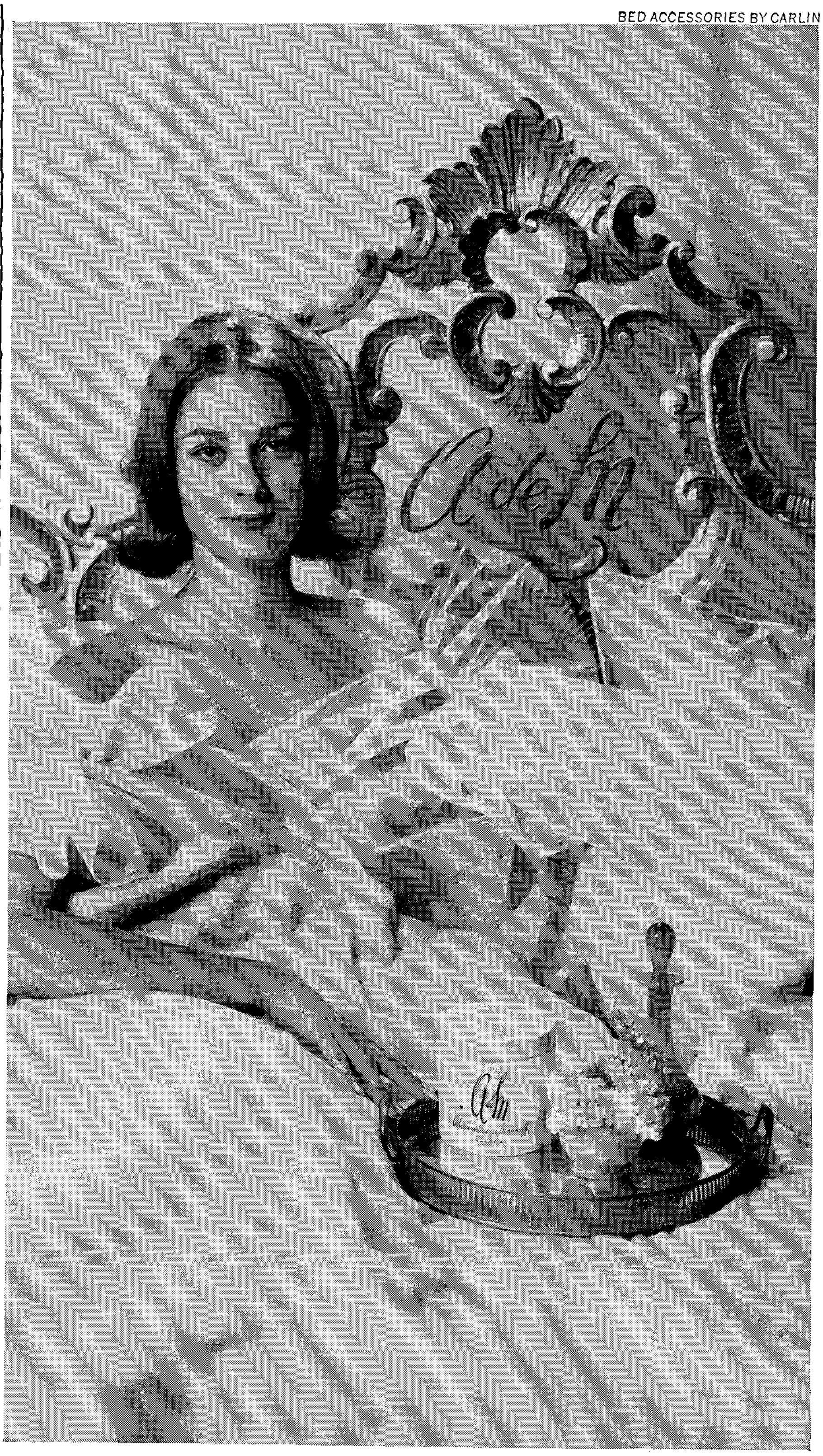

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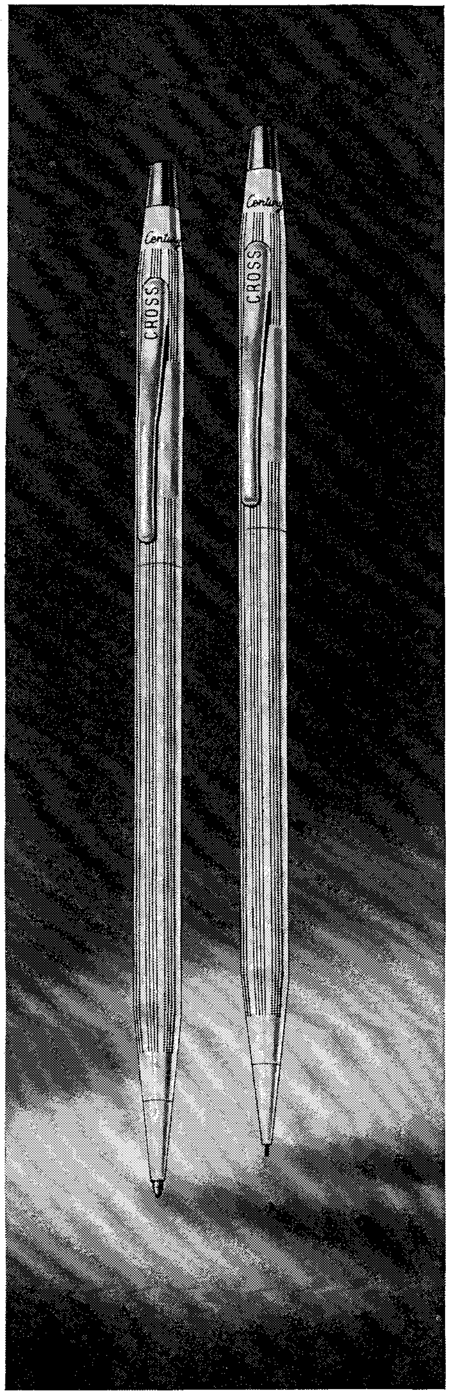

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centrate. But this was a problem that solved itself, for the partitioning of the big rooms into smaller classrooms provided practice for the general-maintenance students downtown, while the gardening students performed the same job at Kennedy.

The air-conditioning and gardening graduates were not the only ones to run into placement difficulties. Potential employers were surprised to find that oil-burner graduates had been trained to service only the kind of burners used in private homes, and not those that use heavy oil to heat large buildings. The reason was simply that the training equipment did not include large oil-burners for the trainees to practice on. A similar problem existed in the case of BEST tractor-trailer drivers. Neither of two tractors rented for use in the program was equipped with what is known as a Roadranger—a ten-speed transmission found on many heavy-duty motor trucks. Graduates were being confronted with this type of transmission during employment tests, and were being washed out accordingly. There were also complaints from employers that the students, even though they had passed the state licensing examination, had had too little actual driving experience, particularly at night. BEST tackled these problems as well as it could. A few large oil-burners were scraped up, and highway instruction periods at night with the Roadranger transmission were managed. Meanwhile, however, worse difficulties had arisen for two air-conditioning classes. A twelve-thousand-dollar water tower was needed to train these students in water recirculation and conservation, and the Port Authority had agreed to provide one, so McFadden had extended the classes for four more weeks, in the expectation that a tower would be delivered to 30 Church Street at any moment. Unfortunately, he hadn't reckoned with the time-consuming open bidding that the Port Authority required for such a purchase. The students graduated a month late without ever having seen the tower. Ironically, at almost the very moment that McFadden was privately denouncing the bureaucratic delay in this instance, city auditors were congratulating BEST administrators for exercising such tight fiscal control.

By early fall, BEST had begun to do something about disciplinary problems that had arisen. The supervisors of the courses, who had been tolerant at first of horseplay, lateness, and moderate absenteeism, were cracking down. "They're throwing guys out all over the program," one student was heard to warn

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another. "They give you one warning, and then goodbye." The principal cause of expulsion from BEST was absenteeism. In theory, a student who missed three full days without a valid excuse was out, but in practice it hadn't always worked that way, particularly during the program's first session. A sympathetic supervisor could pass along a delinquent student's excuse to a course administrator and either win reinstatement for him or, if he had missed too much, drop him back into another class.

At the end of the program's first six months, there were a hundred and eight instructors, supervisors, administrators, and secretaries on the BEST payroll. About two-thirds had been transferred from other jobs within the Port Authority, the majority of the new faces being remedial English and mathematics teachers, who were attracted primarily by the salary offered—$9,360 a year, compared to the $5,400 that the city pays a beginning teacher. Finding teachers for the trade courses was not so easy. Five years' experience was required, and there were few men who had progressed enough either in the Port Authority or in private industry to meet this qualification and still be willing to work for the teaching salary. The courses at 30 Church Street were particularly short of staff at first. "We're lost in this program," a supervisor said bitterly before the end of the year. "They can't get instructors for us. Nobody wants to work for nine thousand when he can make fifteen outside. I'm teaching today myself because an instructor is absent, and I have a hunch he's looking for another job."

Enough instructors were eventually recruited, though, and at least a few of them seemed to acquire a form of school spirit. These included non-teachers who had taken a cut in pay to benefit from what Morton Shepperson, a former sergeant in the Port Authority police force who is now a BEST driving instructor, has called "the more gratifying experience of teaching." In an effort to strengthen that sort of spirit, mimeographed bulletins were issued from time to time by the program's public-relations office. One such bulletin reported, "Angel Estrada, working for the past three months at Anchor New Car Carriers, pulled up in a tractor-trailer at Kennedy last week. . . . Angel says he sees many BEST faces at Anchor." Feature stories on BEST ran in two trade magazines, *Modern Sanitation & Building Maintenance* and *Contract Cleaning*, where they could be seen by prospective employers.

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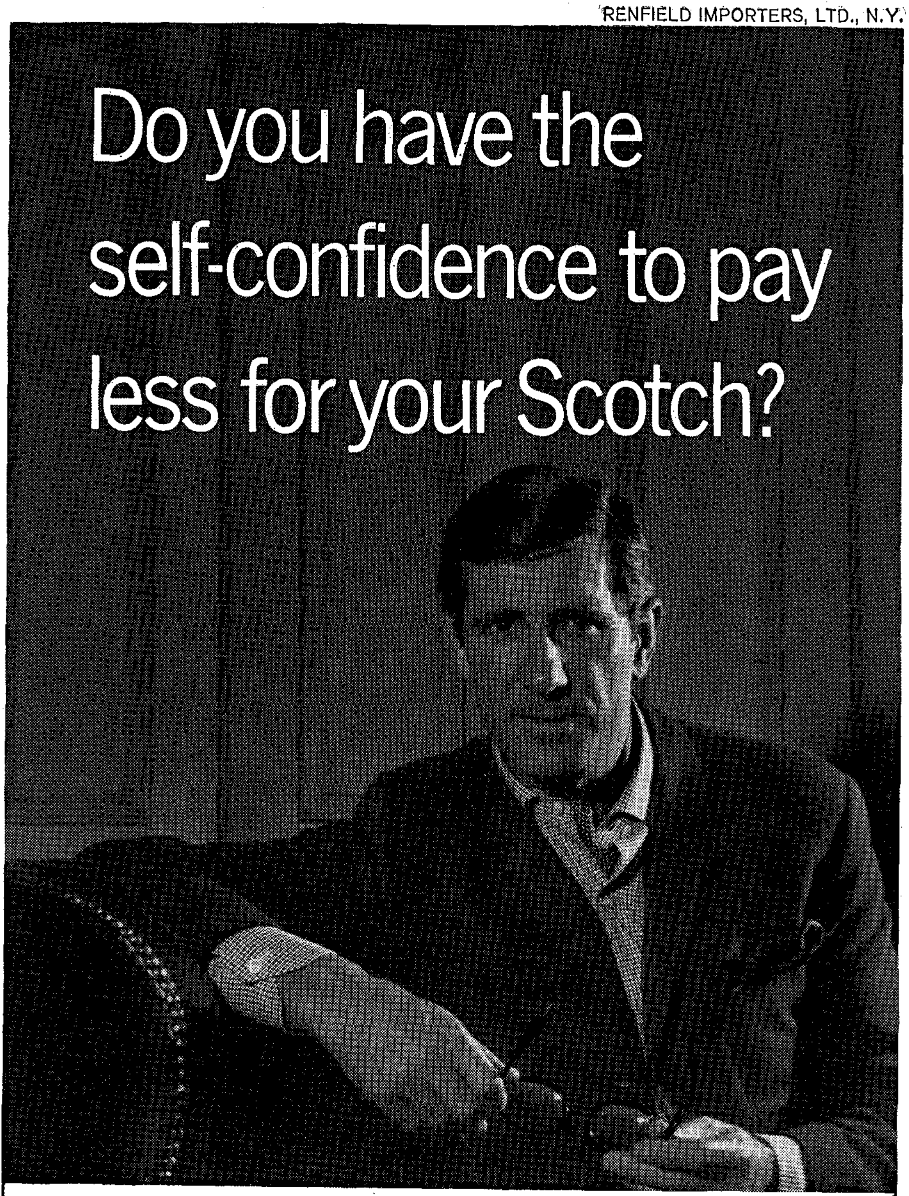

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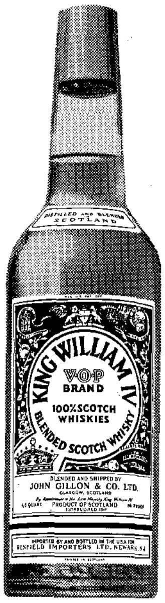

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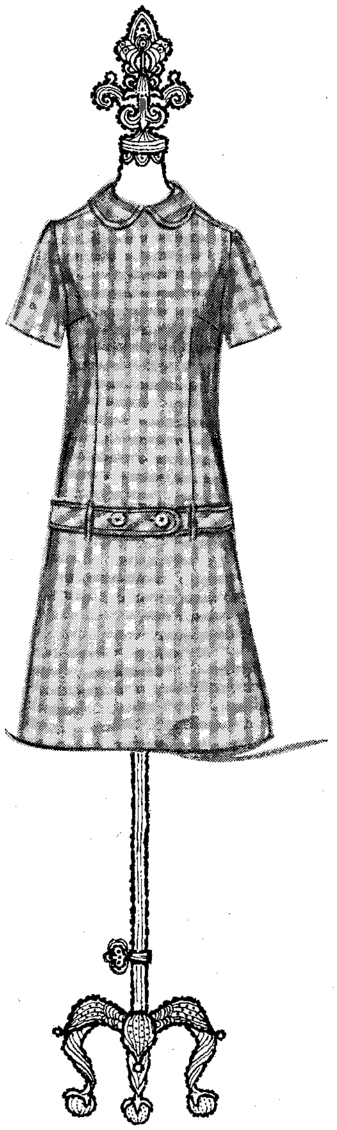

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BEST were not limited to public-relations efforts. Robert Leiter, a City University of New York economics professor who is also a consultant to the City Labor Department, kept tabs on the first plant-sanitation class, which was hired in a body by a single company. Of sixteen men, eleven were still working after a month, and one had won a promotion. The average hourly pay of those who were kept on was a little less than two dollars, or enough to put them in a tax-paying bracket, and the Welfare Department, which had been supporting the families of six of the men, was thereby saving a little over a thousand dollars a month. Another survey, made by the Welfare Department's Division of Employment and Rehabilitation, reported that at the end of the program's first six months two hundred and forty-one BEST graduates either had been taken off relief entirely or had found jobs that cut their assistance to supplemental levels. At an average annual saving of something less than two thousand dollars a man, this put the estimated saving—after those first six months—at $482,000 a year, which, if it is hardly enough to stem the rising costs of welfare, does provide one plus in a sea of minuses.

Not all the welfare recipients who graduated from BEST were able to find jobs. According to Dr. Myra Shimberg, director of the Employment and Rehabilitation Division of the Department of Welfare, some of the welfare clients whom BEST had accepted for training were "eminently unsuited for the work." She cited the case of a man physically incapable of lifting heavy objects who graduated from the oil-burner course only to be forbidden by doctors to take such a job. Partly because of this experience, preliminary medical checkups, which originally were planned for the program but had been let slide, were instituted.

The medical examinations were among several stiffer admission requirements that McFadden grudgingly consented to in December, 1965. In its early days, BEST had been open to "anybody with two arms and two legs," and in one instance, at least, even that qualification was lifted: one of the first gardening graduates—who was also one of the few to be successfully placed—had only one arm. But, under pressure from the placement bureau, which itself was under pressure from prospective employers, McFadden gave the admissions office permission to begin picking and choosing among applicants. Besides the physically handicapped, those who were now "discouraged from enter-

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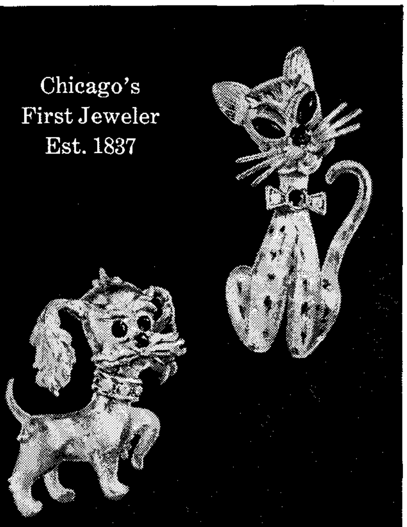

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ing the program" included repeated narcotics offenders and men who appeared eager to use BEST as an excuse to remain on the welfare rolls. Youths under twenty-five were no longer accepted for the course in heavy-vehicle driving, because trucking firms were reluctant to pay the high insurance premiums necessary to cover them. It was decided that applicants for the oil-burner course had to have high-school diplomas or equivalency certificates, which had always been a requirement for the air-conditioning classes. In addition, after the first six months of the program, a mechanical-aptitude test was administered to applicants for both the oil-burner and the air-conditioning courses. Those with low scores were steered into plant sanitation or general maintenance. The mechanical-aptitude test supplemented mathematics and English tests, which were given on admission—not to screen out anyone but to sort students into four categories. Roughly, these were the non-English-speaking level, the non-reading level to third grade, from fourth grade to seventh, and above seventh. During the fifty hours of remedial classroom work—or seventy-five for general-maintenance students—in each subject, Mrs. Gladys Alesi, the supervisor of these courses, and her staff of teachers, numbering twenty-eight, hoped to improve the abilities of the trainees an average of two full grades in English and a grade and a half in mathematics. The teachers of the remedial subjects worked at a disadvantage, however, as a result of the subordination of their courses to the training in skills. There were no tests and no homework in the remedial subjects; either a student kept up or he didn't, and in practice it made no difference. Therefore, to increase student motivation, most of the instruction in mathematics and English was related to problems the students might encounter in plying their trades, plus what one mathematics instructor has described as "the practical problems of life—ordinary consumer problems, some banking and interest problems—provided the guys are at the stage where they can handle them." A typical English vocabulary list for plant-sanitation students included the words "uncongested," "area," "terrazzo," "marble," "granolithic," "smooth," "concrete," "mop," "fibred," "staple," "aluminum," and "galvanized." Occasionally, though, a teacher would break this pattern and experiment, sometimes with interesting results. "I try to make it an enjoyable hour and fifteen minutes every day," one English teacher

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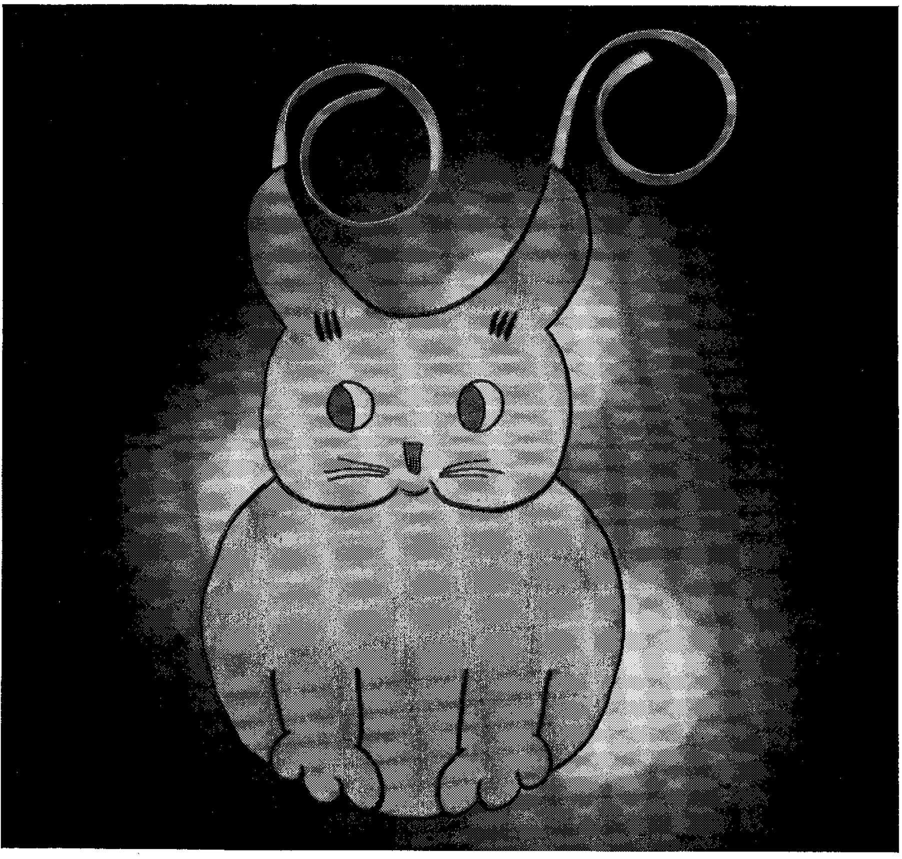

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said. "For instance, I had the students read an amusing article on Venus's-flytraps from the *Reader's Digest*. You should see how excited this sort of thing gets them. Now they hunt up stories for me about Venus's-flytraps." Actually, Venus's-flytraps are no more farfetched than the subjects of some of the books that were originally made available to the students by the school's library at 30 Church Street. The library, which McFadden believes is the first to grow out of an anti-poverty program, was originally stocked with such disparate titles as "America's Needs and Resources: A New Survey," "The Caine Mutiny," "How to Deal with Organized Labor," "Anthology of World Poetry," and the *Municipal Yearbook* for 1962 and 1964. "We had no appropriation for the library, so at first we filled the shelves with a few books from the City Labor Department library, plus a few donations," McFadden has explained. After a few months, during which basic book-buying policies were ironed out, the library was stocked with more effective volumes for reading instruction, and the teachers and their students began making greater use of it. A comparable facility was established for the students at Kennedy.

I ASKED McFadden if he had made any studies of the backgrounds of the men who came to BEST, or of their futures after they left the program. "We train them," he said. "It's somebody else's job to study them." Then he suggested that if I wanted to learn what effect, if any, BEST was having, I might pick out a few representative students and, if they were agreeable, follow their fortunes. So last fall, from as widely diversified backgrounds as I could find, I chose six students, one from each course of study. My plan was to observe each man's progress in the school and then, several months after his departure, try to find out how he was doing vocationally.

One of the first men I talked with I'll call Thomas Crown. At the school's request, I have used pseudonyms for all six students. Crown was studying plant sanitation. A soft-spoken Negro of twenty-four, he was a resident of a Harlem housing project and had been referred to BEST by the Welfare Department. In 1954, Crown had dropped out of the sixth grade in Sumter, South Carolina, to work as a farm-tractor driver. He subsequently came to New York, and in May, 1965, by which time he was married and a new father, he was laid off from his job, as a sixty-dollar-a-week drill-press op-

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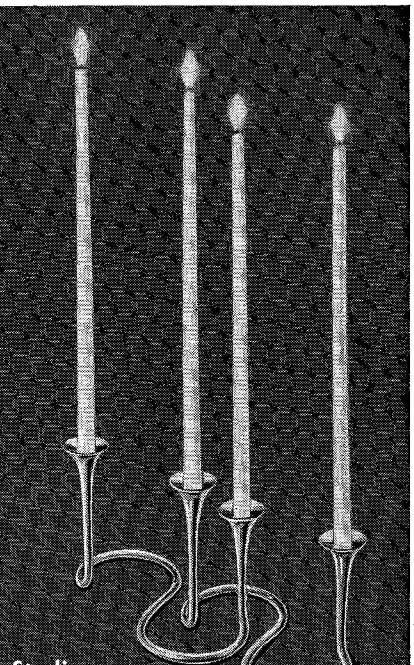

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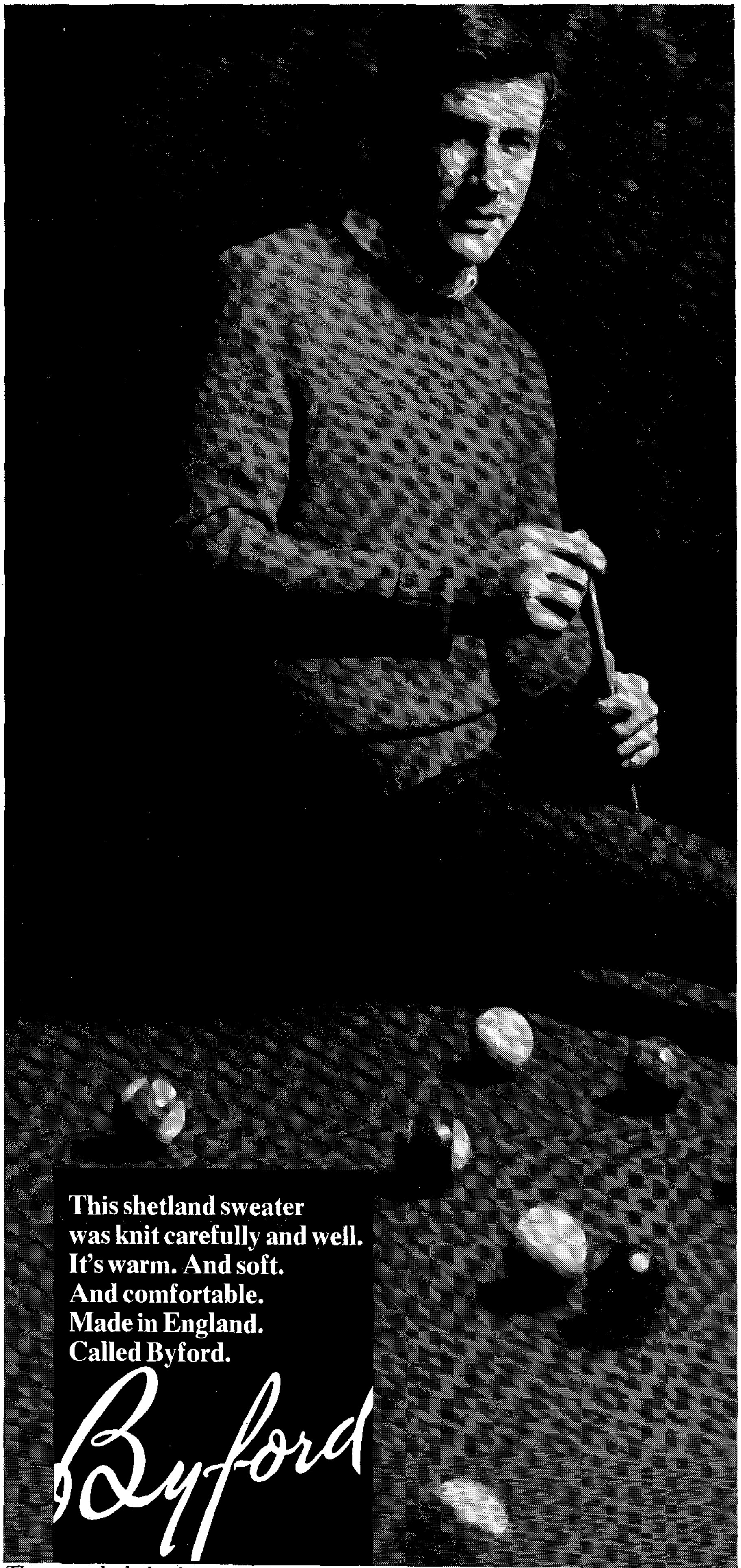
erator at a Long Island City plant. "When they called me back later, I had just gotten on welfare," he told me. "I figured, Why not go without work for a while and better my condition? Then Welfare sent me here." The instructors in the plant-sanitation course told me they had been pleasantly surprised by Crown. Never volunteering, and slow to answer when he was called upon, he nevertheless maintained notably high grades. On detail work, he excelled. (The second and sixth floors of 30 Church Street had the best-waxed corridors and the cleanest rest rooms in all New York.) During his fourth week of schooling, he displayed modest pleasure when I admired the work he had done in waxing a floor. "I am learning pretty good—I mean well," he said. And apparently he was. At his graduation, his English instructor, a young woman, called to him, "If you need a reference, be sure and give my name!" Crown thanked her gravely. "I'll get a job now," he said, clutching his BEST certificate. "As long as I have this."

Eugenio Rodriguez took the longest course offered by BEST—the twelve-week one in general maintenance. Rodriguez, who was born in New York of Puerto Rican parents, was twenty-nine, an unmarried Air Force veteran living in an apartment with his brother and sister-in-law and their four children. He had been laid off from a job as a photo-engraver the previous March. "First the company told me to look for another trade, and then they called me back, but I didn't go," he told me. Rodriguez was drawing neither welfare nor unemployment-insurance checks but instead was getting along on ten dollars a week he borrowed from his family for his subway fare and lunches while he was at BEST. ("I tried to do it on five," he told me.) He was being introduced to twenty-one basic skills, among them carpentry, plastering, electrical work, and plumbing, and, by his own account, he did best at those that required only the use of his hands or of simple tools. His particular nemesis was the course in blueprint reading, in which he complained of "measurements that bypass the ruler." In addition, Rodriguez felt that much of the remedial English and mathematics was over his head and therefore a waste of time. Still, he stuck with the course, and one day shortly before his graduation I asked him why. "I've learned that with a lack of education you just have to accept what the employers dish out," he said. "Bosses ask me, 'Why should I hire a man of



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twenty-nine when I can get a kid nineteen?' "

Another man who had run into the age problem—and in an aggravated form at that—was Murray Cohen, who was fifty-three. Cohen, who was taking the gardening course, had spent thirteen years working for a Brooklyn paper-bag company, which a couple of years ago moved South. From that time on, he had supported his wife and three sons—the oldest twelve—on wages from odd jobs, plus unemployment insurance. I asked Cohen, who was a lifelong resident of Brownsville, why he had chosen to study gardening. "I like to be on the outside when I work," he explained. The gardening course presented several difficulties for him, not the least of them the hour-and-a-half trip to and from classes, but when the gardening students were offered a chance to switch programs because of the continuing drought, he decided not to change. "I'll stick with gardening," he told me. "I like it." And stick he did, doing his homework every evening while his children did theirs, and taking out books on gardening from the Brooklyn Public Library. Cohen's teachers were pleased with the way he caught on to the techniques of shaping hedges, transplanting, and preparing ground for lawn construction and seeding. As time went on, however, Cohen became, as he put it, "more and more edgy about getting a job." The drought was not lifting, and it was no secret that most of the graduates in the first gardening class had not found work. Some of his classmates began cutting out of lectures to look for unskilled jobs around the airport, but Cohen held on until the last week of class, when he suddenly departed one day and did not return to Kennedy Airport, although he did appear at graduation exercises at 30 Church Street to receive his certificate.

John Wilcox was another student who commuted to Kennedy Airport from Brooklyn—usually in his father's car. A twenty-two-year-old high-school graduate, he had worked for a time as a clerk for a firm of stockbrokers, and then had tried his father's trade—handling rolls of newsprint for the newspapers. "I was going to go to college, but I didn't have the money, and then I heard about this place one day on the radio," he told me. Wilcox, his admission tests showed, needed neither remedial English nor mathematics, and he was assigned to an advanced class in heavy-vehicle driving. Seeking the most difficult state license—that for tractor-trailer drivers—he found, as many of

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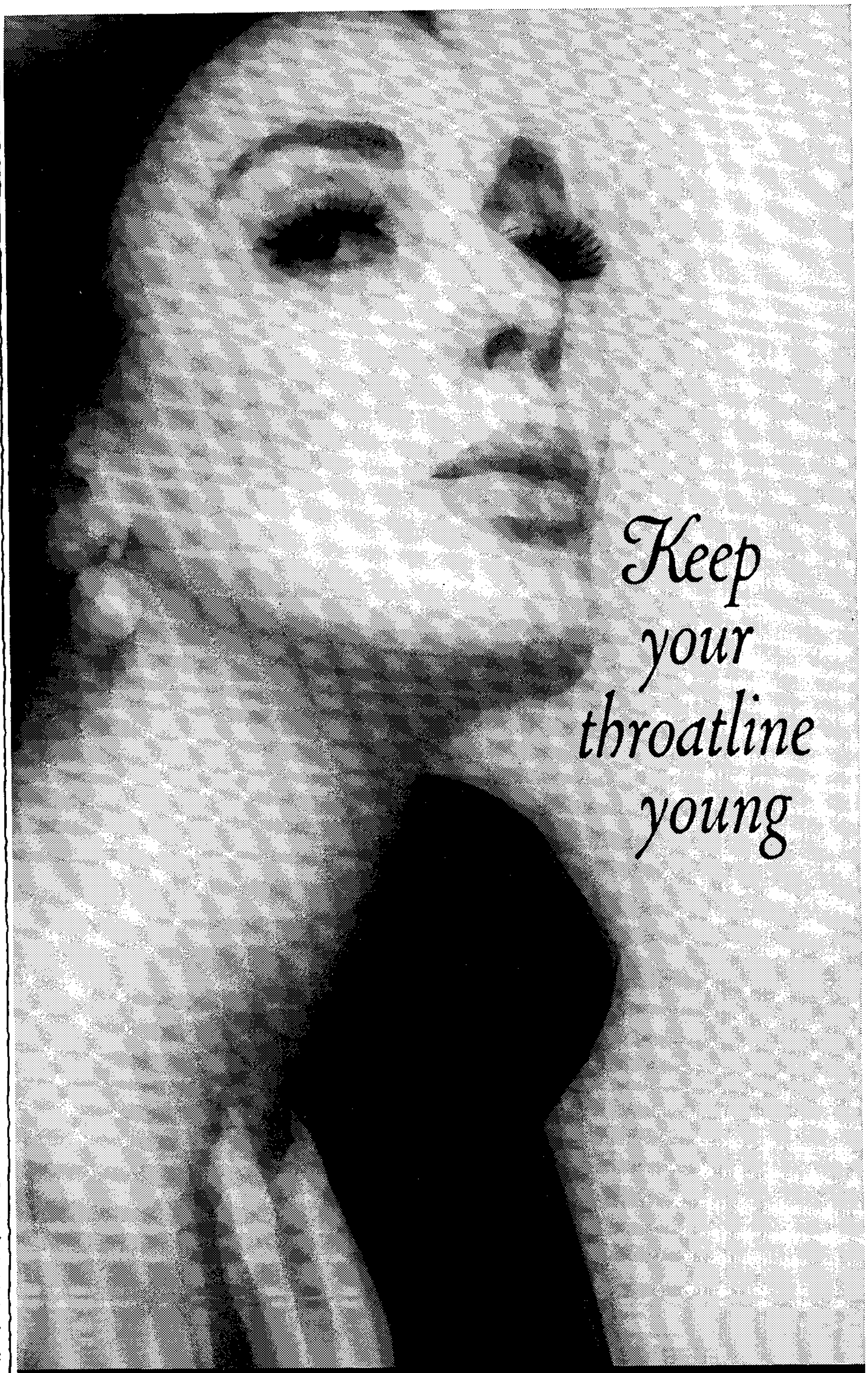
the other students did, that backing up the large trailers was the hardest trick to learn. Because Wilcox had been excused from the remedial classes, he was expected to spend extra time out on the abandoned landing strip that the Port Authority had assigned to the driving program, and he did so, but one morning I found him conferring with one of the English teachers in Building 196 instead of maneuvering his trailer. "He tutors me if I come in early in the morning," Wilcox explained. "I'm going to take Civil Service tests—Police and Correction Department—and he's been helping me with them." The English teacher later told me, "I've been very much interested in John. I think ultimately he will go into Civil Service. He's been doing special work—writing themes on his own time to better himself." Wilcox also did well at his driving. Having overcome his difficulty in backing up the big vehicles, he was among the first members of his graduating class to take the state licensing examination. He passed it on the first attempt.

Undoubtedly, the student facing the highest odds at BEST while I was observing the program was James Dawson, a twenty-three-year-old Negro. He was referred to the program by Operation Bowery, a city reclamation project, and on his application form he gave his address as a men's shelter on Third Street. Dawson, who, as far as I know, was the only BEST student who wore a beard, told me he had been born in Brooklyn, had lived in fourteen foster homes, and had been to almost as many schools. He volunteered for the Army at nineteen, and his career there had been equally checkered. "I was supposed to go to Fort Knox, but I spent the travel money and got in trouble," he said. After military service, he tried a dozen or more jobs (including one as a store detective), but quit or was fired from all of them, and ultimately drifted to the Bowery. He had, he explained, a drinking problem. A high-school graduate, Dawson was eligible for the air-conditioning course, but because his reading skill had tested out at the eighth-grade level he was "encouraged" to take the oil-burner course instead. "Everybody says to do something, to make one step," he told me on his first day. "Well, hell, I've made four or five, and this is going to be the last one. I've made up my mind I'll stick here." His sticking was something less than tenacious. In his first week, he picked up two and a half days of cuts—absences he blamed on attacks of asthma—and the time he did spend



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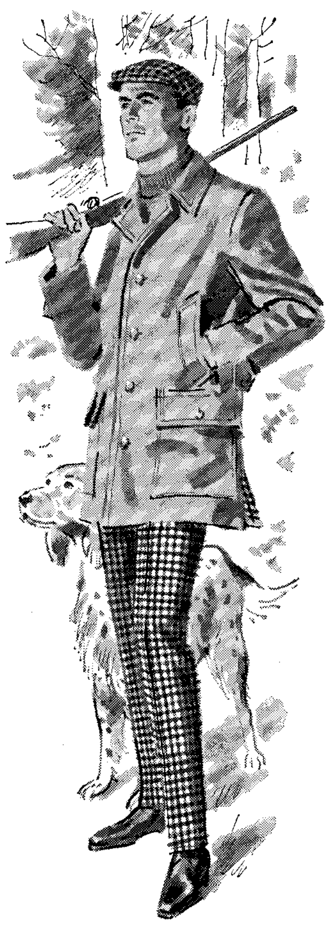

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at 30 Church Street was not devoted entirely to study, for he had become the leader of an interracial clique that spent a good deal of time fooling around in classes. Before long, the work he missed took its toll. He was unable to do the practical exercises on burners, and he got a grade of fifty-five—the class low—on a test in basic electrical circuits. (Passing grade was seventy.) To make matters worse, he was asked to leave his remedial English class after swearing during a recitation. His explanation of his test grade was that the teachers were wrong. "The answers in this book I got from the library don't coincide with the answers the teacher wants," he told me one day in the hallway. As for the incident in the English class, he claimed that the teacher, a woman, had misinterpreted something he said in the heat of a political argument. After three weeks, Dawson was dropped from the program upon the recommendation of the course supervisor, but he was reinstated in a lower class within a week after an appeal from his Operation Bowery caseworker. This time, he lasted two weeks, and then, one afternoon, having finished a shop class in basic wiring controls, he disappeared from school.

I'll call the air-conditioning student who was the subject of my last case history Richard Ryan. He was a twenty-eight-year-old Army veteran, unmarried and living with his parents, and he possessed qualifications considerably in excess of those needed for the air-conditioning course; after graduating from high school he had taken evening courses at Hunter College for two years, and then, having been dropped because of low grades, had applied to City University—without disclosing his Hunter record—and had studied there for three years, majoring in education. Finally, "fed up with schools," he went to work for a credit-factoring company for ninety-five dollars a week, but left after "a difference of opinion with the boss as to how the business should be run." He also had his differences of opinion with the instructors at BEST over how things should be run. "They are teaching by trial and error," the former education student told me. "Every time we try to work on a project, we don't have the proper tools, so everything gets held up until we get them." Even so, Ryan was proficient enough by his fourth week to be able to install, unaided, a window air-conditioner in a girl friend's apartment, but thereafter he went downhill. He became adept at cutting out of shop classes "when they're wasting time

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toward the end of the day." Ryan had once been considered air-conditioning's most promising student, but by his fifth week he was making only average grades. One day during that week, I found him holding an object unfamiliar to me and asked him what it was. "A capacitor," he said. I asked what a capacitor did. "A good question," he said. "I don't know." Ryan was in one of the classes that were extended a month to permit the students to work with the water tower. During the month of waiting, Ryan and his classmates had little to do but continue working desultorily on window air-conditioners, whose innards they had already pretty well mastered. "Most of us lost interest after the fourth or fifth week," Ryan told me, looking up from a chess game that was occupying one of his final shop sessions, some three months after the start of the course. "We're just waiting to get our certificates and get out."

WHAT happened when a student did get his certificate and get out? In some cases, nothing. Upon finishing their training, graduates of the six BEST programs received appointments for interviews at the placement bureau that McFadden had set up at 325 Broadway, but not all the graduates kept their appointments. At the end of BEST's first year, according to City Labor Department figures, fifteen per cent of the graduates had simply dropped out of sight without following through on placement, some because they had obtained jobs on their own—several of the top graduates were found to have been steered by their Port Authority instructors to jobs with the instructors' friends in the business world—and some, apparently, because they had never had any intention of taking a job at all. The placement bureau itself went through a stormy first year. After several months, Mosher, its director, returned to the practice of law, and McFadden thereupon borrowed from an employment agency a placement specialist named Dan Savage to fill Mosher's post. Then McFadden set to work to enlarge the facilities, borrowing space from a neighboring Teamsters Union office, furniture from the Port Authority, telephones from Welfare Department liaison workers, and personnel from various Civil Service categories.

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ship—a blend of flattery and implied threats to invoke the Fair Employment Practices Act against employers who appeared to be rejecting BEST graduates because they were Negro or Puerto Rican. In addition to scouting around for new job sources, Savage had the problem of seeing to it that the commitments McFadden had originally obtained from employers and unions in each of the fields of training were fulfilled. Paul Screvane, in evaluating the BEST program last December, noted, "In this day and age when good citizenship means something to employers, it has been our experience that when they are approached initially many want to get in with both feet. Their enthusiasm wanes when they are confronted with the problems."

One problem, ironically, grew directly out of the school's accomplishment. Even a man desperate for work when he entered the program came to feel, upon graduation, that his certificate entitled him to higher pay and a better position than the man who had not been trained. Employers didn't always feel that way, and the occasional success of a lucky graduate—such as that of an air-conditioning student who stepped into a welding job paying five dollars an hour—only aggravated the dissatisfaction of those who were offered starting rates.

There were bigger problems, too. Three, in particular, had to be solved before the end of 1965 in order to assure a fair chance for BEST's continuance by the Lindsay administration: What should be done about getting a job for the one graduate in five who turned out to have a criminal record? What was the best way to go about correcting a marked drop in applications? And, finally, as the drought continued through the autumn, what should be done about the gardening course?

McFadden's answer to the first problem was proposed during his appearance on a television program. It was the drafting of legislation for forming a municipal bonding corporation to take risks on men turned down by commercial surety firms. As things stood, McFadden pointed out, a former convict was eligible for bonding only if he had "shown himself to be a good risk over a long period of time," and he added, "But he can't prove himself a good risk if he hasn't had the kind of job that provides him with respect as well as a livelihood." Privately, McFadden indicated that he would be satisfied if the bonding companies eliminated the need for his bill—which at

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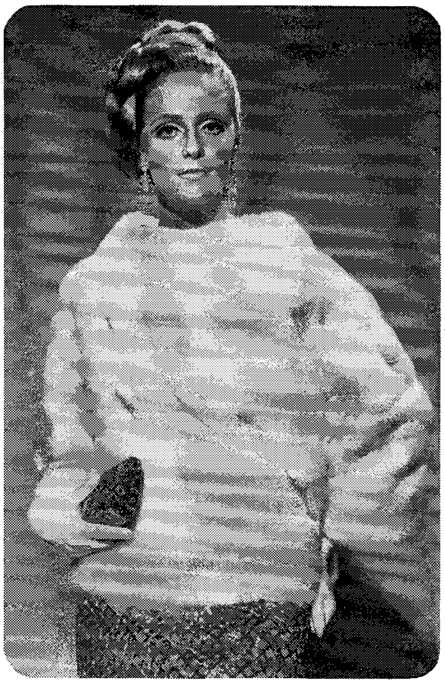

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last report is still pending in the City Council—by establishing an "assigned-risk" pool similar to that set up for automobile liability insurance.

The second problem, McFadden decided—and the City Council agreed—could be solved by an infusion of money. Accordingly, $452,000 was appropriated to provide "counselling, supportive services, and allowances to be paid to the trainees." The allowances were a palliative that McFadden had hoped to avoid. For one thing, they would lose BEST one of its strongest selling points in its dealings with employers: proof of the men's earnestness and diligence in studying for eight or twelve weeks without compensation solely to fit themselves for work. Yet the need for the allowances was glaringly evident. Applications, which had reached a high of eight hundred and eighty-six in June, numbered two hundred and thirty-seven in November. Moreover, when BEST summoned seventy-nine applicants to attend a general-maintenance class that month, only twelve responded. On the need for counselling, there could be no disagreement, and offices were provided on the seventh floor of 30 Church Street to accommodate a counsellor for each thirty students.

The third problem proved to be beyond solution. The gardening program was suspended after three two-month classes, and the instructors were transferred either to the driving course or to other Port Authority jobs.

As BEST ended its first year, Port Authority and city estimators met to evaluate the results and negotiate a renewal of the contract. With the change in administration and the departure of both Savage and McFadden (the former is now manager of industrial relations for the Port Authority's Trans-Hudson rapid-transit division, and the latter is executive director of the New York City Institute of the American Foundation of Automation and Employment), John P. McNamara, a civil servant who had been the executive officer of the City Labor Department under McFadden, became responsible for the program. His report on BEST's first year gave a number of statistics, including the following: There were 7,082 applicants registered. Of these, 2,766 failed to report, and another 550 were rejected as not qualified. Several hundred were still waiting to be called in. Of the 3,007 men who had begun training, 1,532 graduated, 1,006 dropped out, and 469 were still attending classes. Of the 1,532 graduates,

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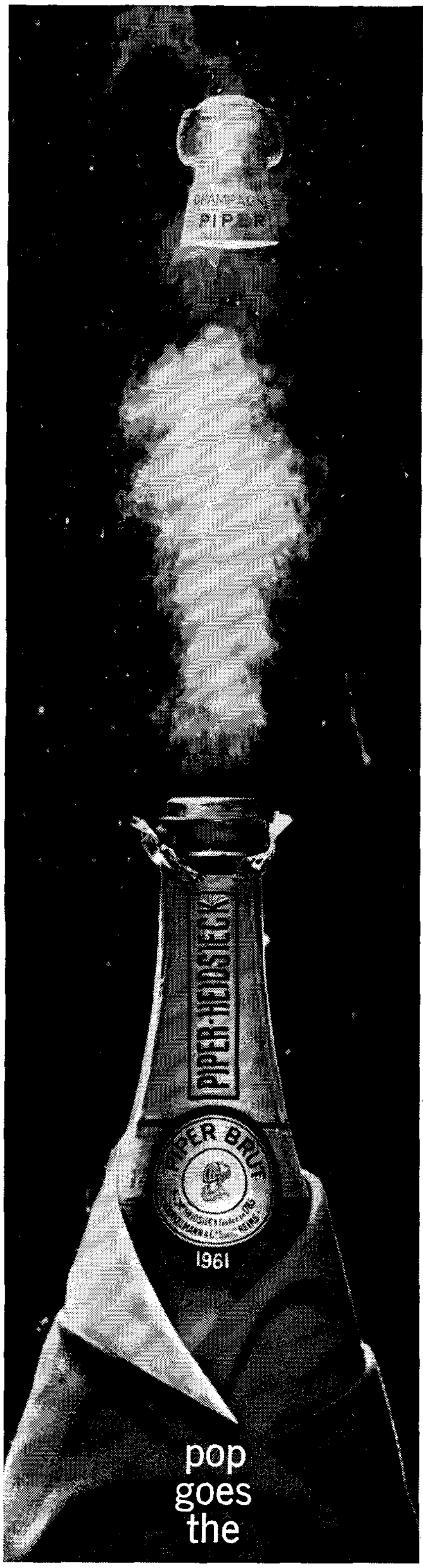

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798 were placed, 639 of them in the field for which BEST had trained them. (Gardeners, particularly, were persuaded to accept any jobs BEST placement workers could find. A good many wound up driving light delivery trucks.) The actual number of placements was somewhat higher than 798, because a number of BEST graduates failed to make a success of their first jobs and were placed a second or, in some cases, a third time.

What it all meant was that a program that had set as its target the training and placement of six thousand unemployed men had successfully trained—counting as successes those still in classes at the end of the first year—only a third of that number. The program, which had been budgeted at $2,240,289—$1,836,167 to go to the Port Authority under the contract, the remainder for city services—had come in at $2,741,289. However, pending final auditing, the Port Authority reported a two-hundred-thousand-dollar saving, which cut the total cost of BEST to the city to a little more than two and a half million dollars. The courses, which were to have cost $356 per trainee, had come in at $1,200 (again counting those still in classes at the end of the first year). Still, $1,200 is much less than nine thousand dollars a year per trainee, the most recent estimate of the cost of the highly publicized Federal Job Corps, which is also essentially a training program. However, the BEST statistics took into account neither the two-week suspension forced upon the school by the January transit strike nor the cost of training an additional seventy-nine students at the BEST facilities under a different program, that of RESCU (Repair Emergency Services Coming Up), a project of the Office of Housing and Development; the Port Authority had agreed to work in, at no additional cost to the city, an eight-week program, primarily in general maintenance, to qualify these men to take jobs with local contractors engaged in redevelopment of slum areas.

With the approach of July 31st, the termination date of the contract, both city and Port Authority specialists were reëxamining BEST. The air-conditioning program was concluded that month, possibly to resume next summer. McNamara explained that it had been found advantageous to graduate air-conditioning students not at the peak of the summer work season but during the winter months, when they could be absorbed into company training programs. The remainder of the BEST

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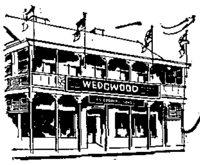

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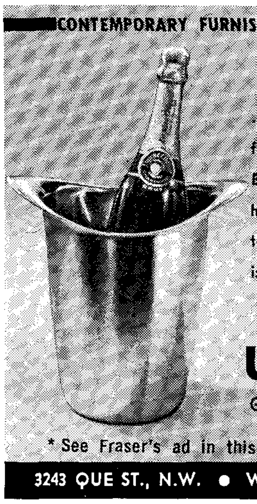

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programs were continued under the existing contract through October, with indications that they would be further extended when the new administration coördinates the anti-poverty programs under its control. In the meantime, the Welfare Department is negotiating with the Port Authority to work out a program of its own that will, unlike BEST, be federally supported. This will be a yearlong effort to train 1,280 men and women in basic office practices, automobile repair, and electrical-appliance servicing.

"WHEN we started the program, I thought we were going to train six thousand people and place six thousand," McFadden said recently from his vantage point on the sidelines. "Then I thought, Well, we'll place ninety per cent. Then I revised it to seventy-five per cent. Then I had to revise my figures again. With it all, though, I think BEST has been quite a success. The biggest thing I learned was that while a certain amount can be done about taking a guy off relief or unemployment and getting him a job, this will be limited until we can persuade employers to give a chance for advancement to the guy who is already there and is doing the work. Train that man on the job and get him one notch up; then we can train beginners to move into the lower slot. Employers are going to have to be involved in training and upgrading the men they have now if there is ever to be such a thing as real opportunity for new men. As for BEST, we started something nobody else wanted to try, and though we made mistakes, we showed the way to a lot of people, who can learn from our experience. And I still think it is the best damn anti-poverty program in the United States."

McFadden asked me what I had found out about the current activities of the six BEST students I had followed through training, and I told him. There were two successes: Wilcox, having learned how to maneuver the tractor-trailers adeptly, had, after several false starts, landed a job driving a truck for an oil company at a hundred and five dollars a week. Crown, too, had been placed several times, but then had eventually settled down in one job, as a porter for a pharmaceutical firm. After six months of steady work and one raise, he was earning two dollars and thirty-five cents an hour. There were two failures: Dawson, the oil-burner dropout, was still unemployed. And Ryan, who had been to two colleges before he had enrolled in the air-con-

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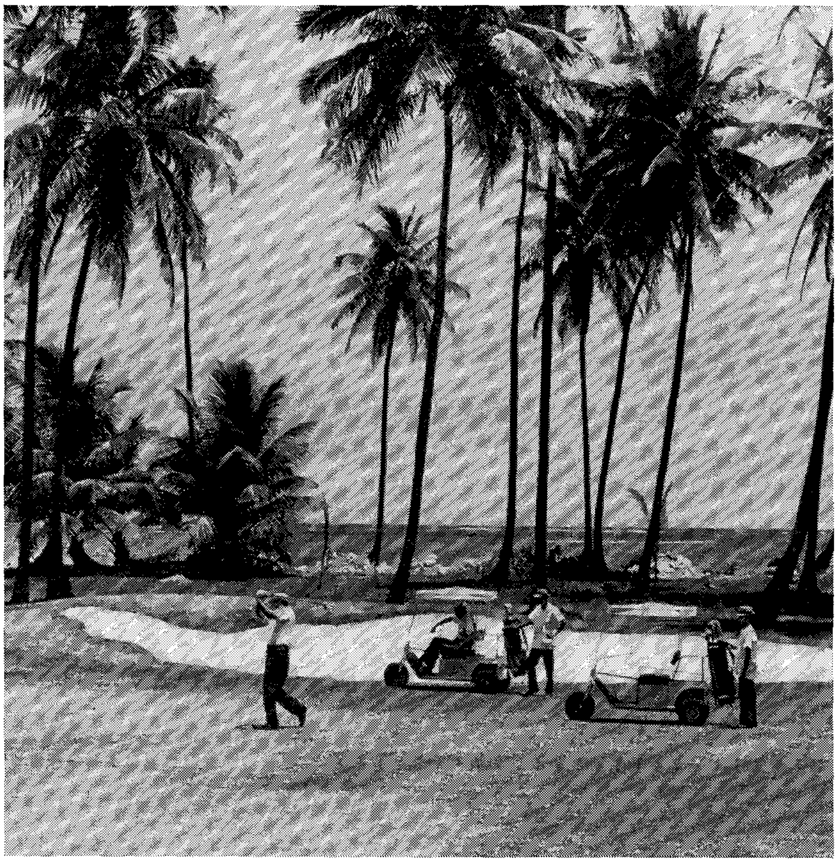

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ditioning program, had lasted just three days at a trainee's job with an air-conditioning firm. He had decided, he told me, that he had no mechanical aptitude, and was looking for an office job. And, finally, there were two cases that were neither successes nor failures: The men were working, but not at the trades that BEST had trained them for and not at jobs that BEST placement had obtained for them. Rodriguez, the general-maintenance graduate, was driving a cab. After only three days, he had quit a seventy-five-dollar-a-week handyman's job that BEST placement had found for him at a motel. "Those people were slave drivers," he told me. "I like driving a cab much better." And Murray Cohen, the gardening trainee, was content, too, because he was at least working out-of-doors. He had left his classes during the final week because of a call from the city's Department of Highways, which, unearthing an old application from him, had hired him as a bridge tender at eighty-seven dollars a week.

After I had given McFadden my report, he said, "That's the anti-poverty business, all right. We helped two, we missed on two, and two we'll always wonder about."

—FRED C. SHAPIRO

•

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•

SPORTS NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Dayton Daily News*]

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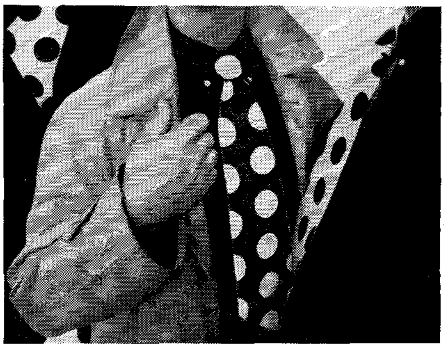

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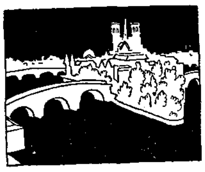
LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 12



LAST Thursday was an ideal day for the transport strike here, with beautiful, sunny weather that was not too warm for pleasant walking—except for those thousands of office workers living in the suburbs who, with both the Métro and the bus lines struck, had to walk one or two hours to get to their midtown jobs, where many arrived steaming with fatigue and exasperation. It was a very unpopular strike, especially as regards the Métro, being the fifth this year. It coincided—obviously by intent, so as to insure a maximum of public discomfort—with the opening of the Salon de l'Automobile, which always produces special traffic jams of cars from the provinces, adding to the by now regular bottlenecks caused by the Paris street excavations, barricades, and giant digging machines, scattered like impediments over the Concorde and other centers. Also, as the Communist daily *Humanité* grandly stated, "In Thursday's absence of traditional transportation, the workers took their cars to go to the factories." This was the first time anyone could recall the Communist press having front-paged the *news that French workers are paid* enough to do anything about cars except assemble them in the Simca or Renault works. By noon, the melee on the Concorde looked like a gigantic Cubist picture. The strike was not total, owing to dissensions over strike psychology among the three labor unions, which often enough split the unity of French labor sentiment—the powerful, Communist-dominated Confédération Générale du Travail, the smaller Demo-Christian Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail, and the little Socialist Force Ouvrière, which alone refused to back the bus strike. Ranked as only a quasi-total success—after all, half the autobus lines were operative, and perhaps a dozen of the five hundred subway trains—the strike was principally aimed by the transport workers at obtaining two consecutive days off out of every seven, instead *of only one* day, as *now, while* retaining the same pay. The combined, nationalized Paris Métro and bus system, for years run at a deficit, is by now well known in labor circles for giving its workers cruel schedules, based on

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a split working day of seven and a half hours' actual work, which, by being staggered to take in the idle hours of slack traffic, adds up to thirteen hours out of twenty-four. Its workers, in rotation, get one Sunday every seven weeks with their families, and have had Christmas with the children only three or four times over the past fifteen years.

The unions have now written M. Edgar Pisani, the Minister of Equipment, asking him for some immediate proposal to ameliorate the Paris transport problem. Otherwise, one week from now they will all three confer among themselves about future action. It seems that the C.G.T. favors strikes of limited length frequently repeated, so as to constitute a "rhythm of agitation;" the C.F.D.T. wants hard and total single strikes; and the Socialist group inclines to surprise strikes with no advance warning and of at least three days' duration. By now, all three unions are apparently agreed that in Paris a one-day transport strike, even when repeated five times in ten months, nets nothing but five isolated days of urban disorder and quintupled unpopularity for the strikers—with whom, also, this last strike was not popular. French workers have had the legal right to strike since 1864, and by long tradition the workers seem to know better than their union leaders when the public wind is in their favor or is blowing against them.

Apropos of this last week's strike, the resolute small morning paper *Combat* (of which Albert Camus was an early editor) pointed out that in the Fifth Republic's centralization of power France's labor unions, except in a crisis, are given little or no part in the development of labor measures. "It should be noted that a real lassitude weighs on all the partners in our social and economic life," it said. "Technocracy, though a good thing administratively speaking, is bad on the democratic level. Today the French are both tranquil and dissatisfied." Then it added, with one of its customary anti-Gaullist flourishes, "General de Gaulle incarnates these two contradictory sentiments."

THE most talked-of entertainment of the week was the Saturday-night special TV première showing of Roberto Rossellini's "La Prise du Pouvoir par Louis XIV" on the state's main network. The movie, which ran nearly two hours, is his first experiment in what is already being called his neo-realistic Italian style of French his-

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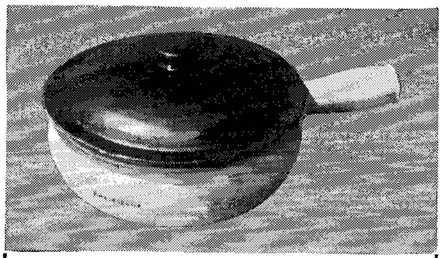
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tory. Photographed in color (reportedly stunning), which French TV still lacks, it was perforce shown in black-and-white, but it will be given its full values when it appears on commercial cinema screens. By making this dual-purpose production, in which the French state TV acted as his Maecenas, Rossellini says he can continue to function as a director, which would be impossible if he were only making a movie, since he lacks financial means. The extreme interest aroused here by "The Taking of Power by Louis XIV" showed to what an extent French TV programming needed some new artistic blood. Rossellini had his script drawn from the tome "Louis XIV," by the well-known historian Philippe Erlanger, and begins his opus with the death of Mazarin, when the young monarch was twenty-three and suddenly began his career as supreme ruler, amazing the chancelleries of Europe and creating a new, powerful, autocratic France, still celebrated as having reached the incomparable summit of its civilization. With the economy and simplicity of a master presenting a lesson in history to a class of adult students, Rossellini has reduced his vast canvas to the leading characters of that time—the Queen Mother, Anne of Austria; Louis's young wife and queen, Marie Thérèse; Colbert; Fouquet; his hapless young innocent mistress, Louise de la Vallière; and a few others. By what the King does to the society gathered in Versailles around him, reducing their power as nobles by uprooting them from their own country estates and weakening their ancient class into becoming spendthrift fashion plates—in these plans a whole section of manipulated French history takes its form, with fascinating and dramatic clarity. More is probably known about Louis XIV than about any other French king, and much of it is out on the screen, along with court habits and portrait scenes as if from the very walls and rooms of Versailles. The King and Queen are first seen in bed together, with the fine royal porcelain chamberpot beneath; the King is seen at his *levée* being dressed, and also seen undressing himself, for once; and one of the most impressive scenes shows him dining at a table alone, as was his habit, served from a parade of twenty-eight silver dishes, each with different victuals locked inside until opened for the King to eat—with his fingers, he being no believer in forks. One sees the barbarities—the King sleeping in the shirt he has worn by day, never washing but suffering a damp cloth to be passed by a valet over his heavy young fea-

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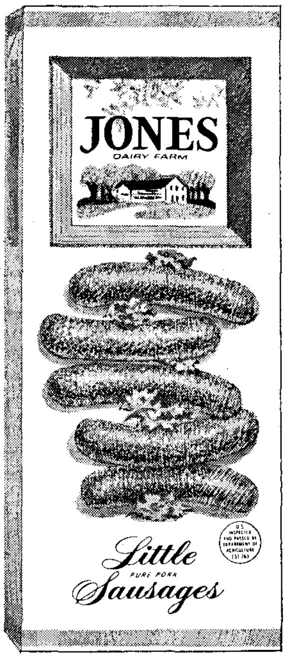

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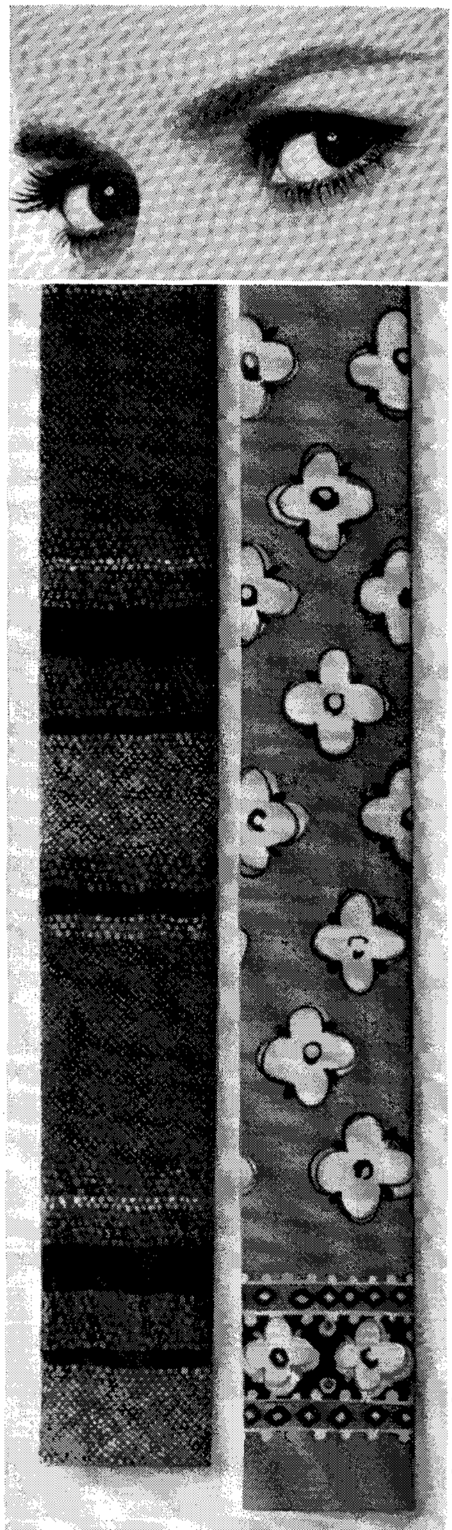

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tures. These incidents and tableaux look like compositions by the famous seventeenth-century artists of the King's own palace. One of Rossellini's most inventive camera shots shows the arrest of Fouquet as seen from the top of the palace roof.

What makes Rossellini's TV film truly *sui generis* is the fact that he chose as his players people who facially resemble the historical characters they represent, and are not professional actors—are, indeed, mere chance amateur portraits. Probably the most debatable choice is that of a young provincial stage manager named Jean-Marie Patte, who plays the young King, because he has the family traits—the Bourbon nose, the jutting, statuesque chin, and the shapely, rather small eyes, as in Bernini's famous marble bust—and, above all, has the requisite short height (five feet three), for the great King was a smallish man, as was frequent in his time. Unfortunately, Patte as the King has been surrounded by a cast of normal-sized modern male courtiers and guards, which gives him the look of being dwarfed. In talking, he has been taught to imitate the same punctuated speech mannerism that Louis himself supposedly had, and the same impersonal white voice. But what he completely lacks is any physical elegance or any of the famed royal charm, ease, and gift for public courtesy for which the Sun King was famed all over Europe and throughout history. This makes Rossellini's King seem unsatisfying, if credible. However, so great is the reality of the history that Rossellini has summed up in this amazing TV achievement that even the presence of a king who seems to be a professional pretender has failed to mar it.

APPARENTLY, the fantasy word "*surréaliste*" first appeared in Paris literary circles when the Polish-born French-language poet Guillaume Apollinaire used it to describe a text he had composed. This he showed to two precocious, admiring young writers, André Breton and Philippe Soupault, who had become acquainted at Apollinaire's bedside in the hospital where he shortly afterward died, on the first night of peace after the end of the First World War. As the beginning of what became a long friendship between the two young writers (which ended only a fortnight ago with Breton's death), they soon collaborated in writing a strange work called "Les Champs Magnétiques," which dealt with *l'onirocritie*, or the ancient study of dreams.

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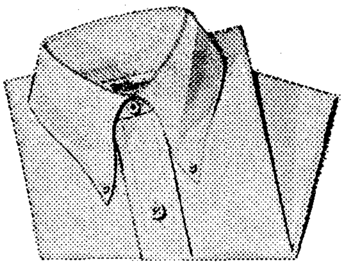

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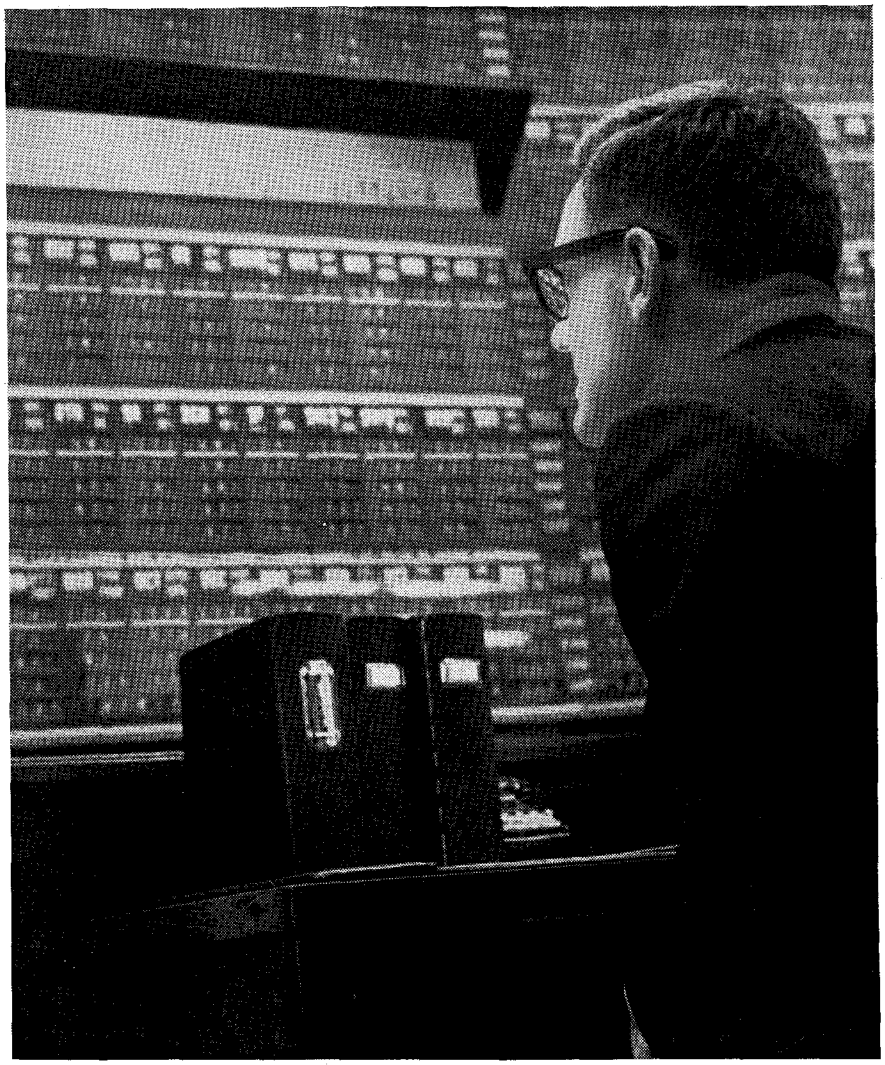
Apollinaire's text had rather indicated this interesting direction for them to embark on, and in homage to him they referred to what they wrote as "surrealist," like the baptism of something. It was Breton, of course, who soon realized that their pages were indeed basic to what he later called the Surrealist Revolution, but which he had first to measure. He was a medical student who had become interested in psychiatry and occultism, and in his teens, in pursuit of complete liberty of mind, he had admired, among French writers, Mallarmé, Huysmans, and Barrès (though on him he later recanted). At the age of seventeen, he entered into a literary correspondence with Paul Valéry. He also wrote admirable poems in the Mallarmé manner (as a preliminary to becoming one of the very great modern French poets). In 1916, as a medic in the French Army, he worked in Nantes in the neurological center and discovered Freud. In 1919, in Paris, he discovered Dada, brought from Switzerland by the Rumanian intellectual Tristan Tzara; with Soupault and the brilliant writer Louis Aragon he founded the review called *Littérature*, in which "Les Champs Magnétiques" was published, along with a Valéry contribution. By 1922, Dada had disintegrated, and Breton went to Vienna to talk with Freud. Back in Paris, he moved in permanence to a flat in Montmartre, on the Rue Fontaine, near the hedonistic, nocturnally always brightly blazing Place Blanche, of which he poetically said, "Nights here do not exist, except in legend." In this apartment he lived for the rest of his life, like a part of his famous ethnological collection, which included one of the finest known groups of African masks and statues of gods. That year, after meeting Freud, he began the psychic and oneiric studies he made with, and on, such friends as Paul Éluard and Robert Desnos and Max Ernst and Francis Picabia, since obedience to his ideologies was the price he exacted for not being exiled from the cult. There were also experiments in hypnotic sleep, especially with the young novelist René Crevel (the only gay spirit of all those pre-Surrealists, and eventually a suicide), who finally complained that all the other writers present at these séances were taking notes to use from his imagination when it was at its very best, during induced slumber, from which he could never profit. In 1924, Breton published the "Manifeste du Surréalisme." His definition of Surrealism was "pure psychic automatism by which expression is proposed—either verbally or in writing or



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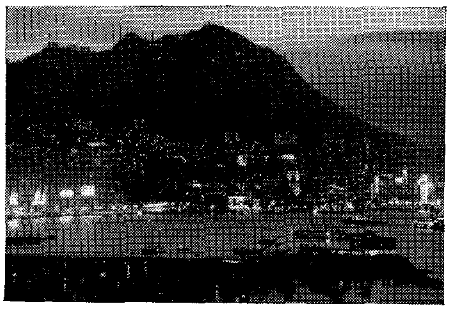

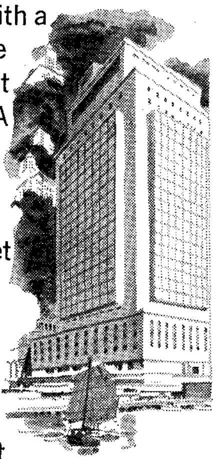

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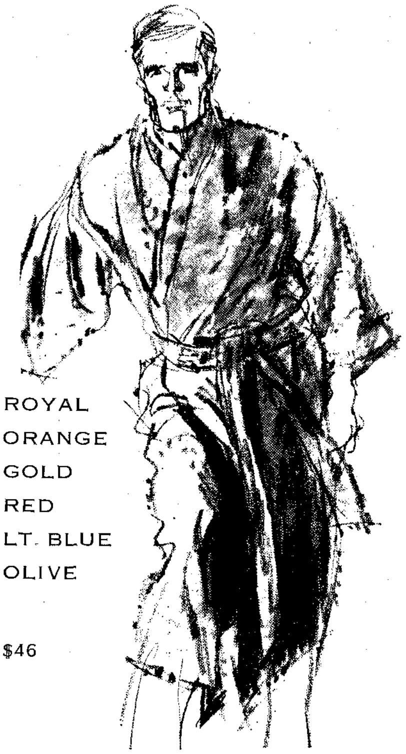
in any other manner—of the real functioning of thought, in an absence of all control set up by reason, and outside any aesthetic or moral consideration." A French encyclopedia's definition, in quoting Breton, is "Surrealism (philosophy): It rests on the belief in the superior reality of certain forms of association neglected until now, on the dominant power of dreams, and on free movement of thought. It tends definitely to tear down all other psychic mechanisms and to substitute for them in resolving the main problems of life." This first and more important "Manifeste" (there was a second one later, rather like a New Testament) is a small red paperback booklet, now a bibliophilic item. It had an immediate incendiary reaction in Paris literary circles, and in moral circles as well, condemning, as it did, French traditional logic, and postulating, in the interests of superior man himself, the primacy of the unconscious, of the dream, of a new invisible reality, as well as the uses even of folly and certainly of eroticism. Breton, who had created Surrealism, became its magic chief. He denounced the family, patriotism, religion. His definition of God went beyond and below atheism. He temporarily joined the Communist Party, though he later became a Trotzky follower and eventually visited the lost leader in Mexico. The bitter political quarrel between Breton and Aragon, who was Surrealism's only great fiction writer and who became the professional intellectual leader of the French Communist Party, split the Surrealists like a catastrophe from on high, and consumed the two men's friendship. It was through Breton's painters—Duchamp, Ernst, Picabia, Miró, Magritte, Matta (and, for a brief period in the nineteen-thirties, even Picasso was disturbed by the Surrealistic style), and, at first above all, Dali (until he was read out of the group)—that the Western world recognized, enjoyed, and was educated into Surrealism's extensions for the eye and its surmises. It is highly probable that the collapse of the old-fashioned French novel and the final emergence of *nouvelle-vague* writing are due to Surrealism. Breton himself ranked as the finest stylistic writer in contemporary French letters. His revolution was bloodless but not painless for the bourgeoisie.

—GENÊT

•

He bent and kissed her, softly. As their mouths joined he could see the exposed skin at the back of her neck.—*"Venables," by Geoffrey Wagner.*

20-20 vision, probably.



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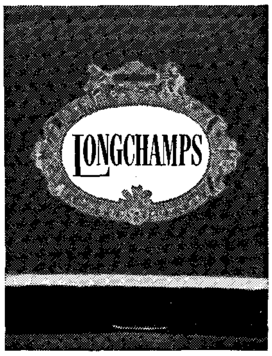

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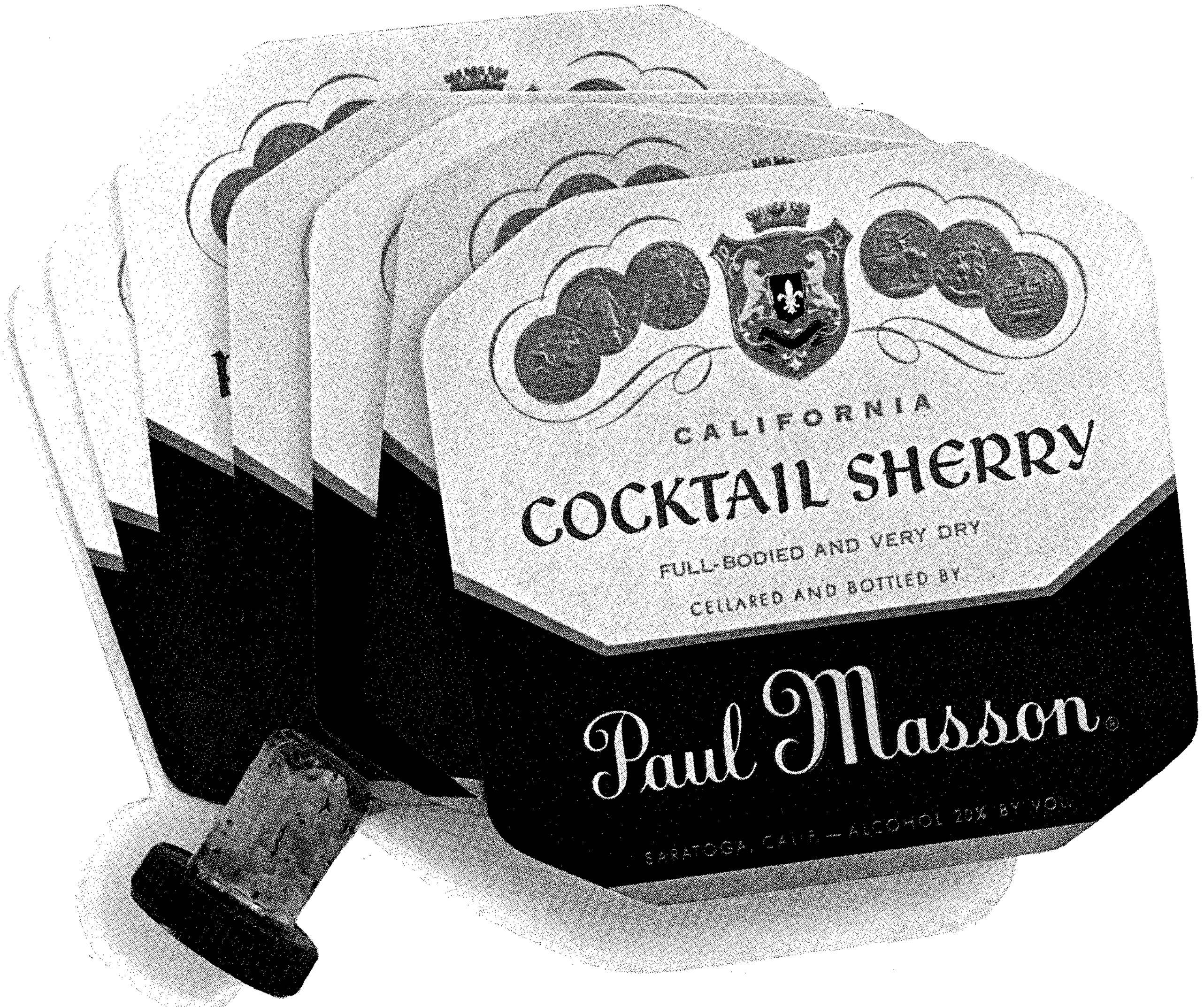
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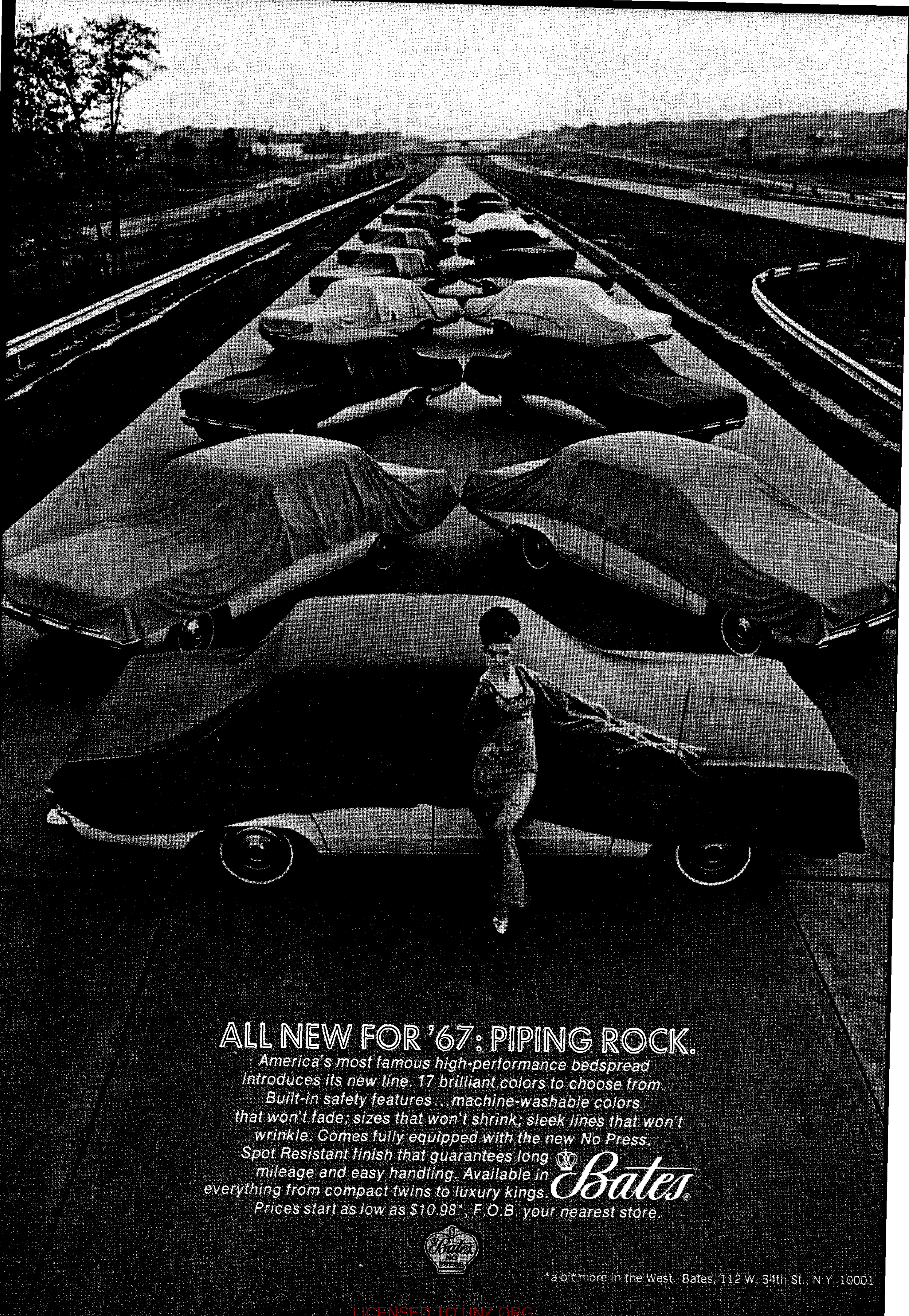

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STEWART

IT would be exaggeration if I said that Stewart Cass, as I shall here call him, was responsible for my going to the Belgian Congo. I am sure I'd have got there somehow in any case, but certainly he speeded things up by listening to me as he did the evening we met at a party. I became garrulous when I learned that Stewart not only knew the Congo well but actually lived there. This, I felt, was a most fortunate encounter. Ever since my sophomore year in college, six years earlier, I had thought about the Congo and longed to see it. Africa was an unusual hobby for a young woman in the late nineteen-twenties, and, as I had learned by painful experience, most men didn't understand my ambition to go there. But Stewart listened, and he answered questions just as if I were in my right mind, though it couldn't have been easy to cope with all I asked him. I wanted to know the sort of thing I couldn't find in books and the steel engravings that illustrated them, such as whether or not the forest was full of color, how one managed to avoid crocodiles when bathing, and if it was always necessary to hack one's way through the underbrush. Patiently and politely, Stewart set me right on these matters and on others, until, by the end of the evening, I had a definite picture of the Congo in my mind. I saw the country clearly—a region where the sky was hidden by a high, leafy roof, where tree trunks were smooth as organ pipes, and, in the absence of sunlight, all was brown and black until you tipped back your head and looked up. There, where the trees had succeeded in climbing out of the shade, they burst into rich green foliage, much, I imagined, as the "Tannhäuser" pilgrims burst into song.

Stewart talked a good deal, too, about the Africans, whom he seemed to know as well as I knew the neighbors next door in my New York apartment house. This was not surprising, for he was an anthropologist. I had learned earlier, from the general conversation, that he had long been collecting material in the Congo, preparing for a dissertation on one of the tribes there. Indeed, a friend of his, the man who had brought him, seemed to think that Stewart was taking an excessive amount of time on the job, for while we were talking he called out boisterously, "You ever going to finish that thing, Stew? Personally, I think it's all an excuse to lead the life of Riley down there. Doesn't he look like the Great White Father, with that beard?" he asked the company at large. "It would be a shame to have to shave that off."

Stewart laughed good-humoredly, stroking his beard, and as soon as the spotlight was off him I moved in again with more questions. On practical matters, as well as natural ones, he was a valuable adviser. He was informed about shipping lines, the names of towns along the Congo River, and the worth of the Belgian franc in American money. He had been to the region I was especially determined to see—Lake Kivu—and he described it for me. I forgot no word of what he said that evening, because all of it was important to me, but the most striking aspect of our encounter was his placid acceptance of my intention to visit the Congo. Stewart, I found, was from Boston, whose women evidently did unexpected things—riding alone through the Andes, walking across the continent, teaching in China—without incurring the opprobrium or even attracting the attention of other Bostonians. I thought that clearly I must revise my ideas of New England; Boston was a better place than I had supposed.

Of course, I saw Stewart soon again. If he hadn't followed up the acquaintance himself, I would have gone against my mother's strict rule ("No young lady ever calls a man. He wouldn't respect her if she did") and telephoned him, but he saved me from that ultimate degradation, and we went out together several times. We went to the Bronx Zoo and looked at African animals. We visited the Museum of Natural History. Once, he took me to the apartment where he lived with friends, to introduce me to a young female chimpanzee he had brought home. When he was about to leave for Belgium, we had dinner and talked for hours over the coffee. I told him how my ideas about Boston had changed, and he said, "If I were you, I'd suspend judgment on that. Boston's not so bad, but it's not perfect. As a matter of fact—" Here he bit off what-

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ever he was going to say. I couldn't make out what his expression was, because of the beard. Beards take a bit of knowing. Later, I was able to read Stewart's face in spite of his, but I was new to the game that night. He started again: "I prefer living where I do, in the Congo. Boston's all right for a visit—I enjoy seeing my family, of course. At least, I used to."

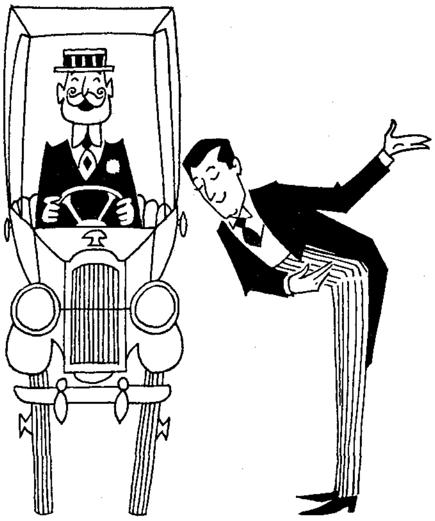
"What does that mean?" I asked.

"I think I'll tell you about it," said Stewart. "If you're really coming out to Africa, and I guess you are, you'll have to know about it anyway." I flushed with pleasure, because he had said, "and I guess you are."

He was telling me, I soon realized, the story of his life, saying that he had first gone to the Congo as a member of a university expedition, intending to remain there for one scholastic year, the term agreed upon for the party. All the young men had anthropologized to their hearts' content in the Ituri Forest, and the year drew to a close. On what was supposed to be the last day, Stewart decided to go out on one more hunting trip. His guide was leading him along an elephant track that was promisingly fresh when suddenly they came upon the elephant himself, feeding in a banana grove. The animal spotted them just as they spotted him, and came at them. The guide made his escape, but Stewart tripped on a root and fell sprawling. "The last thing I remember is the way the elephant looked, standing over me," he said. "Then he gored me, and everything's gone from my mind, because I fainted. Fortunately, he was a big fellow, and his tusks were so wide apart that one of them missed me altogether, though the other hooked me in the side. He didn't take time to trample me and finish the job—the guide made a racket and distracted him."

After the goring, Stewart hadn't been able to travel. A doctor from a mission hospital said it would be six weeks at least before he could get up. The doctor had found a woman in the village where the expedition had been camping who, he said, would do as a nurse. The other boys had to go home; examinations were in the offing.

"Abanzima took wonderful care of me," said Stewart. "She got me back on my feet before the doctor expected it. If I don't owe my life to her, exactly, I do owe my health. In short," he went on, with one of the little rushes of speech that by now I knew were characteristic, "I got very fond of the girl. And that was when the trouble started. Our crazy ideas—the crazy



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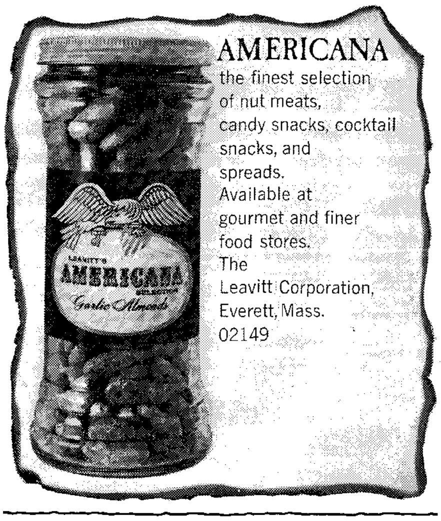

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ideas we have in this country! If Abanzima had been white, we'd have got married. She could have come home with me. She'd have been here right now, staying with my family."

He paused for such a long time, stirring his coffee and staring into it, that I urged him on. "And as it is?"

"As it is, I'm not saying I'm beaten," said Stewart. "I may marry her yet, but even so I certainly won't be able to bring her home. I realize that now, though I didn't when I was in the Ituri. I used to think that if I gave my father and mother enough time to get used to the idea— But it wouldn't have worked. I've found that out by trying to talk it over sensibly with them. I used to think they were reasonable people, but on this subject at least they aren't." He frowned. "My mother has always been a well-balanced woman, but do you know what she did after she'd heard about Abanzima? She fired the colored maid. Yes, she did, and, what's more, she said she would never have another Negro servant in the house."

We were both silent for a while. I couldn't have spoken even if I had tried to. In my eyes, Stewart was a classic figure of tragedy.

He went on. "What I'm trying to do now is arrange things so that I can spend the rest of my life in the Congo. It's not simply a matter of *deciding* to do it. The Belgians are the bosses, and they're apt to be suspicious of anyone hanging around without reasonable cause—or what they consider reasonable."

I nodded wisely. "They wouldn't approve of your staying on Abanzima's account."

"Oh, they don't mind my living with her," said Stewart. "They wouldn't understand my wanting to stay just for her, that's it. Most of the white men there, if their wives aren't with them, have black mistresses—they call them *ménagères*." He said this casually, and I attempted to look as if I, too, was taking it casually, though in fact I was badly shocked. True love like Stewart's for his Abanzima was one thing; a *ménagère* was quite another. But he was talking now about his practical plans. The Belgian government needed men to stay in the Congo as medical officers. Men were so badly wanted that the government didn't insist on fully qualified doctors for these posts but, through the Red Cross, gave a short course designed to turn out people trained to some extent who could maintain census posts in the forest and administer a certain amount of medical

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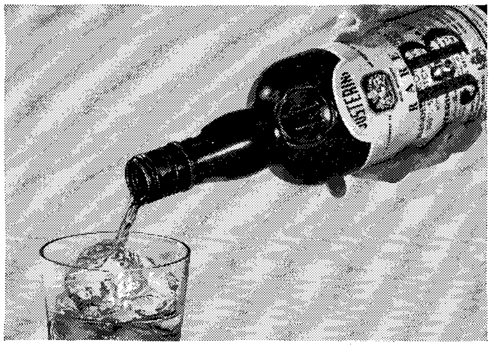

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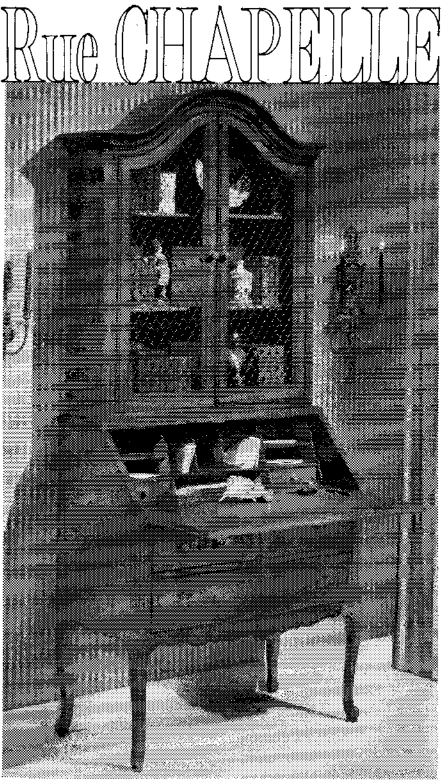
care. The course was given near Brussels, and Stewart had already signed up for it. If all went well, he would be back with Abanzima in three months, a Red Cross medical officer in good standing.

"But the lectures and lessons will be in French, won't they?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said Stewart carelessly. He'd have to work that much harder, that was all. This part of his plan impressed me more than all the rest of it, which is saying a good deal. And often in the following days, after I'd said goodbye and good luck to Stewart, I thought of his story. I saw Abanzima in my imagination—a combination Undine and Madame Butterfly, wild and graceful, and prey to fears that I could hardly understand as she wondered if her alien lover would ever return. As a result of these reveries, the Congo became more than ever alluring to me.

STEWART and I kept in touch. About once a week, a letter came from Brussels saying that he was managing well in spite of the language problem. Then, a few months later, I went abroad—to England, where I worked for a while at the British Museum—and Stewart suggested that I go over to Belgium and visit his household. He occupied a suburban apartment, in company with his chimpanzee, Chimpo. I accepted the invitation, and as I got aboard the cross-Channel steamer I reflected that it was really, in a way, the beginning of my own trip to Africa. My breath came short at the thought.

I found the two exiles living in Continental splendor, in big rooms that filled a whole floor of a house, fitted out with massive doors and high, shuttered windows. To be sure, these rooms were practically empty, because of Chimpo's bad effect on the landlady's furniture. Chimpo had grown bigger, and was developing a mind of her own. Stewart had kept a bed and a dresser for me in a back room, the door of which could be locked, but there was nothing else in the apartment except his trunk, a mattress on the floor, and one gigantic wardrobe with handles strong enough to hold the chimpanzee when she was chained to them, as she often was. In fact, the chain padlocked around her neck was a regular part of Chimpo, because Stewart found it the only means by which he could catch or otherwise manage her. Most of the time, it merely dragged along behind her. On occasion, she would gather it up as a lady gathers her train, carry-



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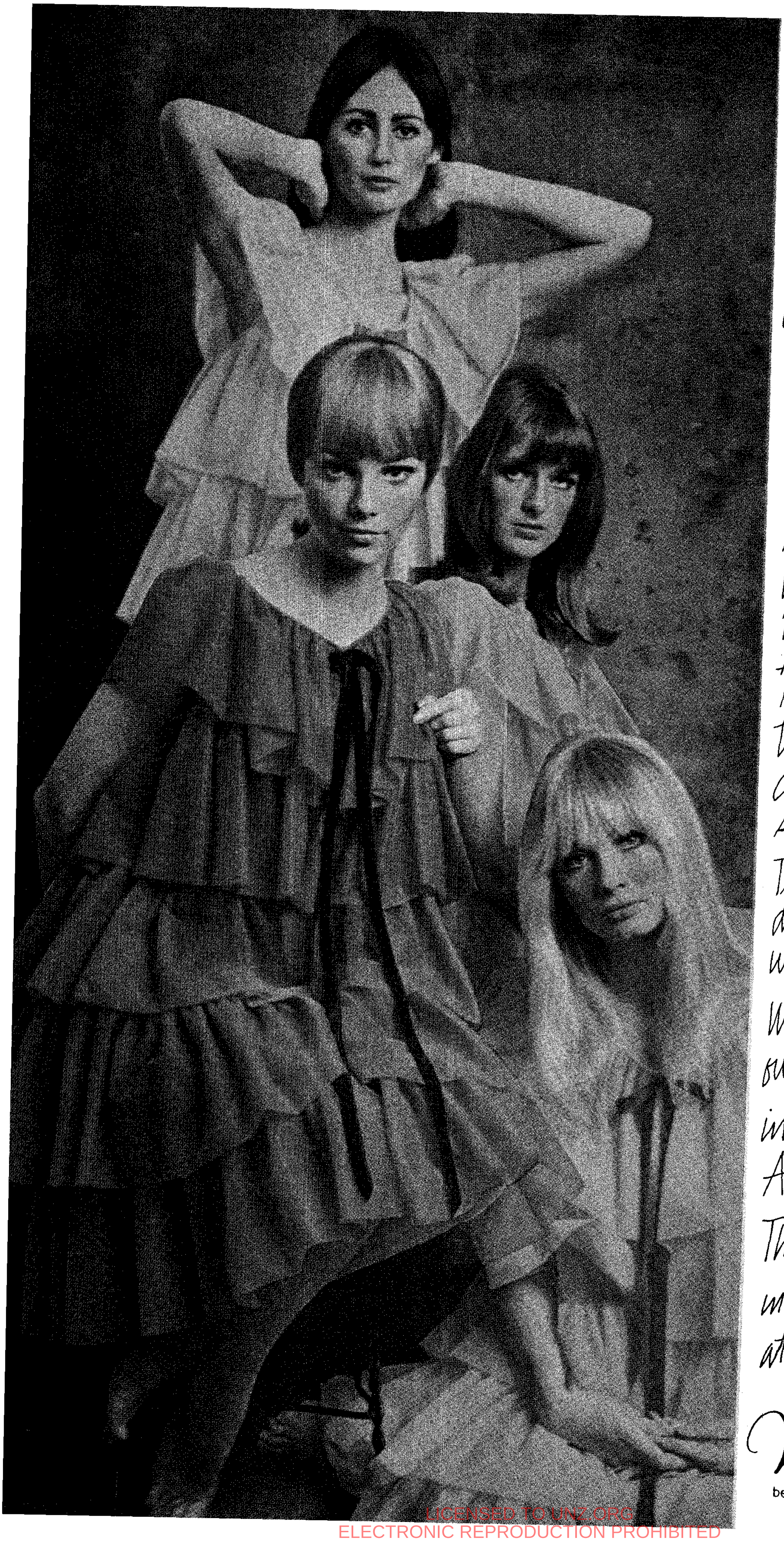

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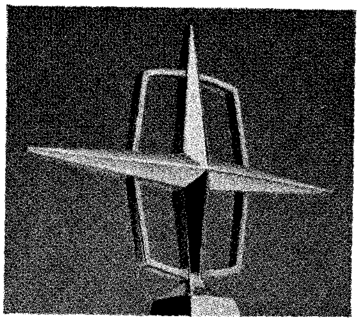

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ing it as she ran away from some retribution or other, but even then it slowed her down.

The morning after I arrived, Stewart attached the other end of the chain to the wardrobe, padlocked it, and gave me the key before starting off to his class. "I used to leave her free when I went out, but I had to stop that," he said. "She learned to open the windows, and she climbed out and bothered the neighbors. You can let her off, of course, if you've simply got to; otherwise, I wouldn't advise it."

"What do you mean, if I've simply got to?" I asked.

Stewart's reply came after a slight hesitation. "Well, when my mother was here early last month, I had to leave her alone with Chimpo in the mornings, and Chimpo was chained up like this, and I guess she finally got bored. She got hold of Mother one day and didn't let go until I got back, in about five hours. Every time Mother felt Chimpo's grip relax, she'd start to move away, and Chimpo would bite her and hang on harder than ever. By the end of those five hours, Mother was pretty mad."

"I see." I moved out of the chimpanzee's reach.

"You'll probably be all right," Stewart called cheerfully, going out with his books.

Chimpo busied herself with her own affairs, as I with mine. I kept well clear while she chewed the corner of the wardrobe, then practiced high diving from the top of it to the floor—thump, thump, thump—over and over. Everything was all right until I went to fetch the newspaper on the far side of the room. I tried to slip by at a distance I considered safe, but the chimpanzee, who was lying on the floor in what appeared to be a pensive mood, suddenly whirled around on her bottom and, stretching out, reached my skirt with her foot. Before I could get out of the skirt, she had pulled me over and was holding me fast by the leg, and Mrs. Cass's experience would have been repeated if I hadn't had the padlock key in my pocket. As it was, I unlocked the chain. One good turn deserves another. Chimpo immediately released me. For the rest of the day, we were on friendly terms. I even allowed her to open the door for the grocery boy. I had hoped to surprise him, but he didn't turn a hair. He addressed Chimpo in her own language, a coughing grunt, and walked in, unconcerned, to put down the groceries.

"Ah, yes," he said when I expressed surprise, "I've done my time in the

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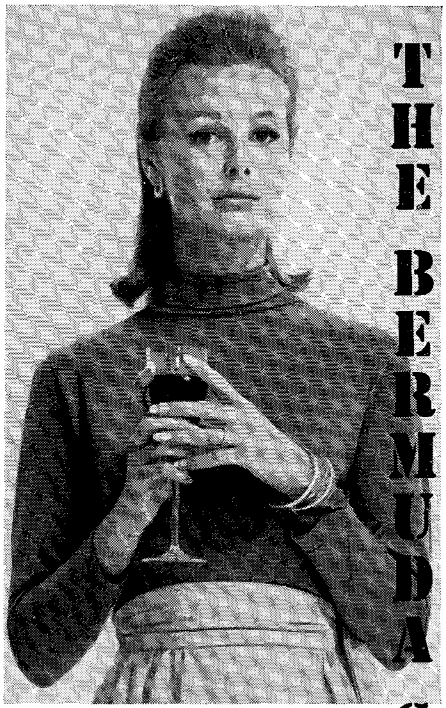
Congo." He tousled Chimpo's head on the way out.

AFTER Brussels, being back in London seemed very dull, and I wasted much time daydreaming about leopards, palm trees, and rivers sluggish in the sun. Stewart passed his examinations, and when I next heard from him he was reunited with Abanzima and working in a village called Tange, on the Ituri River. His letters were heavy, but in tissue-paper envelopes on which the ink was often smeared by water. As the time of my departure grew nearer, he wrote every few days with last-minute requests for purchases he wanted me to make. He wanted hair clippers, for one thing, and a certain kind of tinned butter—one tin only, so that he could experiment with its staying qualities before ordering crates of it. The list grew enormously long. In return for getting these things, he sent me lots of information on ships and advice about supplies. It was through Stewart that I found a French shipping line that offered remarkably cheap third-class passage from Bordeaux to Boma, on the west coast of Africa, and I went straight off to buy my ticket. Economy was important to me. I was taking along enough money—just enough, as it turned out—to get me there, and leaving behind the rest of what I had saved, which was to follow me in three months. In the line's office, I had a long argument with a clerk, and then with the manager. In all their years of experience, said these gentlemen, they had never heard a woman of any color propose to travel third class on their ships. When pressed, however, the manager admitted that there was no written rule against it, and he had to give in.

There were further arguments when I bought my supplies. In an elegant Bond Street shop that supplied everything in the world for big-game hunters in tropical countries, I gave my order along the lines advised by Stewart. The frock-coated salesman—himself as soft-footed as any wild thing of the forest—was startled into raising his voice. Only twelve tin chests? So few pairs of khaki shorts? What about a tent and a bathtub? He declared it sheer suicide to venture into Africa without what he considered the proper accoutrements. But I resisted. I had been advised by an expert. One didn't need a tent, I told the salesman. Quoting Stewart, I declared that a traveller in the forest simply paused in a village before night fell, and paid a few francs for the loan of one of the native houses.



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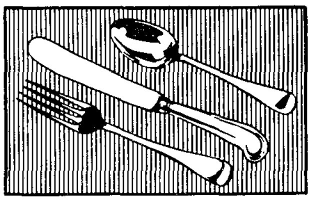

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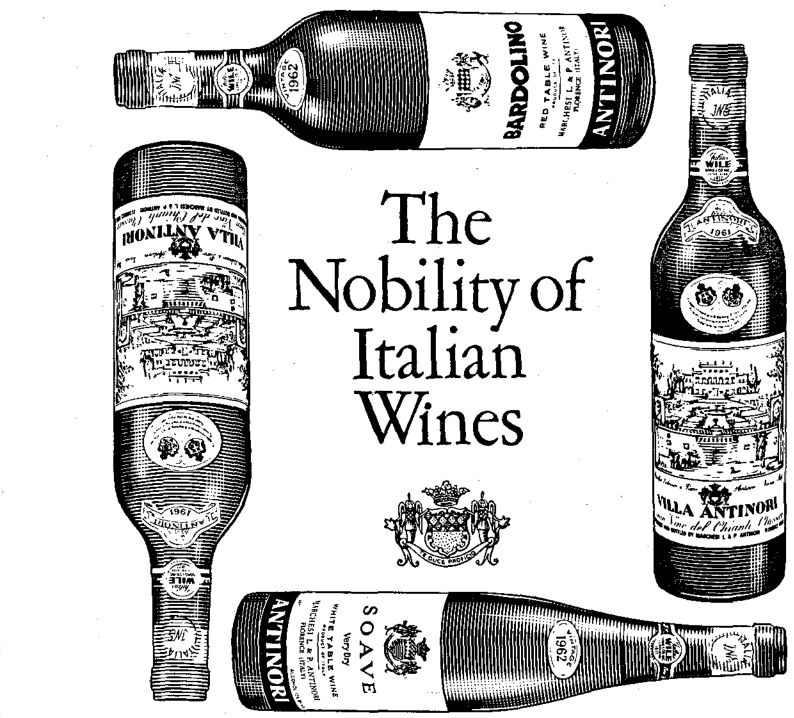
As for the bathtub, the Congo was full of rivers, not to mention Lake Kivu. "It's a mistake to carry a lot of stuff," I said severely. "It means more porters, and that means more food for them—a lot more expense all around. Haven't you found yourself that it's best to keep things simple on safari?"

"I?" said the salesman, suddenly thawing. "Miss, the furthest I've ever been from London is Brighton."

TANGE was nearer the Congo River, on which I was to make most of the trip from Boma, than Lake Kivu was. Kivu was southeast, at the border of Ruanda-Urundi. It therefore seemed logical, if the word "logical" can be applied to my journey at all, to stop off with Stewart's household first, and so I planned it. I was seven or eight weeks getting to Tange, and ran many gantlets, from the European end, where the Bordeaux porters were rude about my tin trunks (each to carry no more than thirty pounds, the approved weight for an African bearer), through the voyage itself.

Third class was comfortable enough. As a matter of fact, there was a fourth class, too—a fact I hadn't realized when I booked, or I'd have had a shot at it. Fourth class was full of African troops and chickens; third class, except for me, was occupied by noncommissioned officers on their way to the French Congo—swarthy, undersized men from Marseille and Corsica, with deep voices and five-o'clock shadow. They were polite to me but often quarrelled with each other, and most nights were noisy after I had gone to bed. During the trip, I picked up a Midi accent and a number of idioms I hadn't been taught in high school. Bordeaux was raw, rainy, and generally depressing, and after we were at sea I was sick for a while, but when we had paused at Madeira and were making for Casablanca, summer was suddenly upon us. Every day the sea was more blue, the sun yellower. Here and there, we third-class passengers had a bit of deck space the size of a man's handkerchief, and in one of these clearings at the stern of the ship I would lean on the rail for hours, staring down at a shark that followed us faithfully the whole way.

I think I was stupefied for the first fortnight. Not until we anchored offshore at Dakar, in Senegal, did I realize where I was. A line of palm trees like green sentinels stood at attention back of the harshly bright yellow sand of the beach, and all of a sudden I knew I was there, in Africa—that I



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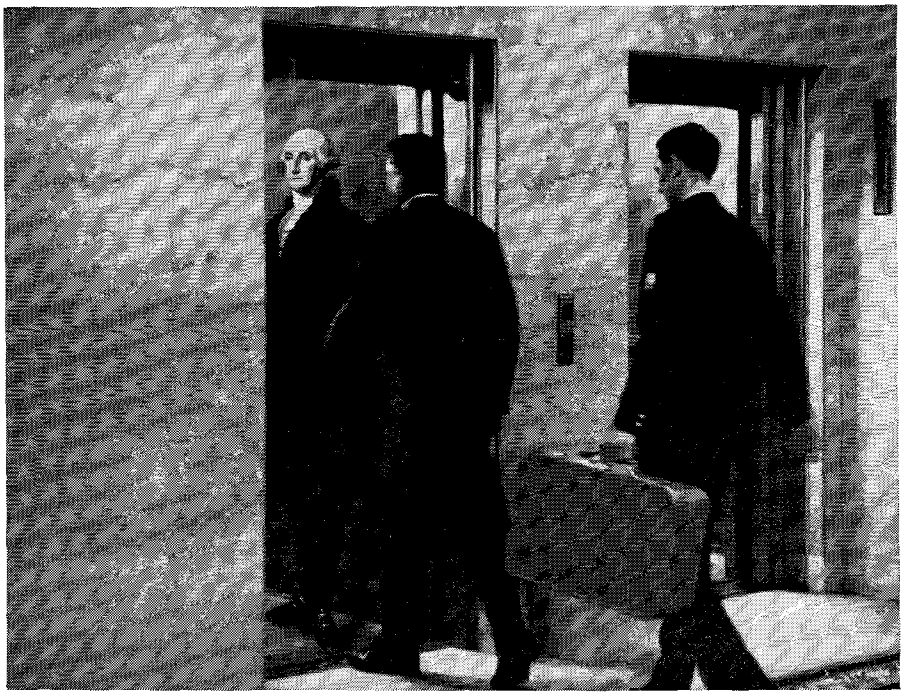

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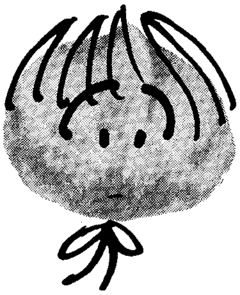

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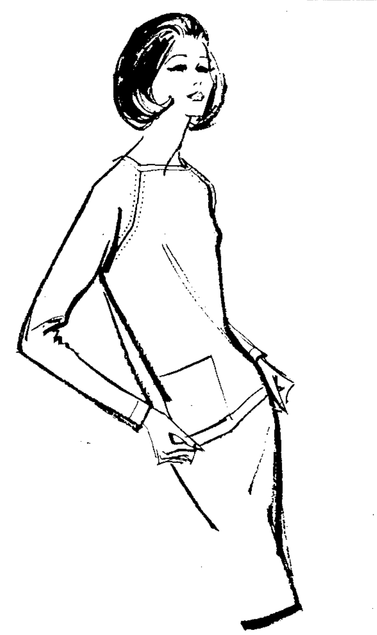
wasn't looking at a picture in an atlas, or reading Conrad. I myself was there. The women walking along the beach with babies slung on their backs, in dresses of cotton printed with huge blobs of color—they were real. Somewhere over there on the other side of the palm trees were their houses. I wondered if Abanzima wore clothes like theirs, and if any of them resembled her. Now I felt impatient of the ship, anxious to get off it and into the country. The rest of the voyage seemed very long until I disembarked at Boma.

Then came a train, a paddle-wheeler up the Congo, Stanleyville, where I stayed for several days, and a truck that took me up the last bit of road, leading to the roadless forest. There I was unloaded at a dock on the bank of the Ituri River, and found the canoe Stewart had sent for his mail and me—a long, heavy craft that even English-speaking Congolese called a pirogue. It was poled or paddled, depending on necessity, by tattooed men in loincloths. For a long day, they and I moved upriver toward Tange, and I had the strange sensation all along that I just wasn't there at all. They couldn't communicate with me nor I with them, so they took the tactful way out by pretending I was part of the mail, nothing more. When they spoke to each other, their voices were resonant. Often they burst into song, hitting the side of the pirogue with the paddles to stress a beat. Now and then we passed another boat going in the opposite direction, and then all the boatmen chatted back and forth until they were far out of sight of each other. They could make their voices carry, somehow, without raising them.

We moved on oily black water between banks where the forest crowded to the brink, trees jostling for foothold. Here and there, infrequently, a clearing moved into view—a space, open for about twenty yards, in which a path could be seen leading to the water, and in the distance a little jumble of clay-walled houses. Sometimes there were women and children playing in the water. They, too, carried on long conversations with my boatmen. Often everyone shouted with laughter, so that I longed to know the joke. We stopped for a rest at one of these places. People stood around and stared as I ate the box lunch I'd brought from the Stanleyville hotel. In such circumstances, it was hard to chew in a natural manner. Eventually, I fought back by staring at them, especially the women, asking myself if any of them were like Abanzima. I didn't think they could be. I could



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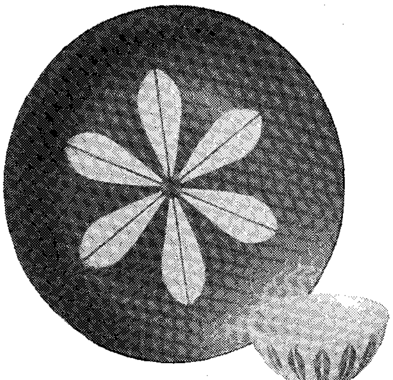

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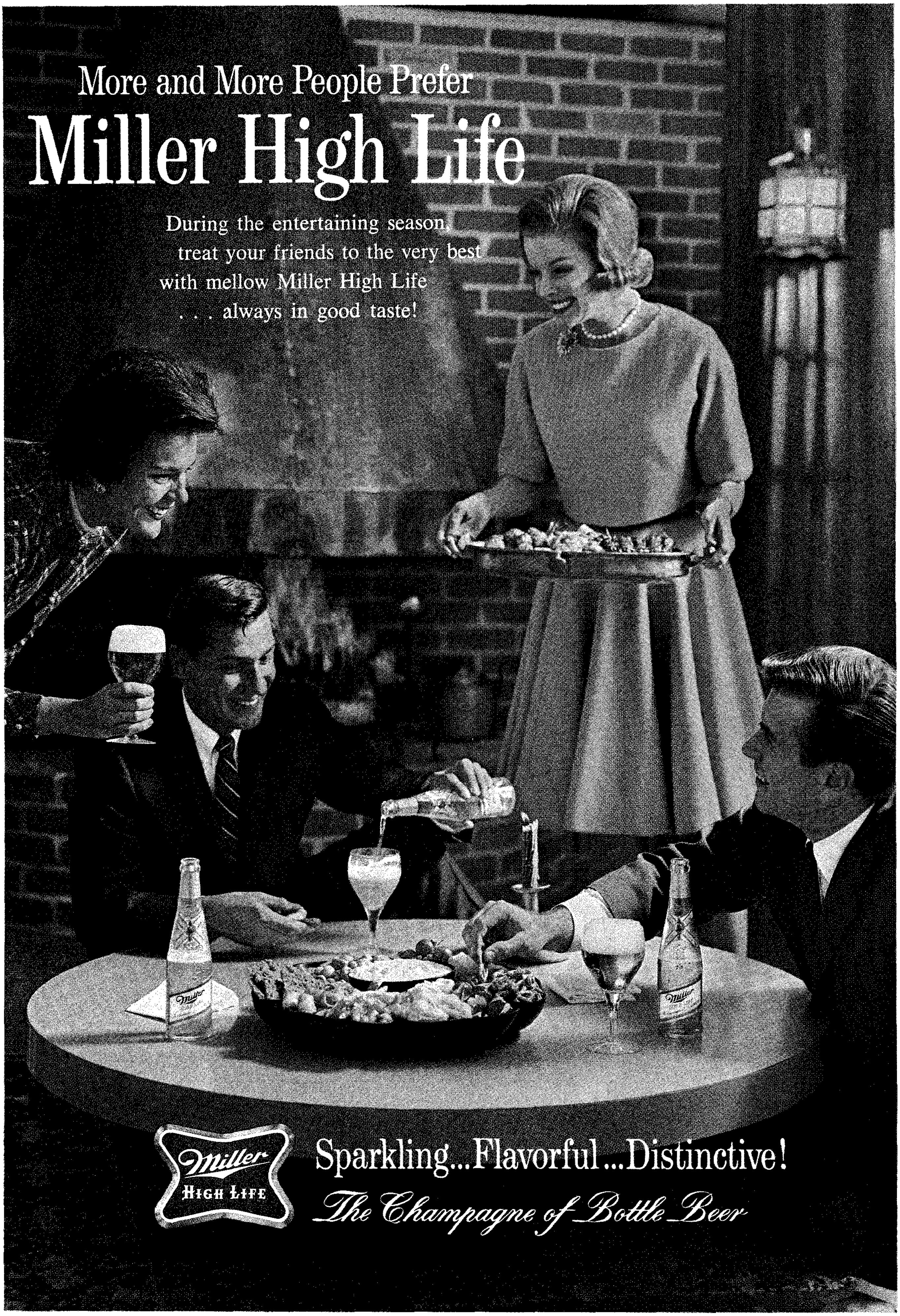
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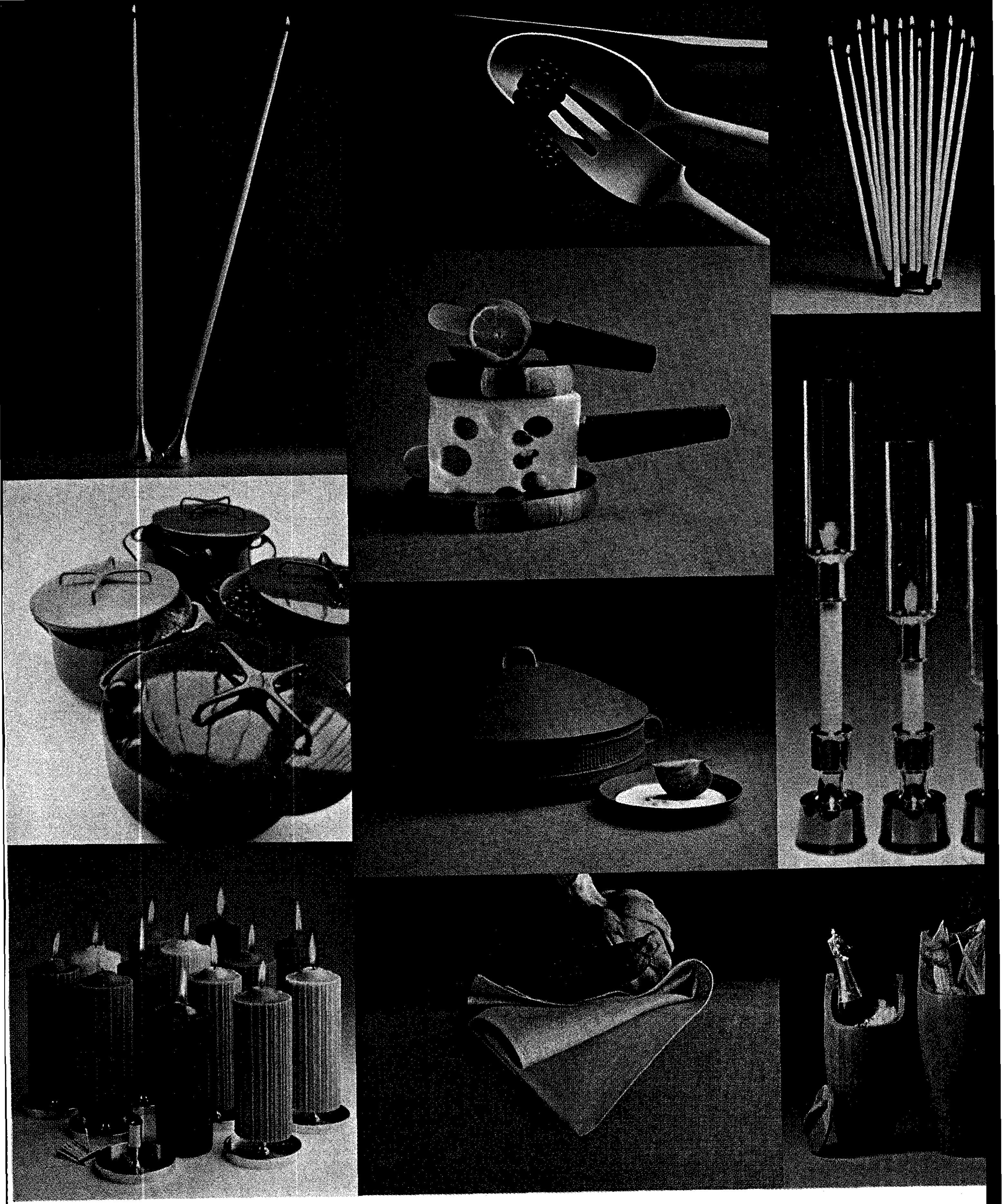

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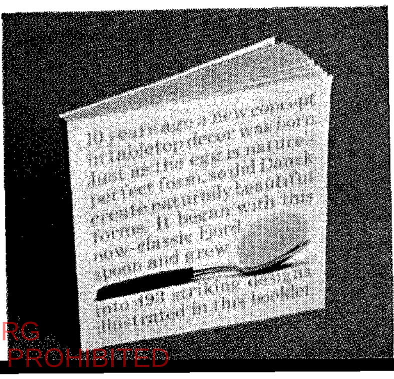
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see no beauty in any of these females, hair twisted into rows of tiny topknots like coiled wire, some of the bodies bare above the waist. So many pairs of naked breasts abashed me, especially as few of them were up to Greek or Balinese standards.

It was dark when we reached Tange. Long before the pirogue turned in toward the bank, the boatmen called out and received a reply in that effortless conversational tone of voice that seemed able to travel any distance. As we approached, a line of little lights moved through the dark, tracing a zigzag pathway down what appeared to be a steep slope. The boat was beached, and I climbed out, moving stiffly. A familiar coughing noise warned me of what to expect just before Chimpo hurtled out of the darkness to embrace me. Stewart appeared in her wake, teeth showing through his beard in the torchlight, and we shook hands. Commandingly, he said over his shoulder, "Abanzima!"

She approached, giggling in a shy way, and I took her outstretched hand. My gesture was mechanical; I was overcome with surprise and dismay. Though it was dark on the beach, I could see that my Undine, my maiden of classic tragedy, was no beauty. Why, she was an old woman! The teeth now showing in a welcoming smile were filed to points, her bare breasts were shrivelled, and her head—this was the worst shock of all—was shaved smooth as a billiard ball. In a daze, I walked up the bluff with the others, in single file, quite forgetting to observe that my tin boxes had at last found the mode of carriage they had been made for; they were all, of course, neatly balanced on African heads.

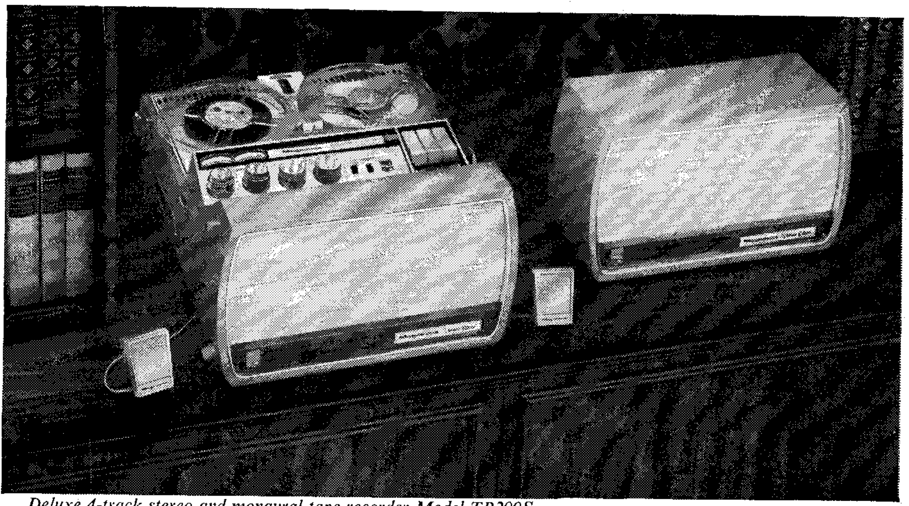
We came to a large house—large, that is, by Congo standards—and went into a room with many books and boxes in it, a wooden table for a desk, camp chairs, and a cot with sheets and a mosquito net. A pressure lamp threw a bright light over everything.

"You're to sleep here a night or so," Stewart explained, as Abanzima went out one of the back doors on an errand. "Until I was positive you were on the way, I didn't get the boys to work building your house."

"A house for me?" I asked in amazement. "But I'm only visiting, not staying here."

"There's not that much labor involved, and when you go—if you go—I'll be able to use it," he said. "Now you're here, though, it would be foolish to hurry off. People make long visits in Africa, you know."

Members of the household filed in to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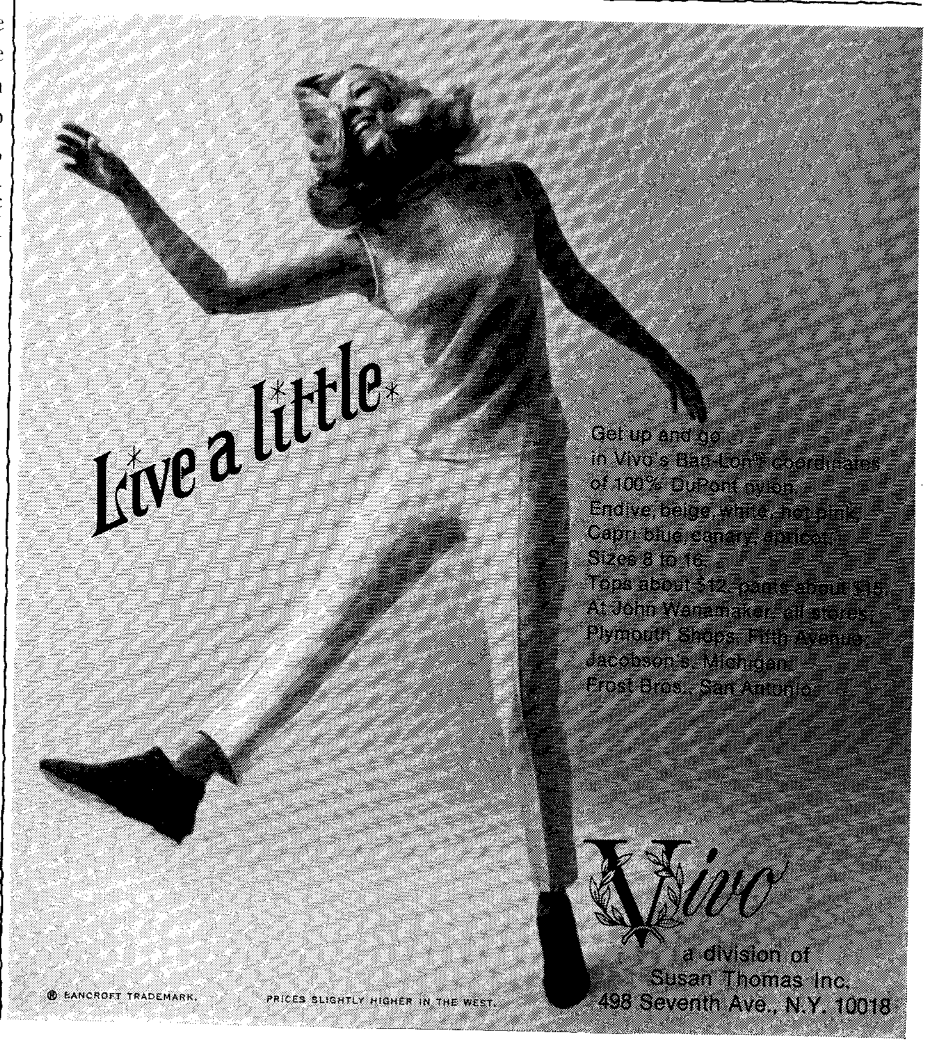

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put down the luggage, and when it was all there we started opening some of the things Stewart had ordered. Chimpo kept getting in the way until Stewart took her to the veranda, a wide, roofed affair that ran all around the house, and chained her. By this time, I realized that we were being watched by a large, rapt audience out in the dark. We were actors on a bright stage. The audience was quiet, but I could hear some sounds—heavy breathing, a soft whisper, an occasional inadvertent squeal of wonder. Stewart did not seem at all self-conscious about the watchers. Imperturbably, he went on opening crates, and I, in loyal imitation, unpacked. While I was at Tange, I imitated Stewart in every way I could, until near the end.

Abanzima came back with a tray, followed by two more women similarly laden. They cleared off part of the table and set down food for us to eat. Evidently, it was for Stewart and me alone. When I asked if Abanzima wasn't going to eat with us, he shook his head and said she didn't, except on special occasions. The Congolese were very casual about their food, he explained. Abanzima stood watching me, her small brown eyes attentive as a lip reader's. When she caught my eye, she burst into a high cackle of laughter, covering her mouth and rocking her body. Stewart smiled—a thing he didn't do often or easily—saying, "She likes you."

Oh, well, perhaps she wasn't so very ugly after all, I decided. Nor was she as old as I had thought. It was cicatrization that marked her face and her chest, not wrinkles, as I'd at first supposed, and I was getting used to it. She'd cut her hair, Stewart explained, to make it grow better. Eating chicken and rice with palm oil, I took stock of the two other girls, each of whom had come forward as soon as she set down her tray to offer her hand. The taller, Nambedru, had a strangely shaped head—elongated, with hair parted and plaited in strips, or stripes, that ran from front to back like marks on a melon. In fact, her head would have looked exactly like a melon if it hadn't been for her eyes. They were beautiful—enormous, set very wide apart, and slightly tilted at the outer corners above high cheekbones. Sissy, the other girl, was small and had a pleasant, rather scared smile. Both were cicatrized and both had filed teeth, like Abanzima's—another feature I had learned by the end of supper to take for granted.

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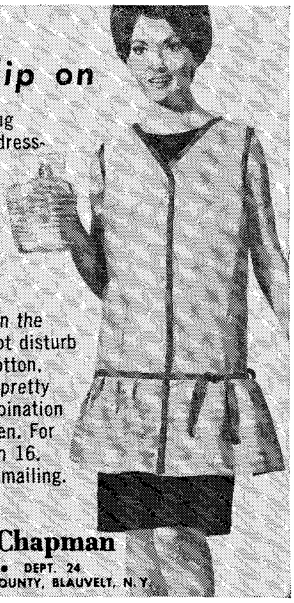
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Nambedru brought a teapot and filled our cups, serving Stewart first, as she had done all through the meal. "They always serve the men first," he explained. "It would only confuse them if I tried to change the custom."

Nambedru looked critically at the table and leaned over to take away a ketchup bottle, and Stewart tugged playfully at her ear and said something that made her giggle wildly. She retreated in a coltish stumble, and he watched kindly, saying, "She'll learn. She's still pretty young—just came from her village a month or two ago."

"How old is she?"

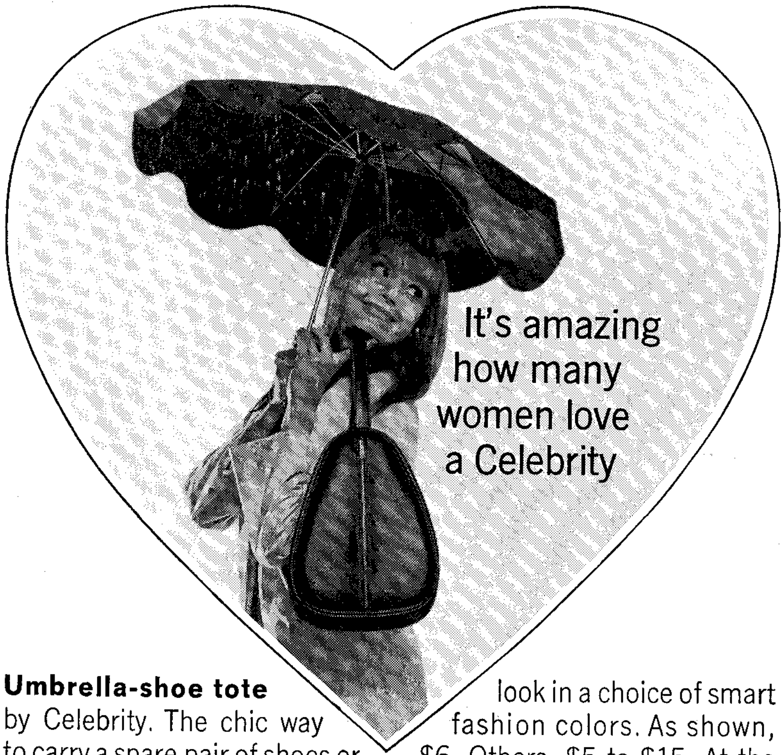
"Oh, they never know, but I should guess she's about fourteen. She and Abanzima are Mangbetu, you know—they're cousins of some sort. It's a very interesting tribe. Its region is farther north. You don't find many around here. They have a custom of wrapping their babies' heads with tight bandages as soon as they're born, and the skull is deformed while it's still soft. You've noticed how long her head is? I don't know why Abanzima's isn't the same, but her mother died in childbirth and probably nobody else took the trouble to wrap her head." I said that was a good thing, naturally assuming that a man would not care for a melon-headed wife, but Stewart didn't understand. He merely shrugged, and said that the practice didn't seem to affect Mangbetu faculties in any way.

"And is Sissy also a Mangbetu?" I asked.

"No," said Stewart. "Sissy comes from this village, in a way. Her father's from the local tribe and her mother's a pygmy. You could see it if you knew pygmies—those turned-out lips and the lighter color of her hair. I only got her last week."

At the moment, the implication of that speech was lost on me, for I supposed it was merely my host's way of referring to servant hiring. At any rate, I was too sleepy to go out of my way to find implications. Stewart suggested that I go to bed, and said that I was obviously so sleepy that I wouldn't mind if he went on working at his letters across the room at the desk. So that I might undress alone, in the dark, he carried out the lamp for a few minutes, giving rise to disappointed murmurs outside.

MY little house was soon ready, and I became part of the establishment. I fitted into the somewhat wacky routine as smoothly as if I'd always been there, and the local people called me "the doctor's sis-



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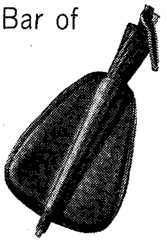

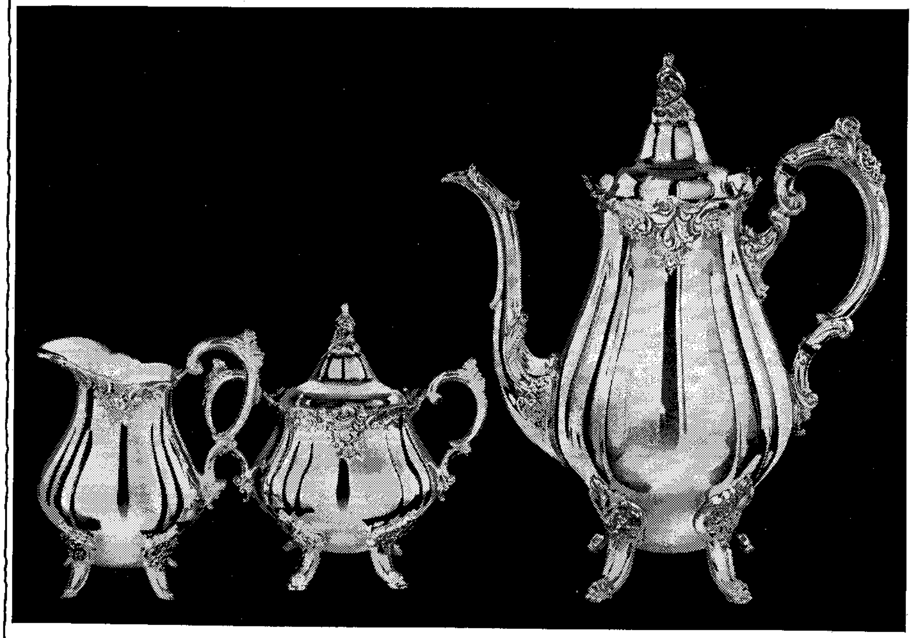

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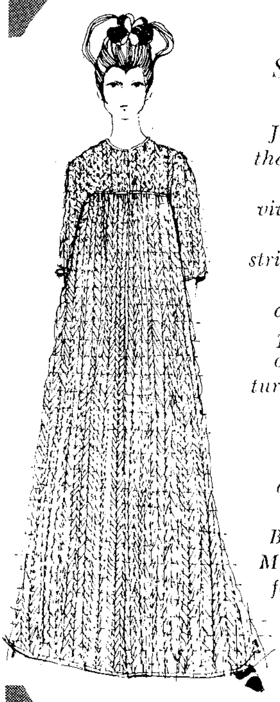
ter." Each morning, I went along with Stewart to the hospital, as the consultation building was called, and watched him deal with people who had malaria, or yaws, or stomach ailments, or festering wounds. He gave injections for VD, and filled in an endless series of forms for the authorities in Brussels. I learned how to bandage and take blood samples and remove chigoes from under toenails, how to label bottles and apportion medicine. The first Swahili words that I picked up were medical. I learned not to go to the outhouse at night without a sentry—as we called the watchman—who brought along a lantern, for fear of leopards. I learned how to sit inert in a pirogue when it was near crocodiles. I made a contribution to the general welfare by figuring out a way to feed Chimpo only the stuff we wanted her to eat and keep her from stealing our delicacies. If I wrapped her food carefully, with furtive looks over the shoulder, and carried it to the cupboard and made a great show of hiding it, Chimpo would rush over and snatch it out of my hand. Then she would gallop out-of-doors, chortling, while I chased her and shouted. I felt it obligatory to chase her. With the prize clutched in one foot, she would climb her favorite tree, perch on a branch just out of reach, and eat the food as fast as she could stuff it in, watching with satisfaction as I yelled and shook my fist. It was a long procedure, but why not? We had all the time in the world in Tange.

One way and another, I acquired a good education in Ituri ways, though an important part of my training was surprisingly delayed—my realization that Nambedru and Sissy were not merely domestics. I tumbled at last when Stewart and I were shopping in the market and he paid for a length of printed cotton, saying idly, "It's a funny thing how much three wives can cost a man, even in the Congo."

I was terribly shocked; in fact, I felt as if I'd been slapped in the face. What of that beautiful love story now? I simply could not understand how a man could claim to love a woman, as Stewart had said he loved Abanzima, and yet take on another girl—no, *two* other girls. No doubt I could have asked him these questions without giving offense; perhaps he even expected me to. If I had, he would have replied in his most detached manner that these women were used to polygamy and would have felt out of place in a monogamous society. But I was too staggered to discuss the thing at all. For weeks, I scrupulously avoided any mention of these

the village store



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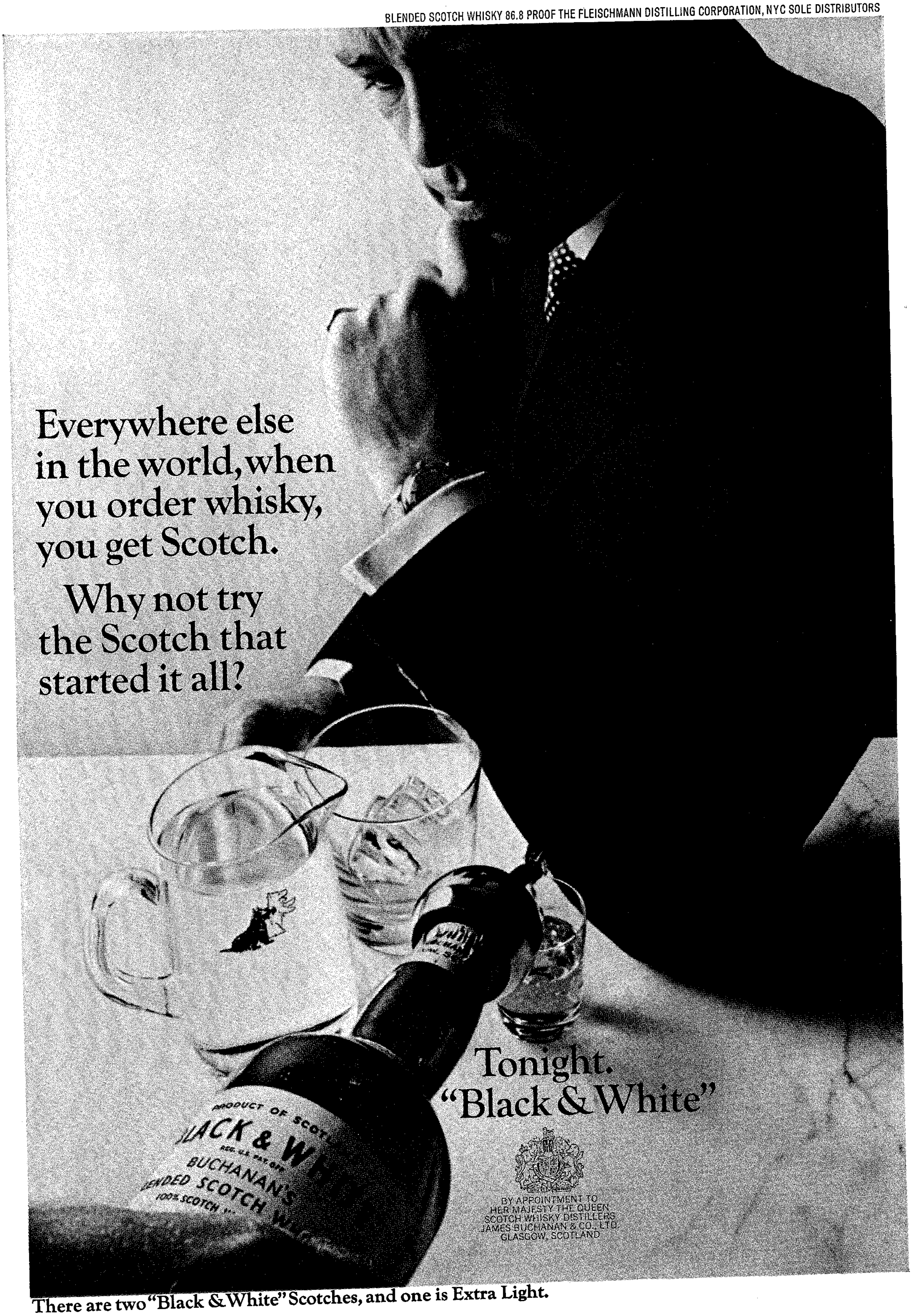
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relationships. If Stewart caressed any of the girls, even Abanzima, in my presence, I averted my eyes. Yet somehow or other, in time, I got used to the situation. After all, it was the way everybody around us lived. The chief of the village had six or seven wives, and every male who could afford the bride price of goats and spears and money had at least one or two extra. Abanzima never showed any resentment; she would get angry at other things quite often and pout for hours while Stewart tried gently to coax her back into laughter, but she didn't seem jealous. In fact, as I reflected sadly, it was I who was out of step. Whenever I made some new male acquaintance in the villages round about, he invariably asked me severely, "Where is your master?," or, in another version, "Where is your husband?," for both ideas were expressed by the same word in the vernacular. So I did get used to the situation, but there is a difference between accepting the status quo and approving it. For one thing, no matter what Stewart said, I couldn't believe that the girls really liked the setup. Most of the time, Abanzima and Nambedru got along pretty well, because, Stewart said, they were related and called each other "sister." He said, "They'd naturally look out for each other, but they regard anybody from another tribe as an intruder and a threat."

"Then how do they feel about Sissy?" I asked.

"Oh, of course they hate Sissy. I've got to keep an eye on things in that quarter, or they'd take advantage of her. As it is, Abanzima never misses a chance to tell me awful things about her." He chuckled—fatuously, it seemed to me.

"I think it's hard on her then," I said.

"Do you?" His air of certainty irritated yet intimidated me. "It isn't really. Sissy's in her home town, she's got relatives here—but the others aren't native to this part of the forest. I guess it evens itself out."

MORE weeks passed. Even before I learned that there would be a long delay in getting my second stipend—the sum I'd intended would take me back to America, after Kivu—I had become so much a part of Tange, or vice versa, that I made no firm plans for going away. Once or twice, I proposed a departure date, but Stewart always had objections, and finally we agreed that I might as well count on a year, or even two, at Tange. As he said, things

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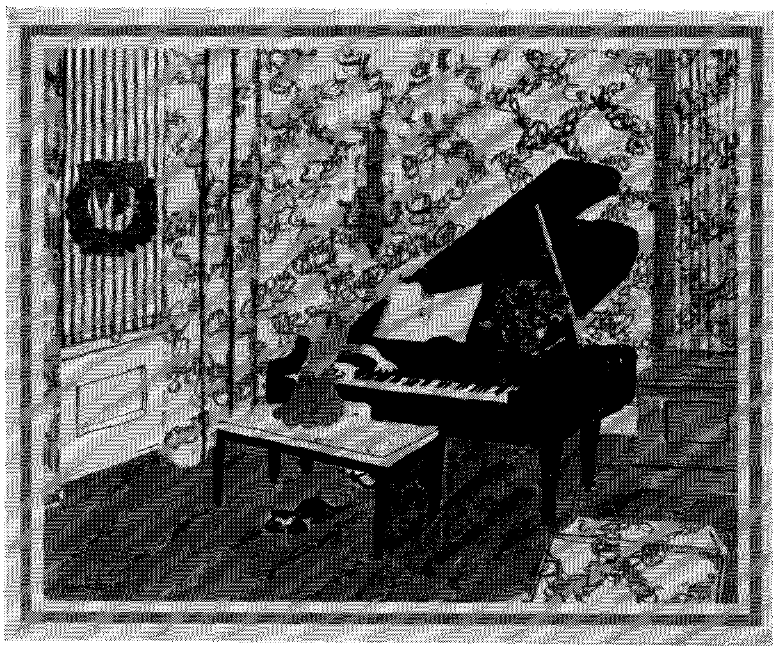

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sounded pretty depressing back in New York. Actually, we didn't want to alter the state of affairs, simply because to do so was too much trouble. The air had that effect. There were no seasonal changes as we know them in America—no bracing autumn breezes, only the rainy and the dry months, and in Tange even these weren't clearly separated; I recall wet days and dry days, but no pattern. Once in a great while, some Belgian official or other would come along, on a tour of inspection or doing a little hunting. Usually these men were accompanied by *ménagères*, who were entertained by Stewart's wives while the gentlemen talked. Such guests never stayed more than a night or two, but even that short a visit seemed to me an interruption rather than a wistful reminder of life outside. Letters from home didn't bother me in the same way—I could enjoy them because I was free to choose my own time to reply—but visitors called for effort. Not that I was lazy. I wasn't. In Tange fashion, I lived strenuously, making expeditions by pirogue to other villages and busying myself with the clinic, as well as with a variety of animals—a baby wild pig, a very young baboon and about eight others who were older, five or six goats, other monkeys, a parrot, and a deer. But I didn't like social effort. I liked peaceful afternoons when nothing happened, when Chimpo slept in a cool spot, her arms outflung, and chickens strutted and pecked, when somebody down on the riverbank conversed gently with somebody else hundreds of yards away on the other side, and the goats bleated, and the girls did each other's hair. At such times, all three of them got on well, gathered on that part of the veranda that overlooked the yard where they cooked. Our European meals were prepared by a man, but each girl had her own fire and cooking pot.

On one such afternoon, sitting on my own porch nearby, it dawned on me that Abanzima's head was now covered with hair like those of her co-wives. This meant that I had been in Tange a long time, I reflected comfortably, and I realized also that I'd got used to Abanzima's looks. I could even see prettiness in her, and I thought back to a recent evening when she had seemed quite charming. All the women gave themselves a lot of baths. Two or three times a day, a girl would carry a bucket of water out to a clump of bushes near the house, strip, and pour water over herself. That evening, Abanzima had gone out with

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her bucket, only to find, after she had taken off her dress, that she'd forgotten to bring any soap, so she went back to the house to get it without dressing again. Being stark-naked didn't bother her, of course, since clothing in the Congo, at least for people at home there, was a status symbol rather than a modesty preserver. However, one of the occasional visiting Belgians had dropped in a few minutes earlier, unbeknownst to Abanzima, and he was on the front stoop, having a drink with Stewart and me, just as Abanzima ran across the lawn. A stranger was not the same thing as a member of the household, so Abanzima, in the posture of the Capitoline Venus, shielded herself with both hands as she passed us, smiling her best society smile. Yes, Abanzima was pretty, I told myself; time disposes of aesthetic prejudices.

Time had taught me a great deal more, I reflected, now thinking of Melina, who came occasionally to visit me. She was an ex-wife of Saidi, the village chieftain, and she had been his favorite until the astonishing day when she left him. In the Congo, girls did not usually walk out on chiefs. When they did, it was for love of somebody else. But Melina hadn't run away with a lover. Nor had she been kicked out. She had simply left, calmly and definitely. When I asked her why, she said, "I didn't like him."

That Melina didn't like Saidi was hardly surprising—he was a wretched little man, without beauty or common sense—but merely disliking one's husband wasn't a reasonable excuse, by Congo standards, for a woman's doing such an extraordinary thing. Furthermore, her parents refused to let her come home to them—they were understandably afraid of being embroiled in a quarrel with the royal house—so Melina lived alone. It was an unheard-of situation. "What does she *do*?" I once asked Sabani, one of our servants. "What does she live on?"

He said, "She walks and walks by the river."

It was a poetic expression, and it pleased me. I liked to think of Melina walking by the water like a dreamy, calm Ophelia. But Sabani hadn't answered my question; I still didn't know how Melina fitted into the village economic system. Finally, Stewart explained. Melina had become a streetwalker, he said, though, strictly speaking, Tange had no streets. Sabani hadn't been able to put the situation into the right words because there were as yet no words in the language to de-

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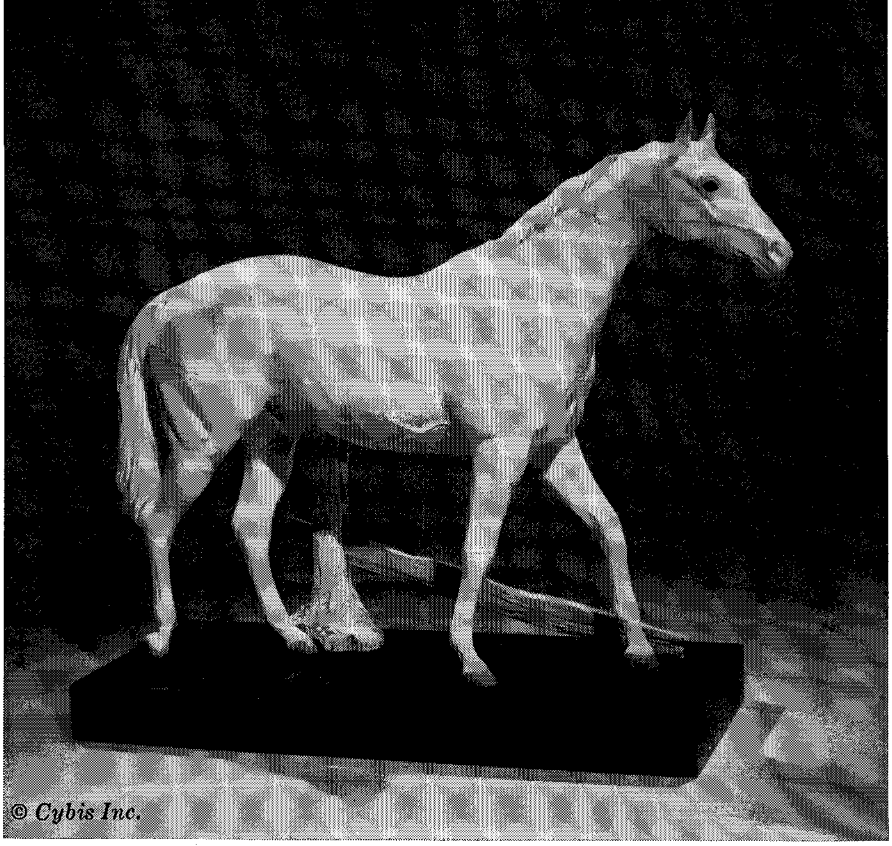

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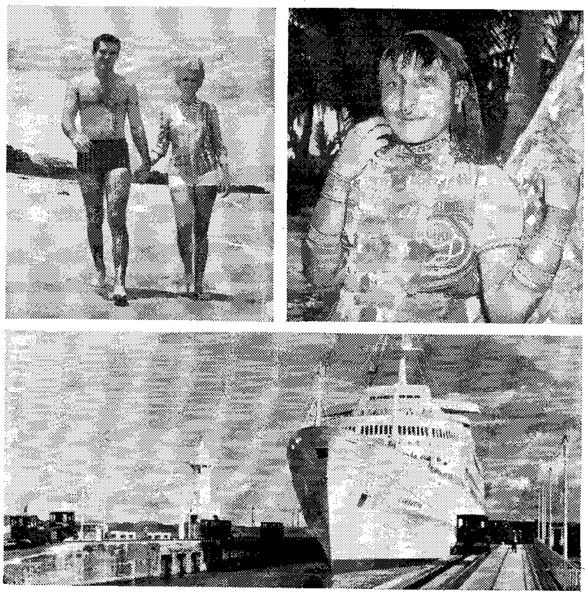

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scribe Melina's profession. She had had no predecessors.

ON another afternoon, a few days later, I sat on my veranda feeling hungry and wondering why the dinner bell hadn't rung. Usually Nambedru rang it, running around the house and calling "Food! Food!," but today I had heard nothing, though the sun was setting and it was past dinner-time. At last, I walked over to the other side of the house and found a group of women—Abanzima, Sissy, and a couple of friends—gathered around Nambedru, who was crouching on a stool and sniffling. Her head was freshly bald. The other girls were plainly furious. I asked what the matter was, and Abanzima replied bitterly only that it was Stewart's fault.

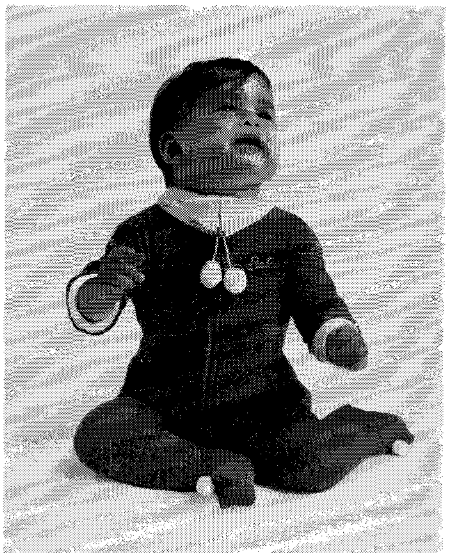
I went in search of him. He was working quietly in his office. When I asked what was going on, he answered impatiently, like a man with more important matters on his mind than women. "I shaved Nambedru's head," he said. "Her hair was getting too long. That is, I clipped it. There was some row with Sissy over plaiting it, so I put an end to that."

Shock took away my breath for a moment, and then I said, "She's crying out there, Stewart. You told me they don't mind having their heads shaved, but—"

"Well, it seems I was mistaken," said Stewart, bored, and then he shouted for dinner.

Though I was hungry, I hoped it wouldn't come. I wanted the girls to rebel. But it did come, almost immediately, and Nambedru carried her tray in with the others, though her brow, under her naked head, was wrinkled with resentment and grief.

That night, in bed, I expended much indignant thought on the subject and lost a good deal of sleep over it, so it was not as gratifying as it should have been when, next morning, Nambedru appeared in her normal happy mood, laughing and chattering with the other girls just as if there had been no crisis at all. Once again, I reflected, I had let emotion outrun reason. I had applied my American prejudices and principles to a culture wholly different from my own. Even so, my feelings toward Stewart had changed. That afternoon, when the whole household went swimming and divided as he ordered, women in one bend of the river and himself and the boatmen in another, I heard him expounding something, and the sound of his voice, heavily authoritative, made the skin on the



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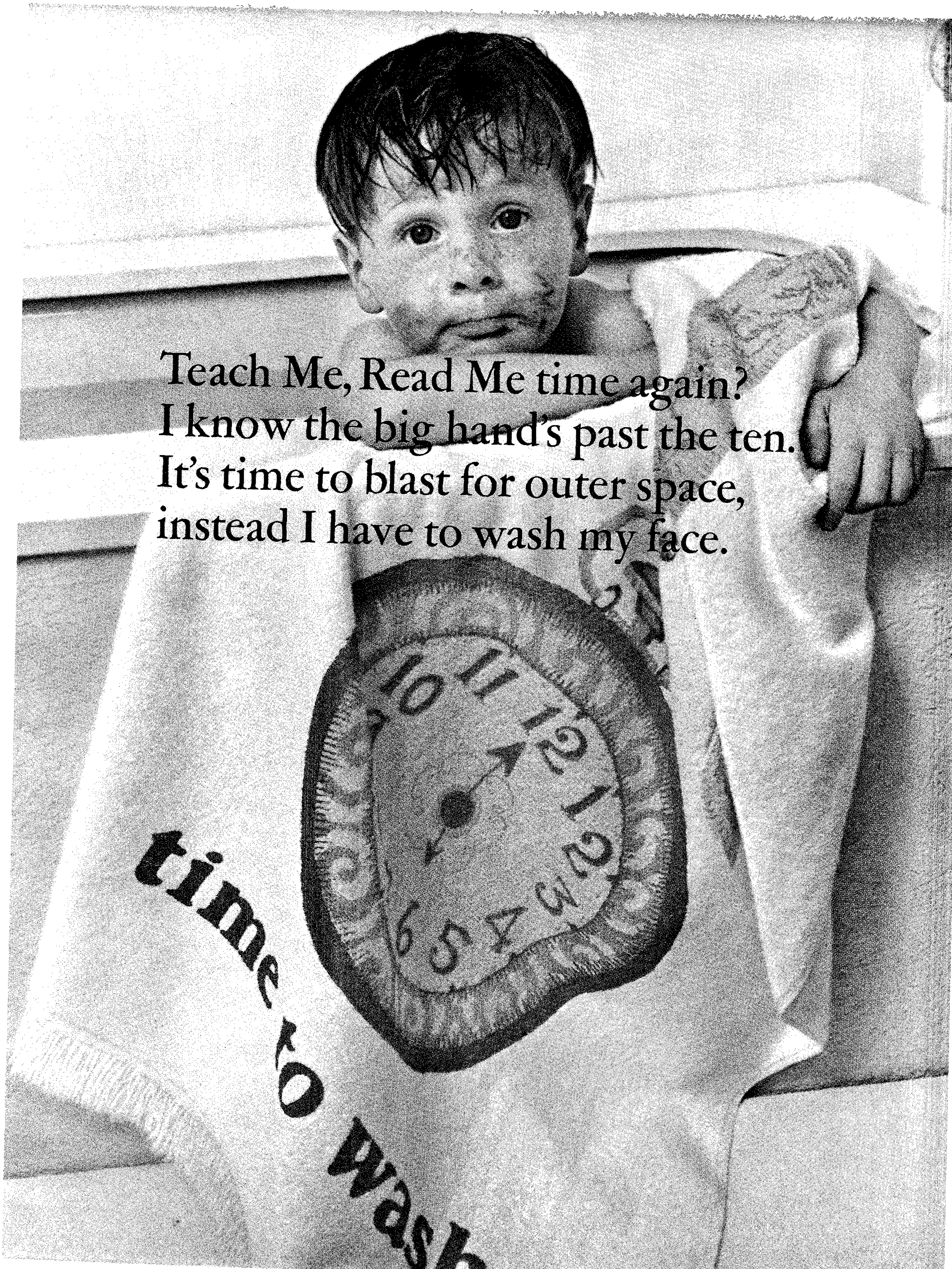
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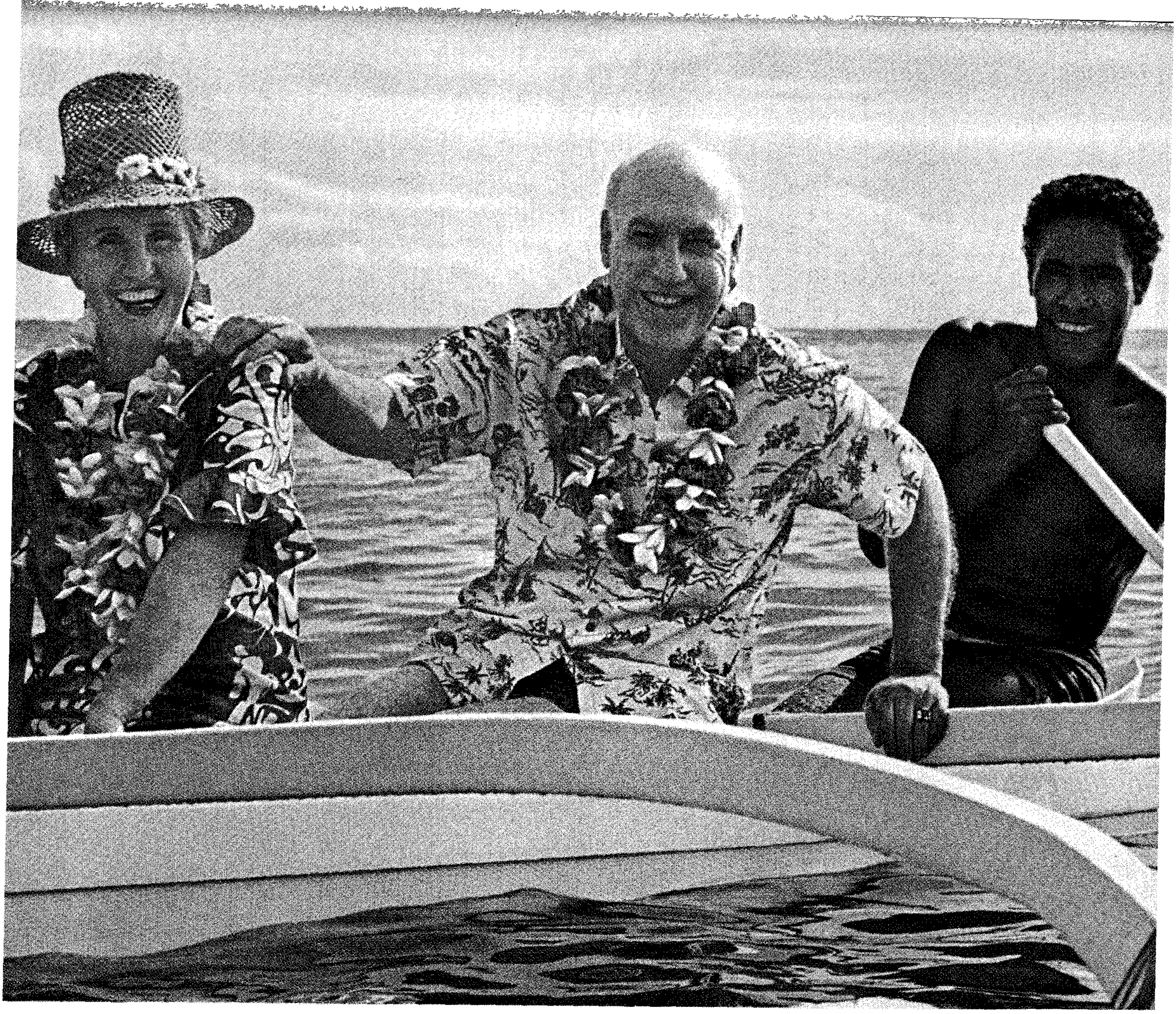

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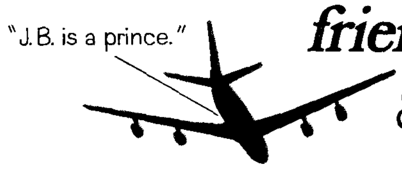
"J.B. is a prince."

fly the friendly skies of United.

back of my neck prickle unpleasantly.

The prickling returned often after that, and it was a relief when one of our Belgian acquaintances arrived a little later on a tour. He was planning to hunt elephants a day's journey from Tange, and when he suggested that I go along I leaped at the invitation. Stewart, surprised, pointed out that I had often expressed abhorrence for big-game shooting, and I had to say, lamely, that everybody ought to do a thing at least once before condemning it.

So I went hunting. The official habitually travelled by tipoye, the native sedan chair carried by four men. I had always been opposed to tipoyes, because Stewart was, and I often quoted him to the effect that anyone not crippled ought to walk in the forest, especially on a hunting safari. But the official, naturally, objected to riding while I walked, and as he also objected to walking, I had to ride. It was a bumpy business. Clearly, tipoye-riding was not only wrong in principle but uncomfortable. By the time *Monsieur*, aided by a local chief and any number of trackers, had got his elephant, I was heartily sorry I had ever gone along. The thought of Tange seemed good once more, and my liverish dislike of Stewart was sweated out. I left the Belgian official before the next leg of his trip and went home to Tange by pirogue.

THE landing was deserted when I arrived. Nobody was in sight even at the top of the bluff, and as I climbed I wondered why. At the top, I saw some sort of activity near the house, but I couldn't make it out until I had got there and stepped up on the porch. "Hi!" I called. Chimpo answered from somewhere with a burst of coughing, but there was no glad rush to embrace me, not even a jangle of chains, so I presumed she was tied up. I walked along the veranda and around the corner, where I stopped short. Under the branches of a large tree in the middle of the lawn stood Abanzima, her head hanging. She lifted it and glanced at me, and then it drooped again. A collar like Chimpo's was padlocked around her neck, and a chain tethered her to the tree's trunk. The male cook was squatting close by, chopping something in a bowl. He gave me a furtive look, said, "Salaam, Madamu," and bent again to his work. Around the corner came Sissy, who stopped when she saw me and rapidly reversed, disappearing.

I went to the office and found Stewart, working as usual at his papers. He

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looked as if he had been suffering one of his periodic bouts of malaria. "Oh, hello," he said. "Back, are you?"

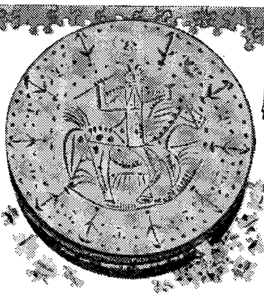
I fell into a chair opposite him and said, "Now what?"

He told me. He had caught Abanzima *in flagrante delicto* with one of the local men, he said in a voice shaking with rage, and this was part of her punishment. Unable to bring himself to send her away, he had tied her bed to her back and made her walk through the village. Now, to expiate her sin further, she must spend every day for a week tied to the tree from sunrise to sunset.

Nobody could have argued with Stewart at that moment. Certainly I didn't. I merely asked where Nambedru was, and he said that as she had been in on the affair, he'd packed her off home to her native village. "What's more, I'm demanding the bride price back from her parents," he said. "Not that I've got a hope in hell of getting it."

I suppose I might have argued. I could have reminded him that he had often told me of unfaithful wives in the neighborhood and of the freedom of Congo morals. I might have, but I didn't. Going to my house to unpack, I took the back road, so that I wouldn't have to observe Abanzima's disgrace again. For the rest of the week, I did the same thing. I didn't discuss the situation with anyone, not even Sabani or Melina. Melina didn't come near the house anyway. Then, one day, Abanzima wasn't tied up anymore but came into the house and was just as she had been before, except that she was quieter now that there was no Nambedru to laugh with. Stewart was quieter as well, and none of us went out of our way to start conversations with him.

NOTHING is static, and little by little the house grew noisy again. Chimpo stole food from the kitchen, Abanzima shouted curses at her, we all laughed, and the great silence was over. Melina called on me again. There was a lot of work at the clinic. A band of pygmies arrived and set up their little leaf houses at the village outskirts, where they stayed for a few weeks and then moved on. I did a lot of thinking about Stewart during the long afternoons, sitting on my porch, looking at the river. Once again I wondered if I shouldn't have taken a firm stand. But Abanzima's punishment had been none of my affair. She had submitted, hadn't she? I was no anthropologist, to know what was and wasn't correct in African lives. I had to admit to myself that I



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hadn't the slightest idea what went on in the girls' minds and hearts. Oh, I got on all right with them; we laughed and talked together and gave each other little presents, but that was all—and probably all that was possible. And it was obvious that Stewart and Abanzima were on good terms again. I was very glad.

Then, one evening, brushing my hair before dinner, I noticed that it was getting long. I liked to keep it almost as short as a boy's, and I had been cutting it wherever I could, getting Nambedru to snip it off in back. Stewart would have to do it now, I thought, or one of the other girls, and I took a pair of scissors with me to the big house, where Stewart was sitting out-of-doors with his before-dinner drink. Sissy and Abanzima stood beside his chair, one on each side, like a couple of guards. Genially, he asked, "What are you doing with those shears?"

I explained, and asked, "So will you cut the back for me?" and pulled up a chair of my own, ready for a drink.

Stewart said, "No."

"No, what?"

"I mean I won't help you with your hair," he said. "It's silly to fuss around with it the way you women are always doing. Why don't you let it grow?"

I said, "Because it's much too hot here for long hair."

I was smiling, but Stewart wasn't. His eyes were shining coldly. "All right then, cut it all off," he said. "I'll use the clippers on you if you'll do that."

I stopped smiling. "Oh, don't be such an idiot. Sissy or Abanzima can trim me if you won't."

"No, they won't," said Stewart. "No member of my family is going to use halfway measures on her head anymore. And that goes for you as well as the other girls." He repeated the order to Abanzima and Sissy in Swahili, and they nodded solemnly, Abanzima making a little clucking noise in her throat to confirm the agreement. Bewildered, I looked from one dark face to the other. They looked back with identical expressions—sympathetic, wary, warning. Solemn and inflexible, Stewart sat on his throne. No member of his family . . . "Clippers or nothing," he said.

Next morning, I left Tange.

—EMILY HAHN

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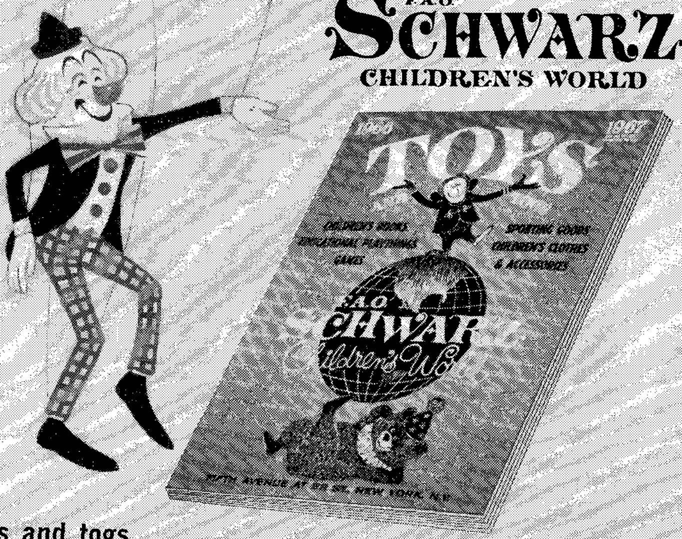

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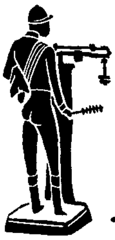

"NO two ways about it, you can't beat them Bold Rulers," said Wrong Horse Harry to nobody in particular at Aqueduct last Saturday as he methodically reduced a wad of mutuel tickets to confetti. The reason for the outburst was, of course, that the Wheatley Stable's Successor, a son of Bold Ruler, had just won the Champagne Stakes by a length in a memorable finish from the hitherto unbeaten and much acclaimed Dr. Fager and eight other two-year-olds. An unusually large crowd gathered in the paddock, as soon as the sixth race was over, to see the runners for the Champagne. Dr. Fager, an early arrival, appeared very fit, and no lighter in flesh after his trying race in the Cowdin. Then came Successor, walking behind Great White Way, his running mate. (In case you've never noticed, Successor has the same peculiar way of putting his hind feet down—Indian style, they call it—that Kelso has.) I thought that Bold Hour was notably sleek and on his toes, and that the pick of the lot on looks was Diplomat Way, a powerful and impressive individual.

Great White Way, Bold Hour, and Diplomat Way were quick out of the starting gate and scooted down the long, straight backstretch, doing the first quarter of a mile in 0:22⅖ and the half mile in 0:44⅘. Dr. Fager was right behind them, galloping so smoothly that a man standing beside me shouted, "He's one-to-ten to win!" He certainly looked it as he joined Bold Hour and Great White Way on the turn. For more than a furlong, the three went head and head; then, as they swung into the stretch, Dr. Fager drew out by open daylight, and the race seemed virtually over. But with two hundred yards to go there was a note of concern for the favorite in the roar of the crowd as Successor, who had moved into second place, stormed after him. A hundred yards from home, it looked a close thing, but passing the winning post Successor was a length in front and going away. Proviso was third, four lengths behind and just about that far ahead of Bold Hour, who was fourth. The time for the mile was 1:35—the fastest for the race in

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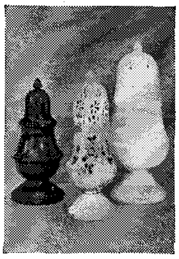

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more than twenty years. The pace and the distance were simply too much for Dr. Fager. After the first six furlongs in a fast 1:00⅖, the next two were run in a slow 0:25⅗—pie for Successor. The distance also did in Bold Hour, another son of Bold Ruler. And, if you must know, I wasn't at all sure Successor would like it, either.

The Wheatley Stable's Bold Lad, who is Successor's full brother, won the Champagne in 1964, and its Buckpasser won it last year—something of a record for the establishment. First money this year was $148,325, which moved the earnings of the horses trained by Eddie Neloy this season a step and a half nearer the two-million mark. Successor's total is now $215,493. His next start will be for the jackpot in six figures of the Garden State Stakes on November 12th. To get back to Bold Ruler, he carried the Wheatley Stable silks for three seasons, was Horse of the Year in 1957, and has been the leading sire in this country since 1963. He is also the sire of the best two-year-old in England this season, who is also named Bold Lad, and who won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, for which the race at Aqueduct was named, and the blue-ribbon Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket. The English Bold Lad is owned by Beatrice, Lady Granard, who is the twin sister of Mrs. H. C. Phipps, owner of the Wheatley Stable.

Recently, the gentry at Aqueduct who boo jockeys when they don't win—and sometimes when they do—have been going after Shoemaker. They really gave him what-for on four occasions last Saturday. Curiously, they weren't so raucous when he was beaten on Dr. Fager, his fifth defeat. Maybe they had run out of cough drops.

THE Manhattan Handicap has always been an interesting event of the autumn season. In its sixty-fifth running, last week, Moontrip, a racer from the Argentine, came up fast in the stretch to win comfortably from O'Hara, Niarkos, and nine others at a mile and five furlongs. Another smart performance last week was that of the three-year-old filly Destro, who beat Belle de Nuit after a hard drive in which she had none the best of the racing luck. The way Destro is going, Lady Pitt, who won the Vineland Handicap at Garden State Park last weekend, may have something to worry about. As you know, Destro is trained by Eddie Neloy.

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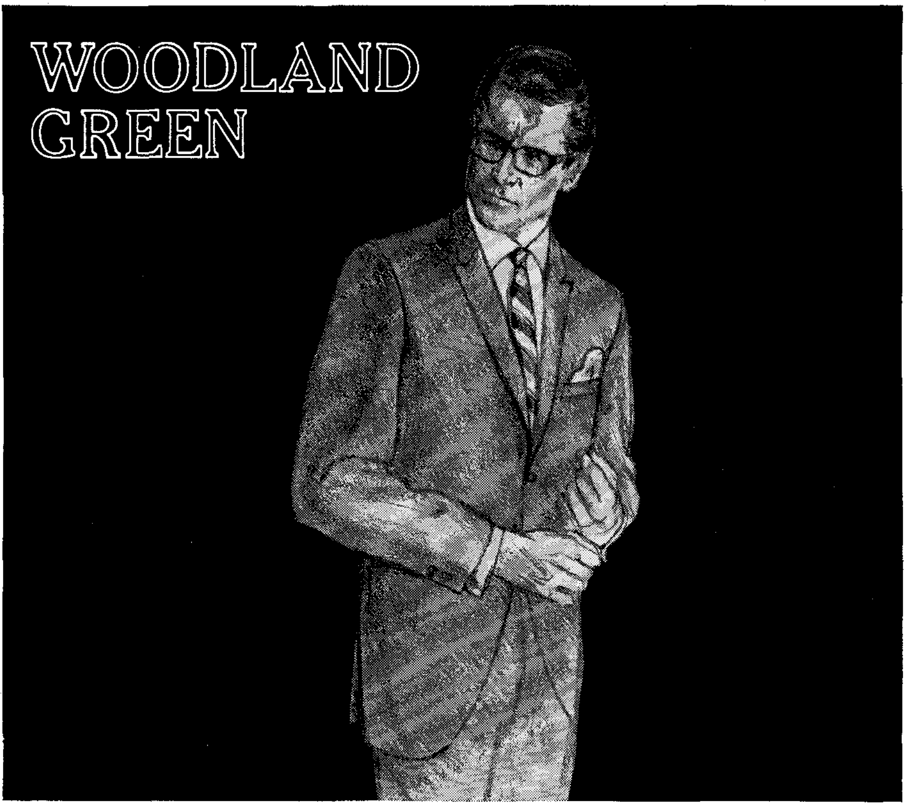

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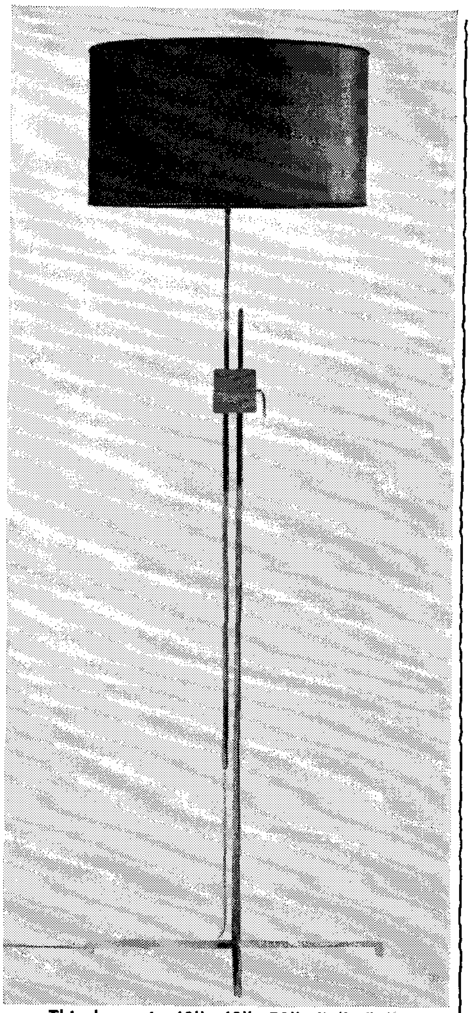
Hertz and Avis

WITH the Metropolitan Opera and the New York City Opera now adjacent to each other at Lincoln Center, a competitive atmosphere is inevitable, and there is a consequent burden upon critics to be fair to both institutions. There has been a tendency to cheer on the New York City Opera simply because it has comparatively little financial backing and has to do more with less. There is a quite natural tendency to expect the highest standards in every department from the Metropolitan because it has the wherewithal to live up to them. When the Metropolitan introduces a disappointing European star or puts on a disappointing production, the critics feel quite justified in protesting. When the New York City Opera does a poor production or presents a mediocre singer, they are often apt to be kind, and to attribute the lapse to lack of money or to the trying out of a new and inexperienced artist. This special consideration must now be rated a thing of the past. The New York City Opera has simply become too good. But the fact of the matter is that the two institutions are entirely unlike. If you want to hear and see lavish productions of most of the standard repertoire—the "Rigoletto"s and "Don Giovanni"s that continue season after season—and to hear them generally well sung by a rotating group of internationally celebrated stars, you go to the Metropolitan. If, however, you are more interested in productions in which a risk has been taken to present something very special, or in the unveiling of a brand-new—and sometimes American—opera, you go to the State Theatre. It is true that the Metropolitan, with Ford Foundation help, is at the moment engaged in putting on several operas by American composers, but they all seem to belong to a certain clique. The New York City Opera—also with Ford Foundation help—has, however, been presenting American opera on a more catholic basis for many years. The Metropolitan has the glamour, and, by virtue of its opulence, sometimes the better singers. But this is by no means



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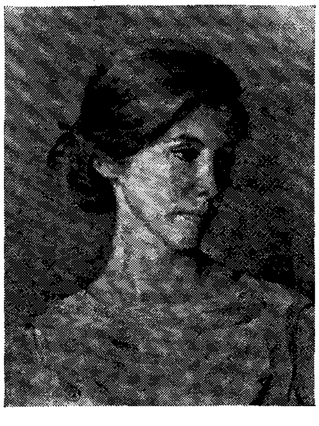

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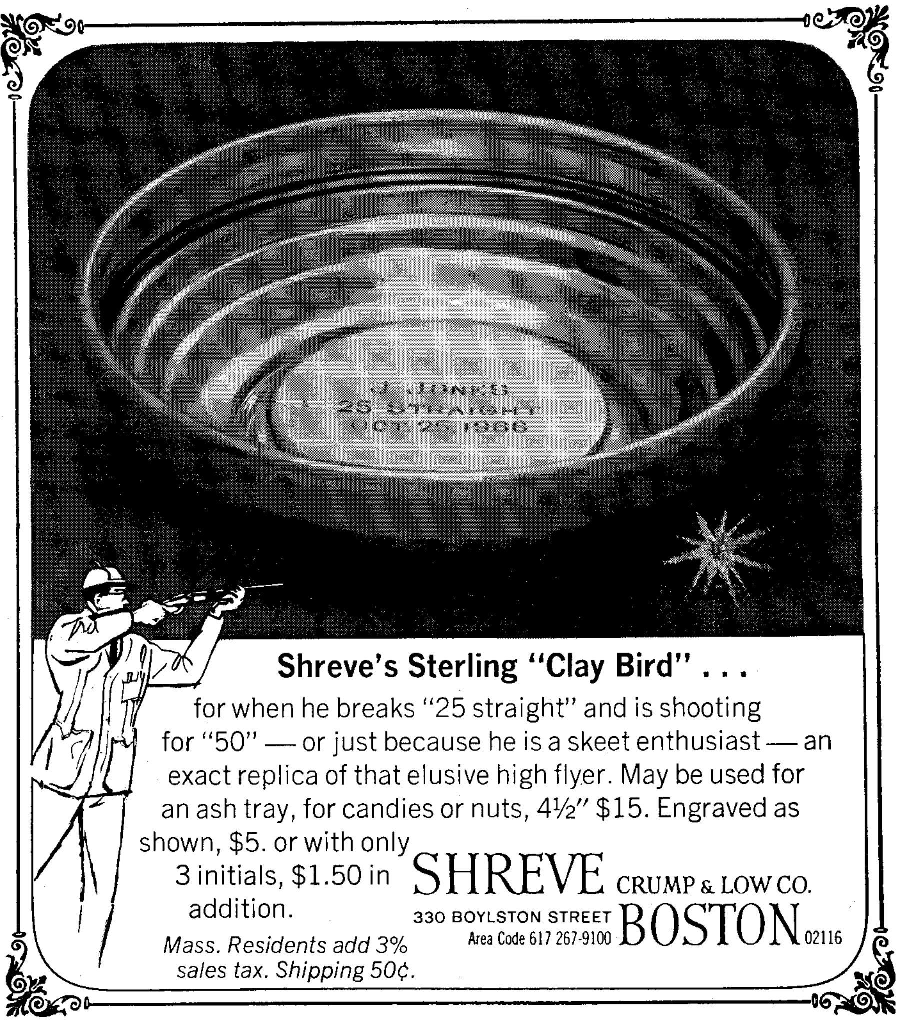
invariably the case. The New York City Opera has a dependable group of polished artists, and when it is given, or saves up, the money necessary for a new production, it can (as witness last season's "Don Rodrigo" and this season's "Julius Caesar") come up with something so fresh, adventurous, and tasteful as to put the Metropolitan temporarily in the shade.

Moreover, the New York City Opera has a special character, quite unlike that of the Metropolitan, in that it is a more or less permanent and mutually devoted team, willing to rehearse more than the contract calls for and to try out new ideas. In this respect it resembles a Central European rather than an international opera house. Its chief conductor, Julius Rudel, is one of the ablest and most experienced opera maestros before the New York public. Then, the relation between the audience and the singers at the New York City Opera is different from the relation at the Metropolitan. At the Met, you are—or are supposed to be—witnessing the performances of world champions. You expect to be shown. And, if somebody falls short, you are rightfully indignant. At the New York City Opera, you hear the same team in all kinds of operas. You grow fond of singers like Beverly Sills and Norman Treigle (who would stand at the top in any institution) and you are curious to see how they will cope with one role or another. This company is a true repertory outfit. Its audience is well acquainted with its principal singers; it loves them, in fact. The New York City Opera is, in a way, New York's own opera company, whereas the Metropolitan is an international institution, widely renowned and belonging as much to the world as to the city. Up to now, it has been thought that only a company like the Met, with a succession of big names on the program, could be financially successful (even as opera goes) in this country. The soldout performances of this season at the State Theatre are, however, making one take a second look at this old rule of operatic show business. Maybe we are becoming almost as musically mature as the Viennese. Maybe we can support a homegrown company, with both a national character and high standards of performance.

I do not wish to overstress this argument. As I have said, the finest performances and the finest productions, night after night, are to be found at the Metropolitan, where one would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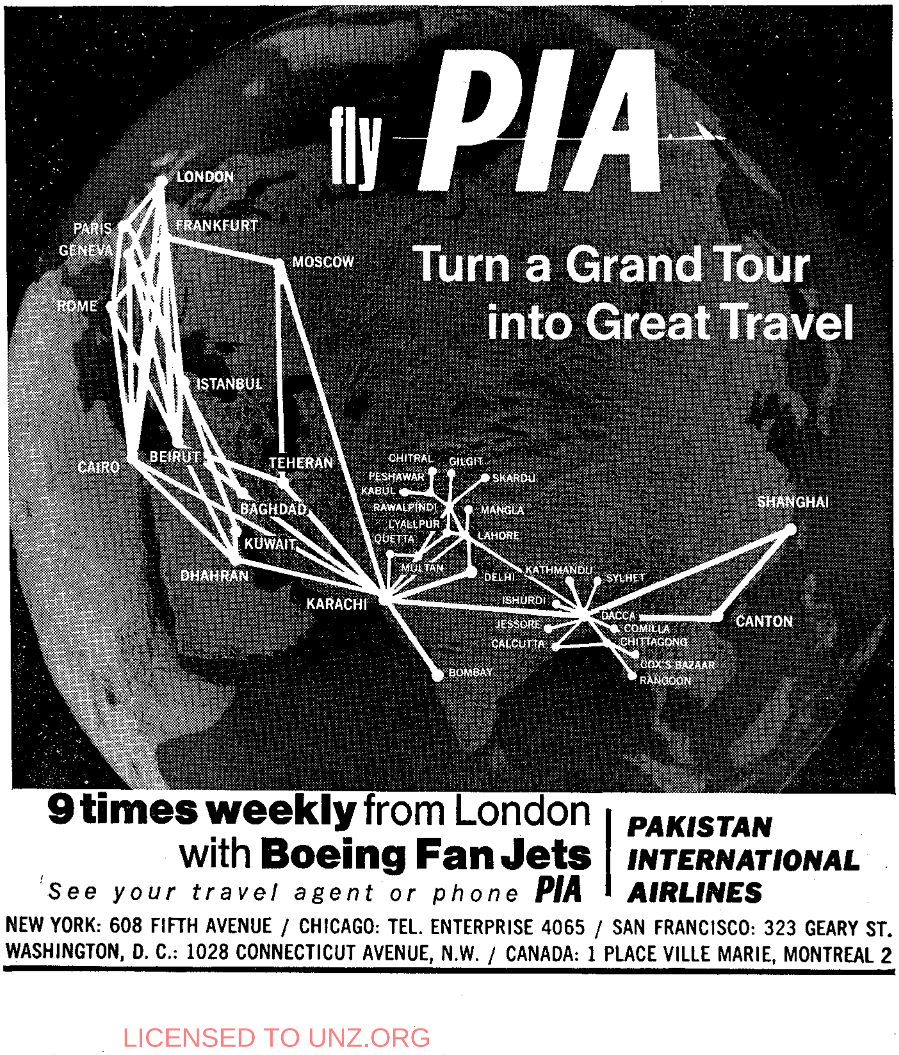
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expect them to be found. But when the New York City Opera puts on a new production, sometimes the teamwork and taste involved produce a unique experience. On Thursday night of last week, at the State Theatre, the company put on a new production of "The Magic Flute," with scenery and direction in the hands of Beni Montresor. I happen to like disarming children's-fairy-tale productions of this opera rather than pompous ones, and Mr. Montresor gave me a totally enchanting staging, with a first-scene dragon that fell dead elaborately, some marvellously animated animals, and the three boy-soprano spirits descending spectacularly from the top of the proscenium on a sun disc, standing the first time, but later—perhaps in response to a sudden second thought—cautiously tied to it by a seat belt. Miss Sills was the Queen of the Night, and though she did not seem to be in her best voice, she sang all that *fioritura* with faultless agility and accuracy. The ensemble of the three ladies—Donna Jeffrey, Sylvia Grant, and Beverly Evans—was immaculate except in a cadenza that Mr. Rudel had restored to the score, in which they got momentarily off pitch. Veronica Tyler was an excellent Pamina. She sang with passion and yet with enough restraint to keep the delicate Mozart phrases true to line. Michele Molese's voice, in the role of Tamino, was like Miss Sills', not at its best. (Some of these people sing several times a week every week, and rehearse continuously. It is a wonder that they manage to keep their voices in as good condition as they are.) But Mr. Molese is an excellent lyric tenor, and even though I have heard him sing better, his performance was nonetheless vibrant and pleasing. John Reardon was nothing short of ideal as Papageno. Joan Summers, whose part was cut somewhat, did well enough as Papagena. Noel Mangin, as Sarastro, was equal to all the low notes required, though he did not seem to have much power or much tensile quality. Mr. Rudel not only conducted with artistry and due regard for tradition; he got gracefully and expertly out of a tight place when the chronology of the three spirits ceased to coincide with that of the orchestra.

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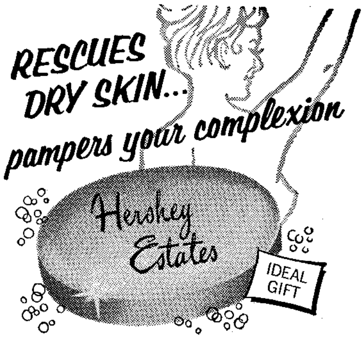

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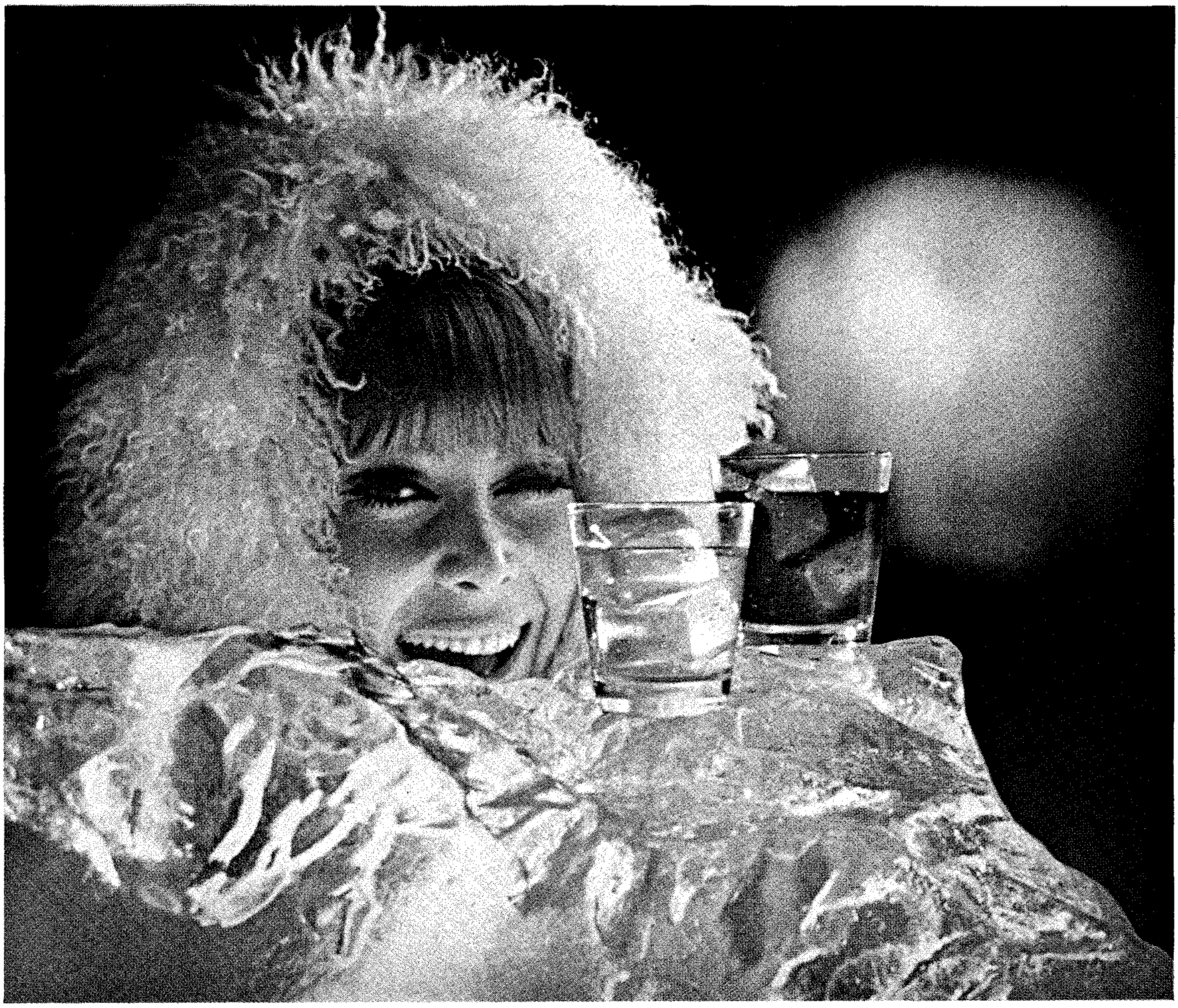

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OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH was Sibelius's Fifth Symphony, which was done with great clarity, though I thought Mr. Leinsdorf might have got a little more *Sturm und Drang* into it. It is one of Sibelius's more joyful symphonies, and it served to remind me again of the incredible originality of this Finnish master. His music is instantly recognizable, and could not be taken for the work of any other. But one never feels that he strove consciously for the individuality that is such an obvious feature of it. The music is expressive, and yet the composer seems to belong to no established tradition. Old Sibelius (I have never thought of him as young) is conveying an intoxicated reverie about something, probably the Finnish landscape. Anyhow, the reverie is full of deep love. The second number, Dvořák's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, served to introduce a young Israeli violinist, Shmuel Ashkenasi, in the solo role. The concerto is not the most memorable of Dvořák's works, and it is so full of gypsy locutions that it is hard to tell from a performance just how the soloist would do in other types of music. Mr. Ashkenasi has, at any rate, a brilliant left hand, an expressive if rather small tone, and a bow arm that can give spirit to this kind of music. The program closed with Prokofieff's "Scythian Suite." I am an admirer of Prokofieff, but, rehearing the "Scythian Suite" after a number of years, I thought that it sounded like a period piece. The period was the time when Russian composers in Paris, under the influence of Diaghilev, were temporarily bemused by a mystique of primitivism. Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring" comes from this period, and it is much bolder than Prokofieff's opus, which it undoubtedly inspired. Both Prokofieff and Stravinsky were to go on to other and richer styles of composition. The "Scythian Suite" is an expertly written bit of atmosphere music, but it sounds today like dated avant-garde, and avant-garde music has a way of dating faster than the other kind. The performance, however, was flawless, with the sheen of the Boston orchestra's tone and the penetrating analytical mind of Mr. Leinsdorf showing in every phrase.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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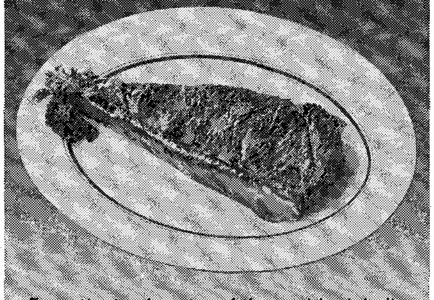

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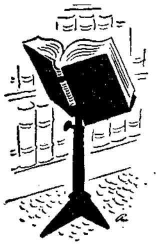
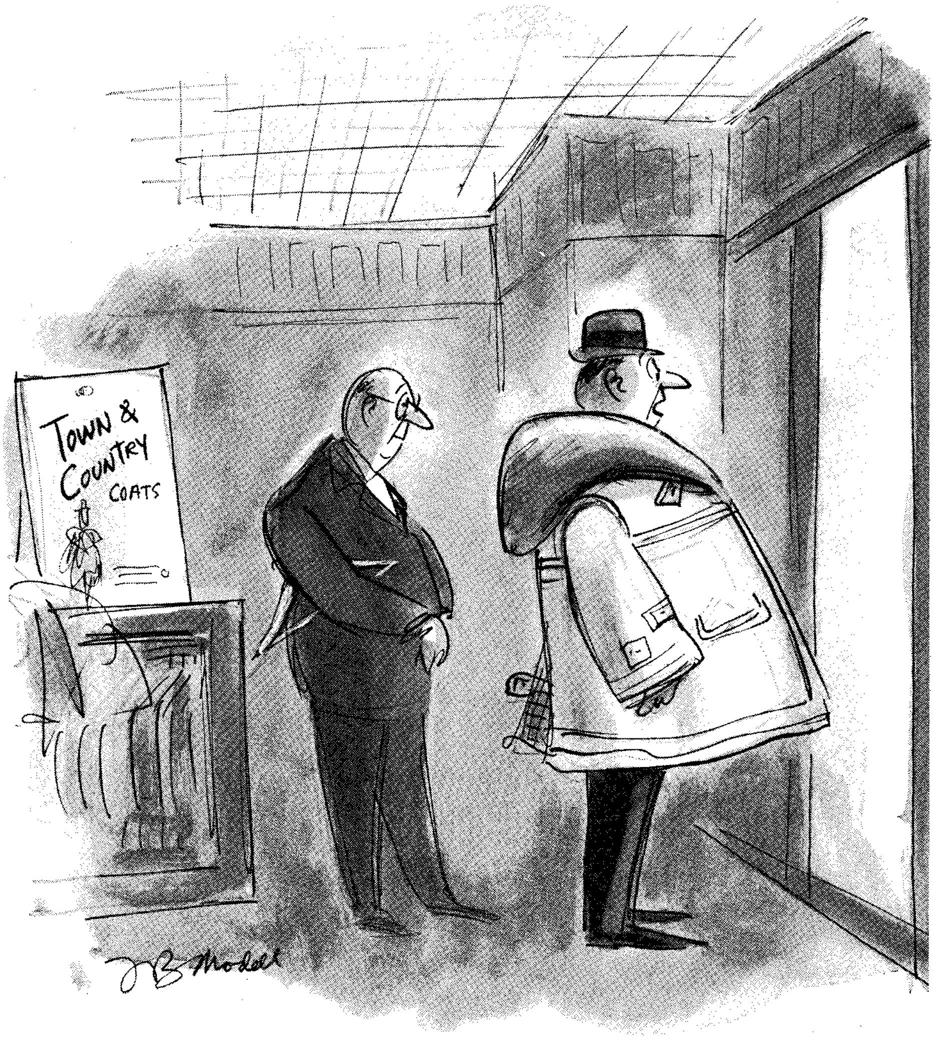


“No Laurels for de Gaulle: An Appraisal of the London Years,” by Robert Mengin (translated by Jay Allen and published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is part argument, part memoir, and part historical narrative. The work of an intelligent French journalist, it is nothing like the journalistic résumés from which we have been learning that Mme. de Gaulle’s family made biscuits, but it is nothing like an academic study, either. The book tells as much about the author as about the General: it describes Mengin’s career between 1939 and 1943, and de Gaulle’s career, as Mengin observed it, from June of 1940 to late 1942. The author was thrilled by the prospect of keeping France in the war, but he disapproved of de Gaulle intellectually and morally, and his purpose is to explain why. He says he began his account during the war as an unmailable letter to his father, in Occupied France, who he feared would not be able to understand his refusal to enlist with de Gaulle. The book is no longer a private communication, yet in some respects it still resembles a letter, for it tells us what Mengin, his wife, and a few relatives who escaped from France did and how and where they lived, and about French friends in London, and what they decided politically—Maurice Schumann, a classmate, then and ever after a Gaullist; Pierre Comert, a well-known journalist, a Gaullist who became disillusioned about de Gaulle; and the philosopher Raymond Aron, who, like Mengin, kept out of the de Gaulle movement. These details afford some notion of life inside one refugee community, the French, during the years when the British Isles floated the sovereignties of so many European states. The book is sometimes even more personal than a letter. An unmailable letter is in effect a journal, and Mengin was writing for and to himself—explaining, reflecting, arguing about his and his friends’ actions. (Though he chose his course and held to it, he was not unaffected by Gaullist arguments.) The book bears traces of his original inner debate, the sort of quarrel with oneself that Yeats said produced poetry. Mengin’s work is hardly poetry, but it is literature—an odd, winning, literary-historical document. Mengin cares passionately about his country, and his intensity provides aesthetic unity in his chatty, digressive, argumentative story. He writes exceptionally well, making certain that whatever he saw the reader will see: A group of English children is being evacuated from London, and he notices that some of their mothers, in an excess of maternal concern, have made cloth covers to protect the cardboard covers that came with the children’s gas masks. In the spring of 1941, golden daffodils looked “most luxurious” among London’s blackened ruins. And here is his earliest glimpse of Churchill:

> I noticed a dinner jacket among the uniforms. The man wearing it was small and round-shouldered, or rather, with shoulders hunched forward. His head was that of an English baby. He had almost no neck, and his feet and hands were tiny.

Not that, as far as his argument is concerned, Mengin is invariably just or right because he is a good writer; de Gaulle writes well, too. The judgment Mengin makes—that de Gaulle, as early as June of 1940, aimed at personal power—seems to me difficult, or impossible, to make, although he made it almost immediately. Mengin was press attaché at the French Embassy in London the day (June 17, 1940) Pétain broadcast his call for an armistice. He at once resigned. Another of his descriptive triumphs is the French Embassy on that day. Again, he tells what he saw, and it is enough; it is perfect. On June 18th, de Gaulle broadcast his call to Frenchmen who wanted to fight to “get in touch with me,” and on the nineteenth Mengin and a friend did. The General had no immediate tasks for them. Mengin was a lieutenant in the naval reserve, but de Gaulle would have no ships until later in the year. Mengin had caught sight of the General earlier, but this was his first interview:

> As he talked to Pierre Maillaud, I could see only three quarters of his face. The one eye visible to me somehow suggested the eye of an elephant, quite round

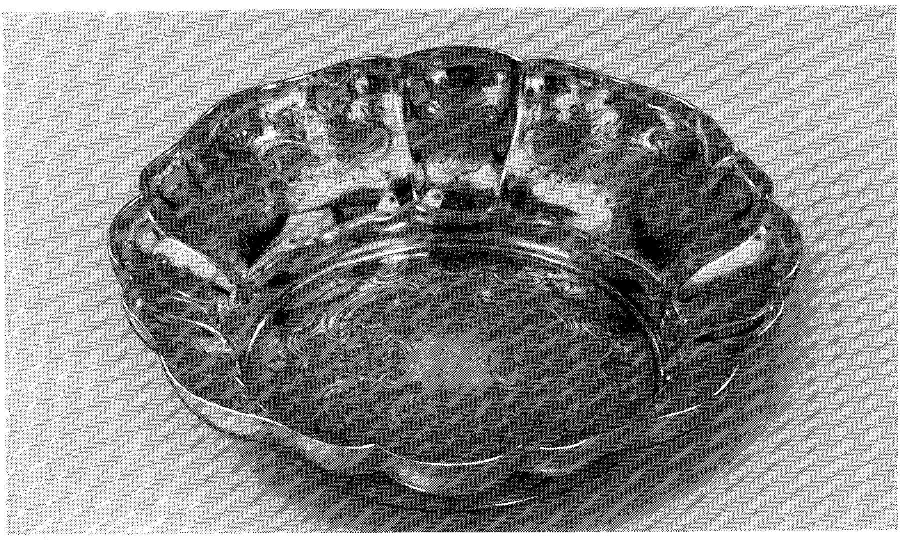


“I’d like to see one that’s a little less country and a little more town.”

when the heavy eyelid was raised. . . . He had very little chin, so little that I found myself wondering whether it wasn't the result of a war wound. Yet it gave no impression of weakness, but rather of smugness, of self-sufficiency. . . . I saw in him the characteristics of the officer-actor found in vast numbers in the Navy. There was also something that suggested a very tall Boy Scout.

Mengin wanted to fight the Germans anyhow, but by the time the Gaullist forces took shape the enlistment oath required volunteers to swear loyalty to de Gaulle; when Mengin had taken the naval oath of the Third Republic, he had promised to obey all orders "for the good of the service and the success of the arms of France." He was not permitted to add this formula to the Gaullist oath. There are funny passages (Mengin's wit is nippy, not to say biting), and one describes a two-day attempt by René Cassin, de Gaulle's legal expert, to get Mengin (who, still unsworn, was working at de Gaulle's headquarters) to sign the oath, first by technical juridical arguments that Mengin did not understand, and then by the statement that "We found ourselves in a situation of some urgency. We did the best we could." Cassin's admission of sloppy haste is indeed plausible, yet I wish Mengin could have offered us the lawyer's more serious arguments; the personal oath has such an unfortunate parallel—the German Army oath to Hitler, which so bedevilled the consciences of the July 20th plotters—that one would like to know what could in good faith be said for it. Mengin's principled decision—"I would no more sign an oath of allegiance to General de Gaulle than I would to Marshal Pétain"—had a depressing consequence; he found he could not serve the cause unless he also served the man, for Churchill had promised de Gaulle not to enroll any French citizen in any Commonwealth force. And so, for the next two years of the war, Mengin remained a civilian and worked mostly for British wartime agencies. However, after de Gaulle inherited the French forces in North Africa the oath was no longer required, and Mengin saw action in the French Navy. That last fact, I suppose, makes the book publishable, for Mengin could not have faced Gaullist veterans if political scruples, no matter how sound, had kept him safe while they were fighting.

Mengin's refusal to take the oath did not, during the period to which the book is mainly devoted (1940-42), wholly cut him off from the Gaullists. His wife sometimes had a feeling of



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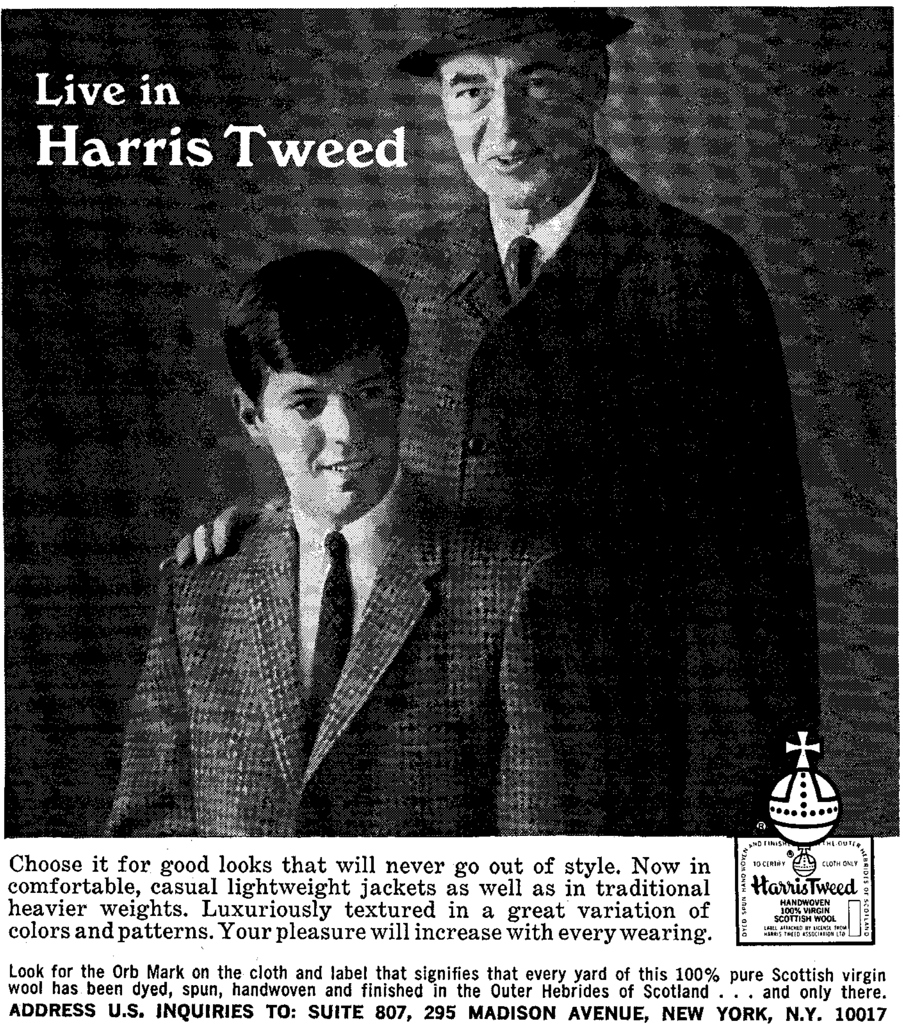

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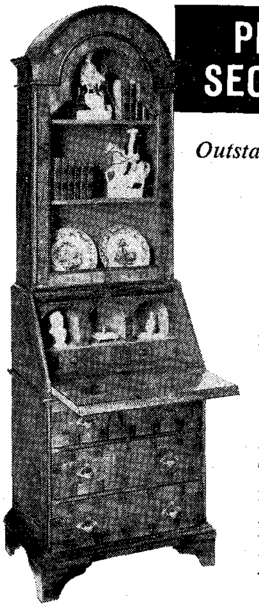

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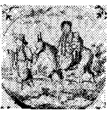

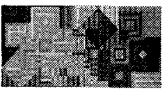

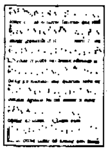

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social exclusion, but their Gaullist relatives and friends visited, quarrelled, and gossiped with them. They told Mengin matters he would not have known about (misconduct by the Gaullist Secret Service, for one), and sometimes he, as an employee of the British, could verify Gaullist claims (he learned very quickly that the rear-guard holding action of the Fighting French at Bir Hakeim during the African campaign—proclaimed by the Gaullists incomparable—was good but not great). Generally, though, Mengin's book does not even pretend to unveil secrets; rather, it discusses public events of which the reader has some knowledge but about which accounts vary and interpretations differ.

Mengin believes that the rapidity with which de Gaulle arrived in England and set himself up as the spokesman for French resistance to Germany suggests that he had planned to exclude anyone else from leadership. When de Gaulle flew from Bordeaux to London, Mengin points out, other Frenchmen were still trying to move the French government to North Africa, and—in case it would not go and insisted on making peace—to persuade the colonial commanders in Africa to disobey the government and stick by the British alliance. De Gaulle's broadcasts and the telegrams he sent to some of the figures who were wavering decreased, Mengin feels, the likelihood of keeping these men, and the French Empire, which they controlled, in the war. He says that this was what one of the diplomatic go-betweens, Jean Monnet, thought, too. Mengin tells us that Monnet asked de Gaulle to keep quiet for the moment, anyway, and that the General refused. De Gaulle, Monnet believed, was quite aware of what Monnet feared, or so Mengin says—that if de Gaulle continued he would become, which he practically did, the only well-known French military man in the Allied camp. De Gaulle's own memoirs do no more than list Monnet among the eminent personages who refused to assist him, and add that Monnet thought the movement to save France should not originate in London. Mengin's and de Gaulle's accounts differ partly about facts and more strikingly in interpretations, but the two men agree about the General's certitudes and constancy. Yet I think it is permissible to doubt them both. De Gaulle would have the world believe that in June of 1940 he was the only Frenchman foresighted and fearless enough to devise a plan to restore French sovereignty. And though some-

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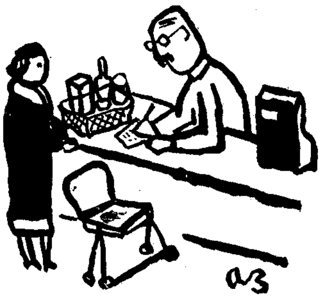
times A. J. P. Taylor seems to me slightly scornful of men of action when he maintains that Bismarck and Hitler did not always know what they were doing, or did not foresee, let alone intend, the consequences of their acts, he is probably right in instructing us not to oversimplify complicated men or to exaggerate the importance of biography in history.

Whatever de Gaulle willed or foresaw in 1940, Mengin's accusation is, in the largest sense, worth consideration, for de Gaulle, in the course of the war, did assume political power by processes that were not exactly legal. As Roosevelt pointed out from time to time, the French never elected de Gaulle or gave him the authority he had acquired by 1944. Perhaps Roosevelt's view was an instance of national conditioning. English and American notions of constitutional propriety require continuity as well as elections, and we would not, for ourselves, consider that an after-the-fact plebiscite, like de Gaulle's in 1945, wholly validated an earlier assumption of power. At any rate, de Gaulle's electoral proceedings were what English-speakers call "Bonapartism," usually in conversations that contemptuously add that such doings may be all the French can manage. Mengin feels that the French *can* handle representative government. But then he holds a number of other currently unfashionable opinions, among them that Roosevelt was not Stalin's dupe and that the French Third Republic was not—or, anyhow, not solely—one big failure.

Mengin's book appeals, whether or not the reader shares his opinions, because he is an appealing personality who in the course of the book becomes the reader's friend. He has cheerfulness in adversity; he is never too grim to forget minor sorrows, such as the wartime dearth of Scotch whiskey in England, or to recall minor pleasures, such as the beguiling traits of a family of white mice he and his wife inherited. Even when he seems to be asking too much—that General de Gaulle be handsome as well as good—our friend is a stimulating fellow. He starts one on



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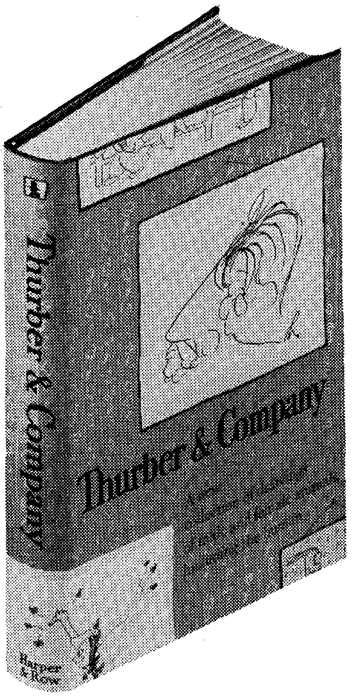

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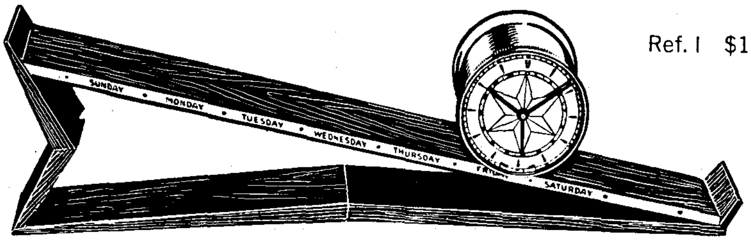

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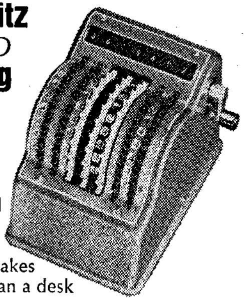

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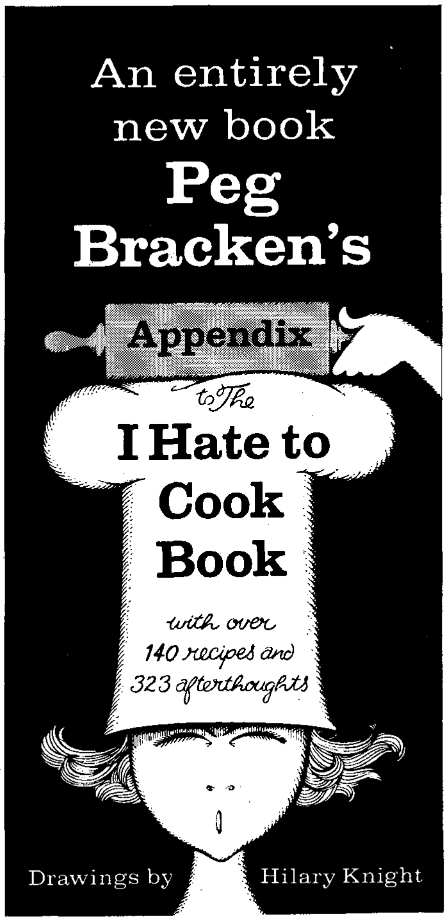
all sorts of trains of thought. About, say, nationality and personality, and how much one depends on the other. Could one better understand individuals, as sometimes one improves one's understanding of texts, by translating them? Who would Churchill be in French? Not Clemenceau, no. Who would de Gaulle be in English? In American? MacArthur, maybe? Perhaps translations are impossible. Mengin himself, despite his Anglophilia, remains peculiarly French; describing his tour of the brand-new ruins of Coventry, he moves, with no sense of anticlimax, from admiring the fortitude of the British working classes in one paragraph to pitying them for their cookery in the next. He raises fascinating questions about power. Is it ever acquired without deception? What is the permissible level of political fibbing? In the United States, it is acceptable for a man to state that he is not a candidate even while his staff is rounding up delegates. Were de Gaulle's wartime fibs and deceptions (of which some of his followers are proud) more serious than that? Is political behavior entirely a matter of context? In a context of stability, the elder Pitt could say, "I know that I can save this country and that no one else can," without making anyone think he meant to depose George II; the British Constitution limited the possibilities and enhanced the appeal of Pitt's bravado. When de Gaulle, setting up in competition with Pétain, said he "assumed France" and started handing out decorations with citations beginning "We, General de Gaulle," he may have been ridiculous, heroic, or wicked (or all three at once), but he was not responsible for the French political context.

Still, as I have said, one's feeling of friendship for Mengin is not necessarily affected by disagreements or reservations about his opinions. Mengin is principled but not bigoted, and he is at least as deflationary of his own claims to foresight, glory, penetration, and grandeur as he is of the General's. (He does go out of his way to praise other Frenchmen he feels the General unfairly shouldered aside.) Mengin's unpretentiousness, his writing only as a citizen condemned to be a bystander, evoke considerable sympathy, for his diverting book is a sad one. He writes of the past to talk of the present: he would not, one assumes, have published these memoirs if he felt the General had surprised him—either had not become President or, as President, were a less authoritarian ruler, who allowed the French to govern rather than be gov-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erned. Mengin's last pages are an affecting exposition of what seems to him a tragic situation—one that is no less tragic because it is not uniquely French: he is saying that his countrymen are better than their government.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PEDDLER, by William Stevens (Atlantic-Little, Brown) Mr. Stevens' first novel follows a gloomy and well-trodden path, but he writes with such verve (faith in self and in the future) that his novel has a happy ending, even though the note of triumph we all want to hear is so far off as to be almost inaudible. The peddler's name is Arthur Fuller, and he is a salesman in Manhattan for the Drucker Valve Company, and so works in savage competition with thousands of other youngish men, all exactly like him. In Rockland County, Arthur has a nice house, a pretty wife, and three attractive children. In Manhattan, he has an office, an expense account, and a job that he hates but that fascinates him and pays him well. Mr. Stevens focusses his novel on the moment when Arthur decides which side of his life suits him best, and what to do about the years to come.

GENERAL

THE GREAT LEAP: THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN AMERICA, by John Brooks (Harper & Row). The United States in 1939 and 1966 is compared, contrasted, measured statistically, and weighed morally, mainly to the credit of the present. Mr. Brooks is thorough, practical, and open-minded, neither overcritical nor complacent. When he finds that there has been progress, one is inclined to take his word.

A LAW UNTO THEMSELVES, by C. Northcote Parkinson (Houghton Mifflin). A memoir in the form of sketches of eleven people who have influenced the author at various stages of his life. These range from a lady named Marylin Wailes, who taught him "the importance of breeding," to Lee Kuan Yew, the Prime Minister of Singapore, who taught him it is hard to say what. Mr. Parkinson gazes at himself with the intense adoration of Antony for Cleopatra or of Paolo for Francesca; whenever he forgets this grand passion, he can be quite funny on such topics as the politics of new nations

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CHARLES POORE, *The New York Times*

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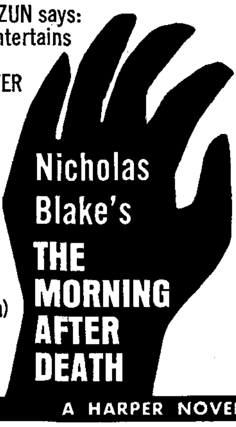

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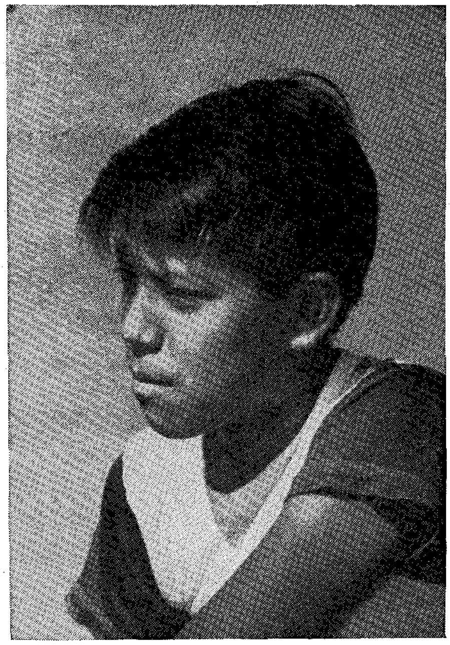

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THE AGE OF KEYNES, by Robert Lekachman (Random House). Glimpses of the life and an exposition of the thought of the economist John Maynard Keynes, followed by a conspectus of recent relevant United States policies to show how Keynesian they have or have not been. This last, fairly long section goes over a lot of matter that most people have read in the newspapers—e.g., budgetary policies of the Eisenhower administration. It gives the impression that the author, who is chairman of the Economics Department at Stony Brook, is writing with his undergraduate students in mind. No matter. A reader of any age will find the book clear and conscientious.

BEHIND THE GOLDEN CURTAIN: A VIEW OF THE U.S.A., by Susan Cooper (Scribners). The author is a brisk, bright young English journalist now living in the United States, and her book is at once a criticism and an explanation of her new home. Miss Cooper's basic theme—that Americans are cut off from the rest of the world by their prosperity, and that this spiritual isolation is bad—pops up no matter what she is talking about. Yet it is hard to imagine that many citizens of any country—rich or poor—are profoundly interested in life abroad. And the author's strictures on American middlebrow "culture" make one wonder just how many Cornish housewives read Kafka. Miss Cooper's best sections—and these are marvellous—are plain exposition, in which the comparisons are not plaintive but elucidating, and perhaps the best of all these is the section on education, which is a first-rate survey of two dissimilar systems.

NOTE: Viking has published "Our Children Are Dying," by Nat Hentoff. Most of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker* as a Profile of Dr. Elliot Shapiro, principal of Public School 119. . . . Joseph Wechsberg's "The Merchant Bankers," of which a few parts first appeared originally in this magazine, has been published by Little, Brown.

•

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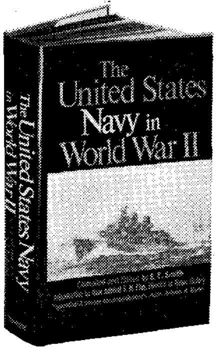

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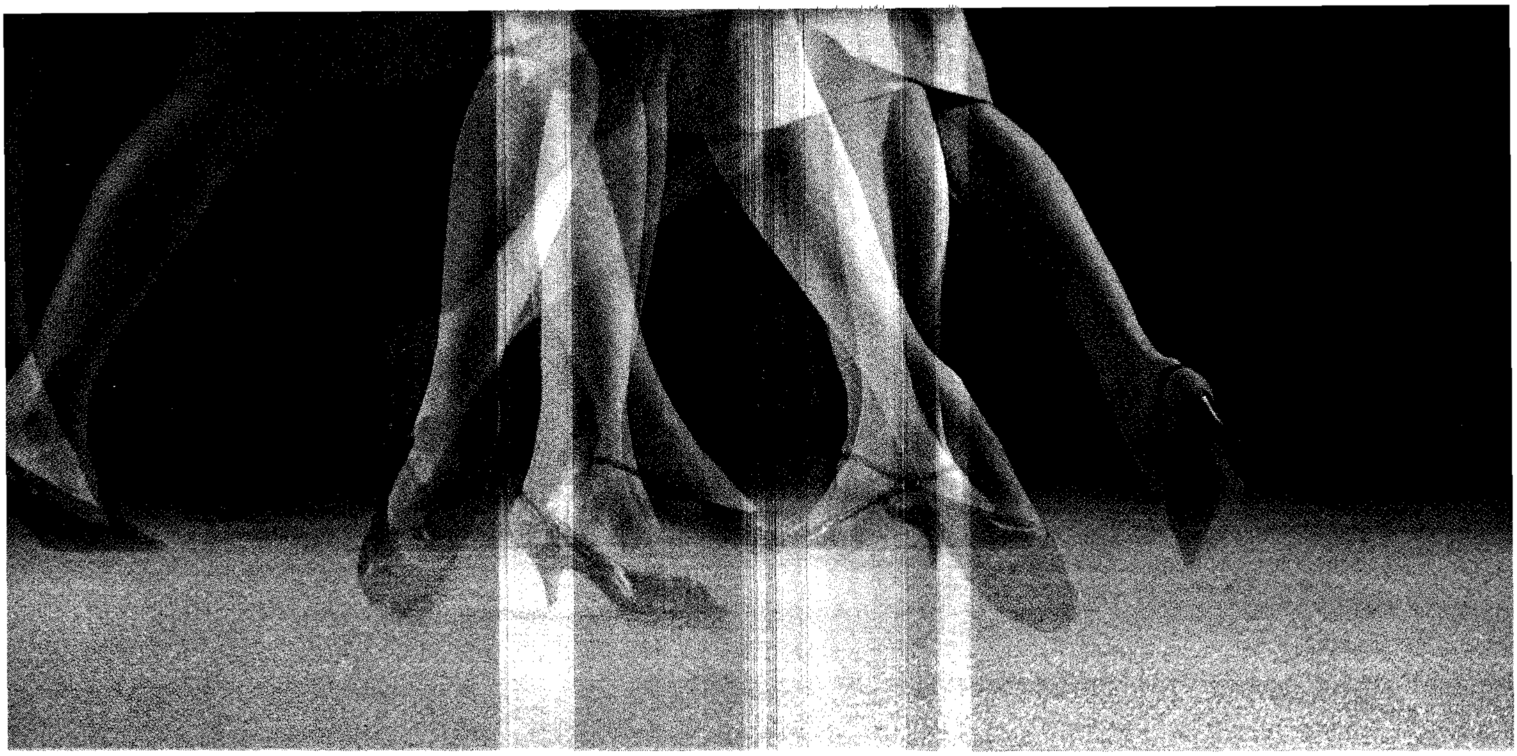

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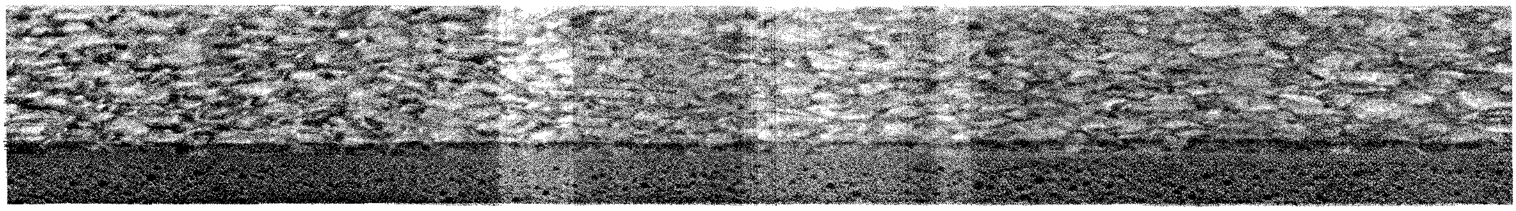

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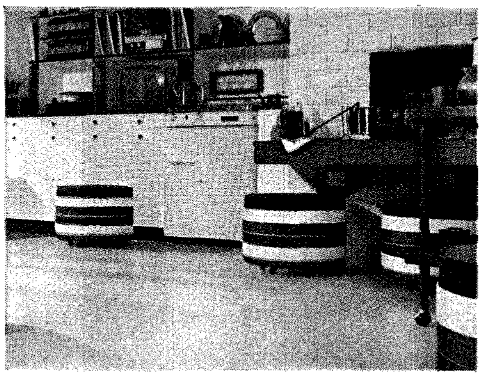
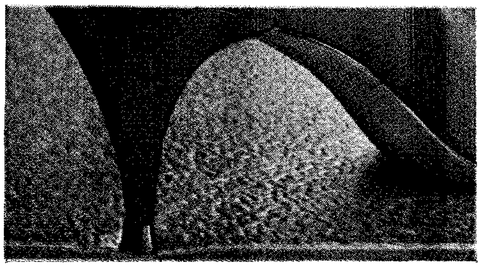


Cambrian is made for active rooms like this family room.



Cross section shows thick, comfortable foam base under tough vinyl wear layer. Even spike heels won't dent a handsome floor of Cambrian Vinyl Corlon!

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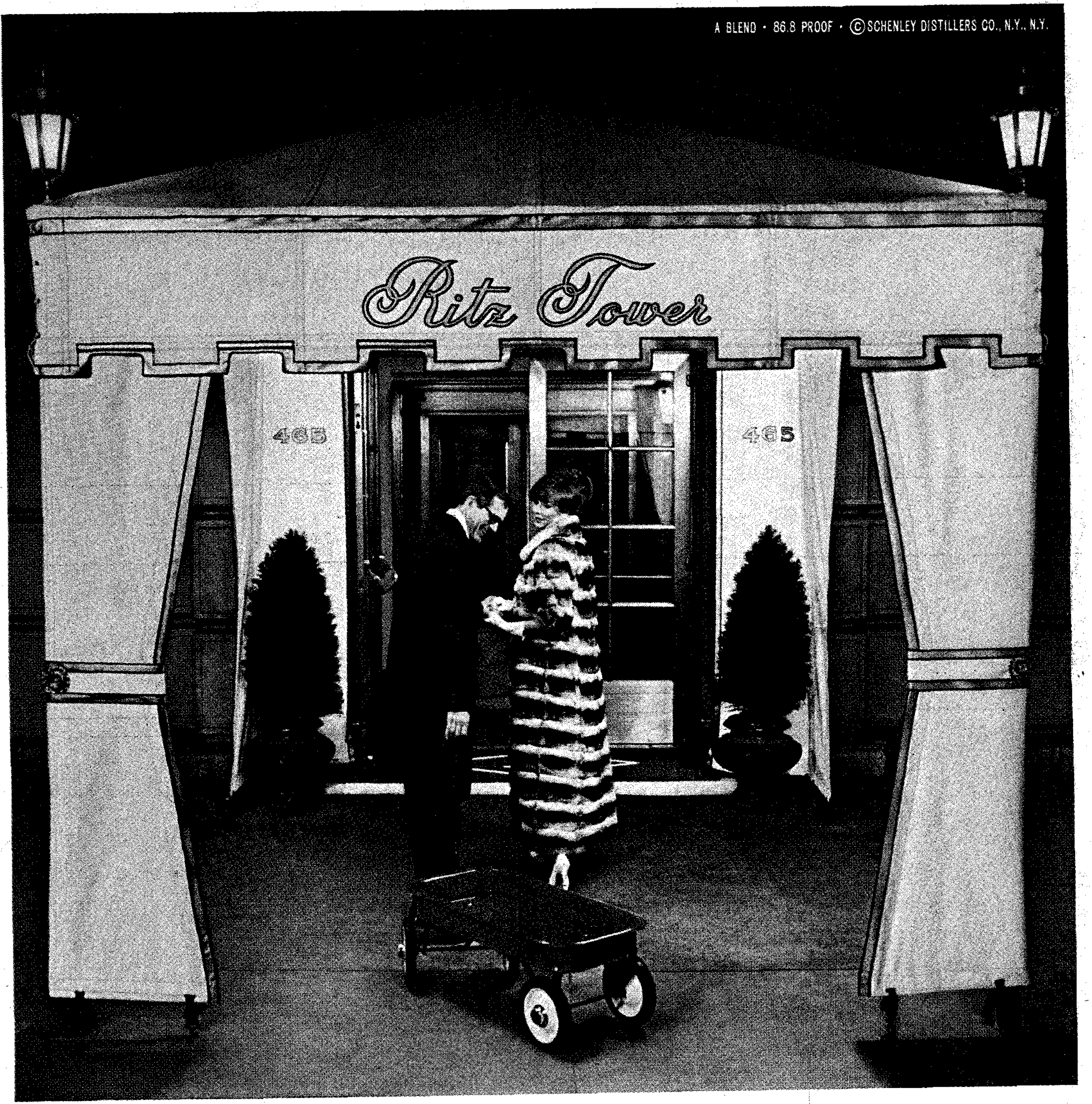
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